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TALES BY
WILHELM HAUFF

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY
S. MENDEL

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THE CARAVAN.

A LARGE caravan was one day travelling through the desert. Upon the immense plain, where nothing but sand and sky is seen, the bells of the camels and the small silver jingles of the horses already sounded in the distance. A dense cloud of dust which preceded it announced its approach, and whenever a breeze parted the cloud, glittering arms and bright dresses dazzled the eye. In this way the caravan presented itself to a man who came riding towards its flank. He rode a splendid arab, covered with a tiger-skin; on the harness of amaranth colour, hung little silver bells, and on the horse's head nodded a magnificent aigrette of heron's feathers. The rider looked magnificent, and his equipment corresponded in splendour to that of his steed. A white turban, richly embroidered with gold, covered his head; his coat and full trousers were of burning red, a richly-hilted scimitar was dangling by his side. His turban was slouched over his forehead; which, with the black eyes that blazed from under the bushy eyebrows, and the long beard, starting downwards from his curved nose, gave him a wild and bold appearance.

When the rider was within about fifty paces of the vanguard of the caravan, he spurred his horse, and in a few moments reached the head of the convoy. It was such an unusual event to see a solitary rider journeying through the desert, that the advanced guard of the convoy, fearing an attack, levelled their lances at him. "What do you want?" exclaimed the rider, seeing himself received in so warlike a manner. "Do you think a man single-handed likely to attack your caravan?" The advanced guard, ashamed, raised their lances again, while

their chief rode up to the stranger and asked him what his desire was. "Who is the owner of the caravan?" demanded the rider. "It does not belong to one person," answered the interrogated one, "but to several merchants returning from Mecca to their homes, whom we are escorting through the desert, because travellers are frequently molested by all sorts of rabble." "Conduct me then to the merchants," demanded the stranger. "That cannot be just yet," replied the guide, "for we must go on without stopping, and besides, the merchants are at least a quarter of an hour in our rear; but if you will ride with me till we halt for the mid-day rest, I will comply with your wish."

To this the stranger said nothing; but produced a long pipe which he had fastened on his saddle, and began to smoke in great puffs, as he rode along with the chief of the advanced guard. The latter did not know what to make of the stranger, and did not like to ask outright what his name was; however, he adroitly sought to commence a conversation; but to his "That is good tobacco you are smoking," or "Your horse paces well," the stranger had merely replied with a curt "Yes, yes!" At length they reached the place for the mid-day rest. The chief posted his men as sentinels; he himself kept by the side of the stranger, to allow the caravan to approach. Thirty camels, heavily laden, passed by accompanied by armed guides. After these followed, mounted on beautiful horses, the five merchants to whom the caravan belonged. They were mostly men of advanced age, earnest and grave in appearance, only one seemed much younger than his companions, as well as livelier and gayer. A great many camels and pack-horses brought up the rear.

The tents were pitched, and around them were ranged the camels and horses. In the centre stood a large tent of blue silk. The chief guide led the stranger into it. When they had passed under the curtain of the tent, they perceived the five merchants seated on gold-embroidered cushions; negro slaves were serving them with meats and drinks. "Whom do you bring us?" asked the young merchant of the guide. Before, however, the guide could answer, the stranger said: "My name is Selim Baruch,

and I am a native of Bagdad. I was seized by a robber tribe on a journey to Mecca, and I escaped three days ago secretly from my captivity. The Great Prophet allowed me to hear the bells of your caravan from afar, and thus came I to meet you. Allow me to travel in your company; you will not have protected an ingrate, and should you ever come to Bagdad, I will richly repay your kindness, for I am nephew to the Grand Vizier." The eldest of the merchants then addressed him: "Selim Baruch, be welcome to our shade. It gives us pleasure to succour thee, but before all, seat thyself and eat and drink with us."

Selim Baruch seated himself among the merchants, and ate and drank with them. After the repast the slaves removed the plates and brought long pipes and Turkish sherbet. Long sat the merchants, silently blowing before them the clouds of blue smoke, watching them as they wreathed and rose and finally vanished into the air. The young merchant at last broke the silence. "In this way we have sat these three days," said he, "in saddle and at table, without relieving our monotony. I begin to feel very lonely, for I am accustomed after dinner to see dancers or listen to song and music. Do you not know anything, friends, to while away the time?" The four elder merchants continued to smoke and seemed to be meditating seriously, but the stranger said: "With your permission, I will make you a proposal. I think at each encampment one of us might relate to the others some story, and so while away the hours pleasantly." "Selim Baruch, thou hast spoken well," said Achmet, the oldest of the merchants; "let us accept the offer." "I am glad the idea is welcome to you," said Selim, "and to show you that I do not demand anything unreasonable, I am willing to make a beginning."

Joyfully the five merchants drew closer together, and allowed the stranger to sit in their midst. The slaves refilled the cups, and also the pipes of their masters, bringing red-hot charcoal to light them. Selim however refreshed his voice with a mighty draught of sherbet, brushing away his long beard from his mouth, and said, "Now listen to the Story of the Caliph Stork."

THE STORY OF THE CALIPH STORK.

The Caliph Chasid of Bagdad was sitting one fine summer afternoon comfortably on his divan; he had slept a little, for it was a sultry day, and he looked quite refreshed after his nap. He smoked a long rosewood pipe, sipped now and then a little coffee which a slave poured out for him, and stroked his beard contentedly whenever he had enjoyed it. In short, it could be seen at a glance that the Caliph felt very comfortable. At such a time it was easy to approach him, as he was very good-tempered and affable, wherefore his Grand Vizier Mansor visited him every day about this time. This afternoon he came as usual, looking however very grave, a rare thing for him. The Caliph took the pipe out of his mouth and said: "Why dost thou make so grave a face, Grand Vizier?" The Grand Vizier folded his arms across his breast, bowed to his master and answered: "Master! whether I assume a grave appearance I know not, but down below in the palace stands a pedlar who has such fine wares that it vexes me that I have no money to spare."

The Caliph, who had long desired to rejoice the heart of his Grand Vizier, ordered his black slave to fetch the pedlar. In a few moments the slave returned with him. He was a little stout man, swarthy in the face, and dressed in rags. He carried a box in which he had all sorts of wares, pearls, and rings, pistols with richly-inlaid stocks, goblets, and combs. The Caliph and his Vizier inspected everything, and the Caliph at last bought for himself and Vizier a pair of pistols, and for the Vizier's wife a comb. As the pedlar was about to close his box again, the Caliph caught sight of a little drawer, and asked whether it also contained some wares. The pedlar pulled out the drawer, and exhibited a snuff-box containing a black powder and a piece of paper with peculiar writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. "These things were given to me one day by a merchant who found them in the streets of Mecca" said the pedlar

"I know not what they are; but you may have them for a small sum, for they are of no use to me." The Caliph, who was very fond of having old manuscripts in his library, though unable to read them, bought both paper and box and dismissed the pedlar. The Caliph however thought he would like to know what the writing meant, and asked the Vizier if he did not know anybody who might decipher it. "Most gracious lord and master," answered the latter, "near the Great Mosque lives a man called Selim the learned; he knows all languages. Send for him; perhaps he can explain these mysterious signs."

The learned Selim soon arrived. "Selim," said the Caliph to him, "Selim, it is said thou art very learned. Just look at this writing whether thou canst read it; if thou canst read it, thou gettest a new robe of honour from me; if thou canst not, thou gettest twelve boxes on the ears and twenty-five lashes on the soles of the feet, for having been called Selim the learned without cause." Selim bowed and said: "Thy will be done, O Master!" For a long time he looked at the writing; suddenly, however, he exclaimed: "That is Latin, O Master, or let me be hung!" "Say what it means," demanded the Caliph, "if it is Latin."

Selim began to translate: "Man who findeth this, praise Allah for his goodness. He who takes a pinch of this powder in this box and therewith says 'Mutabor,' can change himself into any animal, and also understand the language of animals. If he afterwards wish to resume his human form, let him bow thrice to the East and say the same word. But beware when thou art changed, that thou laughest not, or the magic word departest from thy memory for ever, and thou remainest a beast."

When Selim the learned had read this, the Caliph was pleased beyond measure. He made the learned man swear not to reveal the secret to anyone, presented him with a splendid robe and dismissed him. Then turning to his Grand Vizier he said: "This I call getting a bargain, Mansor! How glad I am at being able to become an animal! Come thou to me to-morrow morning. We will then go together into the fields, take a pinch out of

the box and then listen to what is said in the air and the water, in wood and field."

Next morning, scarcely had the Caliph Chasid breakfasted and dressed himself, when already the Grand Vizier appeared as ordered, to accompany him on his walk. The Caliph put the box with the magic powder in his girdle, and after having ordered his suite to remain behind, he and the Grand Vizier set out alone on the journey. They first passed through the large gardens of the Caliph, but looked in vain for any living thing on which to try the experiment. The Vizier at last proposed to pursue their journey to a pond, where he had often seen many animals, especially storks, whose grave manners and clappings had always excited his attention.

The Caliph approved of the Vizier's proposal, and went with him towards the pond. Having arrived there, they saw a stork soberly pacing up and down looking for frogs, and chattering something now and then to itself. At the same moment they saw far up in the sky another stork hovering in this direction.

"I wager my beard, most gracious Master," said the Grand Vizier, "this long-legged pair are now having a pleasant talk. How would it be if we turned into storks?"

"Wisely spoken," replied the Caliph. But first, let us consider once more how we may become men again. It is easy enough! If we bow thrice to the east, and say Mutabor, I shall be Caliph and thou Vizier again. But for heaven's sake no laughing, or we are lost."

While the Caliph spoke thus, he saw the other stork hovering over their heads, and slowly alighting on the ground. Quickly he snatched the box from his girdle, took a hearty pinch, gave the box to the Grand Vizier, who did the like, and both exclaimed "Mutabor!"

Then their legs shrivelled and became thin and red, the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his Vizier changed into ugly storks' feet, their arms grew into wings, their necks shot up from their shoulders and reached a yard in length, their beards vanished and soft feathers covered their bodies.

"You have a pretty beak, Mr. Grand Vizier," said the

Caliph after a long surprise. "By the beard of the Prophet, I have never seen such things in my life!" "Thanks humbly," replied the Vizier bowing; "but if I might dare to say it, I should avow that your Highness looks almost handsomer as a stork than a Caliph. But come, if it pleases you, let us listen to our comrades yonder and hear if we really speak storkish."

Meanwhile the other stork had reached the ground. It cleaned its feet with its beak, settled its feathers and walked up to the first stork. The two new storks hastened to get near them, and to their surprise heard the following conversation: "Good morning, Madam Long-legs! You are early on the meadows." "Thank you, dear Clapper-beak! I have been to get a little breakfast. Would you like to have a quarter of a lizard or a little leg of a frog?" "Much obliged; but I have no appetite this morning. Besides, I have come upon quite a different errand on the meadow. I am to dance before my father's guests to-day, and I want to practise a little quietly."

Thereupon the young stork began to caper about the field in peculiar movements. The Caliph and Mansor watched her, very much surprised. But when she stood on one leg in a picturesque attitude, and fluttered her wings to increase the effect, neither of them could resist any longer; laughter without stopping burst from their beaks, from which they only recovered a long time afterwards. The Caliph was the first to recover self-possession: "That was a joke," he exclaimed, "which cannot be bought for gold. What a pity the stupid animals should have been scared by our laughter, else they would also have sung, to be sure!"

But now it occurred to the Grand Vizier that laughing during the enchantment was forbidden. He therefore communicated his fears to the Caliph. "By Mecca and Medina, that would be a bad joke if I were to remain a stork! Do bethink thee of the stupid word; I cannot recall it."

"Three times we must bow to the east and say: Mu—Mu—Mu."

They turned towards the east and kept on bowing continually till their beaks nearly touched the ground.

But, alas! the magic word had escaped them, and as often as the Caliph bowed, and however eagerly his Vizier added Mu—Mu—, yet every recollection of it had gone, and the poor Chasid and his Vizier were and remained storks.

Sadly wandered the enchanted ones through the fields, not knowing what they should do in their misery. They could not discard their stork-plumage, nor could they return into the town and make themselves known, for who would have believed a stork that he was the Caliph? and even if one had believed it, would the inhabitants of Bagdad accept a stork for a Caliph?

Thus they wandered about for several days, living miserably on the fruits of the field, which they, however, could not swallow very well on account of their long beaks. As for lizards and frogs, their stomachs would not relish such food; besides, they were afraid of spoiling their appetite with such tit-bits. Their only pleasure in their sad situation was that they could fly, and thus they flew often to the high roofs of Bagdad to see what was going on in the town.

During the first days they remarked great uneasiness and grief in the streets. But on the fourth day of their enchantment, while sitting on the roof of the Caliph's palace, they saw down below in the street a splendid array. The drums and fifes played; a man dressed in a gold-embroidered scarlet mantle rode a richly-caparisoned horse, surrounded by a gaudy train of servants. Half Bagdad rushed about him, and everybody shouted: "Hail, Mizra! the ruler of Bagdad!"

Then the two storks upon the roof of the palace looked at each other, and the Caliph Chasid said: Do you guess now why I am enchanted, Grand Vizier? This Mizra is the son of my mortal enemy, the mighty Magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore revenge on me. But still I do not despair. Come with me, thou faithful companion of my misery; we will betake ourselves to the grave of the Prophet; perhaps at that sacred shrine the magic may be dispelled."

They rose from the roof of the palace and flew towards Medina.

They did not succeed very well in their flying, for the two storks had as yet very little practice. "O Master!" sighed the Grand Vizier after a couple of hours' flight; "with your leave I can hold out no longer, you fly too swiftly for me! Besides, it is dark already, and we should do well to seek shelter for the night."

Chasid listened to the request of his servant; and seeing beneath them in the valley some ruins which promised a lodging, they flew towards it. The place where they had settled for the night seemed formerly to have been a castle. Splendid pillars rose from among the ruins; several chambers which were still tolerably preserved testified to the bygone splendour of the building. Chasid and his companion strolled through the passages in search of some dry nook, when suddenly the stork Mansor stopped. "Lord and Master," he whispered below his breath, "were it not foolish for a Grand Vizier, and still more so for a stork to fear ghosts! I feel very uneasy, for close by some one sighed and groaned quite distinctly." The Caliph now also stopped, and heard quite plainly a low sob, which seemed rather to come from a man than an animal. Full of anxiety, he wanted to go towards the spot whence proceeded the sound of sorrow; but the Vizier seized him by the wing with his beak and begged him entreatingly not to rush upon new and unknown perils. But all was of no avail. The Caliph, who bore a brave heart beneath his stork plumage, tore himself away with the loss of some feathers, and ran towards a gloomy passage. Soon he came to a door which was ajar, and behind which he heard distinct sighs and moans. He pushed open the door with his beak, but stopped on the threshold in astonishment. In the ruined chamber, which was only dimly lighted by a little iron-barred window, he saw a great night-owl sitting on the ground. Heavy tears rolled out of its large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice it uttered its moans from its hooked beak. But when it saw the Caliph and his Vizier, who had also come up in the meantime, it gave a loud cry of joy. Elegantly it wiped the tears from its eye with its brown-flecked wings, and to the great amazement of both, it cried in good human

Arabic: "Welcome, ye storks; you are a good omen to me of my deliverance, for through storks I am to be lucky, as it was once foretold me."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed with his long neck, set his thin legs in a graceful position, and said: "Night-owl! from thy words I believe that I see a fellow-sufferer. But alas! thy hope of deliverance through us is in vain. Thou wilt recognise our helplessness in hearing our tale." The night-owl begged him to relate it, and the Caliph commenced to relate what we already know.

When the Caliph had related his story to the owl she thanked him, and said: "Now also listen to my tale, and learn how I am no less unlucky than thyself. My father is the king of the Indies; I, his only unhappy daughter, am called Lusa. That Magician Kaschnur, who has enchanted you, has also brought misfortune upon me. One day he came to my father and asked me in marriage for his son Mizra. But my father, who is a fiery man, had him thrown downstairs. The wretch knew how to approach me again under another shape, and one day, while I was taking some refreshments in my garden, he administered to me, disguised as a slave, a draught, which changed me into this hideous shape. Fainting from fear, he brought me hither and shouted with a terrible voice into my ear: 'Here shalt thou remain detestable, abhorred even by beast, to thy end, or till one of free will, himself in this horrid form, asks thee to be his wife. And thus I revenge myself on thee and on thy haughty father.'

"Since then many months have passed. Lonely and sadly I live as a recluse within these ruins, shunned by the world, a scarecrow even to beasts: beautiful nature is hidden from me, for I am blind by daylight, and only when the moon pours her wan light over these ruins does the obscuring veil drop from my eyes."

When the owl had finished, she again wiped her eyes with her wings, for the story of her woes had moved her to tears.

The Caliph, by the story of the Princess, was plunged into deep thought. "If I am not mistaken," said he,

"there is between our misfortunes a secret connection; but where can I find the key to this riddle?" The owl answered him: "O Master! such is also my belief; for once in my infancy a wise woman foretold of me that a stork should bring me a great fortune, and I know one way by which perhaps we may free ourselves." The Caliph was very much surprised, and asked what way she meant. "The enchanter who has made us both unhappy," said she, "comes once every month to these ruins. Not far from here is a hall where he holds orgies with numerous companions. Often have I spied them there. They then relate to one another their vile deeds. Perhaps he may pronounce the magic word which you have forgotten." "O dearest Princess," exclaimed the Caliph, "say when comes he, and where is the hall?"

The owl was silent a moment, and then said: "You must not take it ill, but only on one condition can I fulfil your wish." "Speak out, speak out," cried Chasid. "Command all, everything of me."

"It is this, that I may also become free, which can only be if one of you offer me his hand."

The stork seemed somewhat taken aback at this proposition, and the Caliph beckoned to his servant to go out with him a little.

"Grand Vizier," said the Caliph outside, "this is a sorry bargain, but you might take her." "Indeed!" answered the Grand Vizier; "that my wife when I come home may scratch out my eyes? Besides, I am an old man, while you are still young and single, and could better give your hand to a young and fair Princess."

"That is just it," sighed the Caliph, whilst sadly drooping his wings. "Who then has told thee that she is young and fair? That is buying a pig in a poke."

They devised one with the other for a long time. At last however, when the Caliph saw that his Vizier would rather remain a stork than wed the owl, he resolved to fulfil the condition himself. The owl was immensely pleased. She confessed to them that they could not have come at a more favourable time, for the enchanters were very likely to assemble that night.

She quitted the chamber with the storks to lead them

to the hall. They went for a long time through a gloomy passage; at length, through a half fallen wall, gleamed a bright light towards them. Having arrived there, the owl advised them to remain perfectly quiet. They could, through the gap near which they stood, overlook a great hall. It was supported all round by pillars, and splendidly decked. Many brilliant coloured lamps replaced the light of day. In the centre of the hall was a round table, covered with many and choicest meats. Round this table was a couch, on which sat eight men. In one of these men the stork recognised the pedlar who had sold them the magic powder. His neighbour asked him to relate his latest deeds. Amongst others he also related the story of the Caliph and his Vizier.

"What sort of word hast thou given them?" asked another enchanter. "A very difficult Latin one, namely, 'Mutabor.'"

When the storks heard this at their hole in the wall they were nearly beside themselves with joy. They ran on their long legs so quickly to the threshold of the ruins that the owl could hardly follow them. There the Caliph addressed the owl with emotion: "Deliverer of my life and of the life of my friend, accept me in eternal gratitude for your spouse for that which thou hast done for us." He then turned to the East. Thrice the storks bowed their long necks to the sun, which just then was rising behind the mountains. "Mutabor!" they exclaimed; and straightway they were changed, and in the great joy of their new-sent life master and servant fell into each other's arms laughing and crying. But who can describe their astonishment on turning round? A lovely lady, grandly dressed, stood before them. Smiling, she gave her hand to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognise your night-owl?" she said. It was she. The Caliph was so charmed with her beauty and grace, that he exclaimed: "My greatest fortune was that of having been a stork."

The three now travelled together towards Bagdad. The Caliph found in his clothes not only the box with the magic powder, but also his purse. He therefore bought in the nearest village what was needful for their journey, and so they soon came to the gates of Bagdad.

But there the arrival of the Caliph caused much surprise. People had believed him dead, and they therefore were highly pleased to have again their beloved ruler.

All the more however burned their hatred towards the impostor Mizra. They entered the palace, and took prisoner the old enchanter and his son. The Caliph sent the old man to the same chamber in the ruins that the Princess had lived in as owl, and had him hanged there. But for the son, who knew nothing of his father's art, the Caliph gave the choice whether he would die or snuff. And when he chose the latter, the Grand Vizier handed him the box. A good strong pinch and the magic word of the Caliph changed him into a stork. The Caliph had him shut up in an iron cage and placed in his garden.

Long and happy lived the Caliph Chasid with his wife the Princess. His most pleasant hours were always those when the Grand Vizier visited him during the afternoon; they then very frequently spoke of their stork adventures, and when the Caliph was very jovial, he amused himself with imitating the Grand Vizier when he was a stork. He strutted up and down the chamber with stiff legs, clapped, fluttered his arms as though they were wings, and showed how vainly the latter had turned to the East crying all the while Mu—Mu. This entertainment was at all times a great pleasure to Madam Caliph and her children; but when the Caliph kept on clapping a little too long, and nodded, and cried Mu—Mu, then the Vizier threatened him, smiling, that he would communicate to Madam Caliph what had been discussed outside the door of the Night Owl Princess.

When Selim Baruch had finished his story the merchants expressed themselves much delighted at it. "Truly the afternoon has passed without our having observed it," said one of them, whilst drawing back the curtain of the tent. "The evening breeze blows cool; we might yet get over a good stretch of road." His comrades were agreed to this; the tents were struck, and the caravan again set forth in the same order in which it had arrived.

They rode almost all night; for it was oppressive by

day, while the night was refreshing and starlit. They reached at length a spot fitted for their encampment, pitched their tents, and laid themselves to rest. The merchants however cared for the stranger as if he were their worthiest guest. One gave him cushions, another mats, a third provided him with slaves; in short, he was as well served as if he had been at home. The hotter hours of the day had already passed ere they rose again, and they unanimously resolved to await here the evening. After they had eaten together, they once more drew nearer to each other, and the young merchant turned to the eldest and said: "Selim Baruch made yesterday afternoon pleasant to us; how were it, Achmet, if you too related something, either from your own long life, which has surely been rife in adventures, or else some pretty fairy tale?"

Achmet remained silent a long time at this speech, undecided as to whether he should relate either one or the other. At last he began to speak: "Dear friends, you have shown yourselves during our journey to be faithful companions, and Selim also merits my confidence; I will therefore tell you something from my own life, that I am unwilling to narrate to every one—'The Story of the Haunted Ship.'"

THE STORY OF THE HAUNTED SHIP.

My father kept a small shop at Balsora. He was neither poor nor rich, and one of those people who are afraid of venturing anything lest they should lose the little they possess. He brought me up plainly and virtuously, and soon I was enabled to assist him in his trade. Scarcely had I reached my eighteenth year, and hardly had he made his first large speculation, when he died, probably from grief at having confided a thousand pieces of gold to the sea.

I could not help thinking him lucky afterwards on account of his death, for a few weeks later the news arrived that the ship to which my father had entrusted his goods had sunk. This mishap, however, did not curb my youthful courage. I converted everything that my

father had left into money, and set forth to try my fortune abroad, accompanied only by my father's old servant, who from long attachment would not separate himself from me and my fate.

We took ship at Balsora and left the haven with a favourable wind. The ship in which we embarked was bound for India. When we had sailed some fifteen days over the ordinary track, the Captain predicted a storm. He looked very serious, for it appeared that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the course in these parts to await a storm with composure. He had all sail furled, and we drifted along quite gently. The night had fallen. It was cold and clear, and the Captain began to think he had been deceived by false indications of the storm. All at once a ship which we had not observed before drove past at a little distance from our own. Wild shouts and cheers resounded from her deck; at which, in such an anxious hour before a tempest, I wondered not a little. The Captain, who stood by my side, turned as pale as death. "My ship is doomed!" he cried; "yonder sails death.' Before I could question him as to the meaning of this strange exclamation, the sailors came running towards us, howling and crying. "Have you seen it?" they cried. "It is all over with us."

But the Captain caused some consolatory verses to be read out of the Koran, and placed himself at the helm. All in vain! Visibly the storm increased in fury, and before an hour had passed the ship crashed and stuck fast. The boats were lowered, and scarcely had the last sailors saved themselves, when the ship sank before our eyes, and I was launched on the sea, a beggar. Further miseries yet awaited us. The storm raged more furiously, our boat became unmanageable. I had clasped my old servant tightly, and we vowed never to part from one another. At length day broke. But at the first dawn of morning a squall caught the boat in which we were seated and capsized it. I never saw my shipmates again. I was stunned by the shock; and when I awoke, I found myself in the arms of my old and faithful servant, who had saved himself on the overturned boat and dragged me after him. The tempest had subsided. Nothing more was seen of

our ship. We discovered however not far from us another ship, towards which the waves were drifting us. As we drew near I recognised it as the same ship that had dashed past us on the preceding night, and which had terrified our Captain so much. I was inspired with a singular horror at the sight of this vessel. The expression of the Captain which had been so terribly fulfilled, the desolate aspect of the ship, on which, near as we were and loudly as we shouted, no one appeared, frightened me. However, this was our only means of safety, therefore we praised the Prophet who had so wonderfully preserved us.

Over the ship's bow hung a long cable. We paddled with hands and feet towards it in order to grasp it. At length we succeeded. Loudly I raised my voice, but all was silent on board. We then climbed up by the rope, I as the youngest going first. Oh, horror! what a spectacle met my gaze as I stepped upon the deck! The planks were reddened with blood; twenty or thirty corpses in Turkish dresses lay on the deck. Close to the mainmast stood a man, richly attired, a sabre in his hand, but with features pale and distorted; a great nail driven through his forehead pinning him to the mainmast. He also was dead.

Terror shackled my steps. I scarcely ventured to breathe. At last my companion had also come up. He too was struck at the sight of the deck, on which nothing living was to be seen, only so many frightful corpses. After a time we ventured, after having invoked the aid of the Prophet in anguish of heart, to go forward. At each step we glanced around expecting to discover something new and yet more terrible. But all was the same. Far and wide nothing was living but ourselves and the ocean. We dared not even speak aloud, lest the dead Captain spitted to the mast should turn his ghastly eyes upon us, or one of the corpses move its head. At last we reached a hatchway which led to the ship's hold. There we both stopped, involuntarily, and looked at each other, for neither dared to speak his thoughts.

"O Master," said my faithful servant, "something awful has happened here! Yet, though the hold below be full of murderers, I would rather give myself up to their

mercy than remain here any longer among these corpses." I thought the same. We grew bold and, full of expectation, descended. But here likewise all was still as death, and only our steps sounded on the ladder. We stood at the door of the cabin. I placed my ear against it and listened. Nothing could be heard. I opened it, and the cabin presented a disorderly appearance. Dresses, weapons, and other things lay in confusion. Everything was out of its place. The crew, or at least the Captain, must have been carousing not long since, for all was still lying about.

We went from place to place and from cabin to cabin, and everywhere found splendid stores of silk, pearls, sugar, and the like. I was beside myself with joy at this sight, for since no one was on board, I thought I had a right to appropriate all to myself; but Ibrahim reminded me that we were doubtless far from land, which we could never reach without the help of man.

We refreshed ourselves with the meats and drinks, of which we found an ample supply, and finally ascended again to the deck. But here we shuddered at the sight of the ghastly corpses. We resolved upon freeing ourselves from them by throwing them overboard. But how awful was the dread which we felt when we found that not one could be moved from his position! So firmly fixed were they to the flooring, that we should have had to take up the planks of the deck in order to remove them, and for this purpose we had no tools. Neither could we loose the Captain from the mainmast, nor wrest his sabre from his rigid grasp.

We passed the day in sad contemplation of our position, and when night began to fall I allowed old Ibrahim to lie down to sleep, while I kept watch on deck spying for some means of deliverance. But when the moon had come out, and I reckoned by the stars that it was about eleven o'clock, such an irresistible sleep took possession of me that I involuntarily fell behind a cask that stood on the deck. However this was more stupefaction than sleep, for I distinctly heard the sea beating against the side of the ship, and the sails creaking and whistling in the wind. All of a sudden I thought I heard voices and men's

footsteps on the deck. I endeavoured to get up to see what it was, but an invisible power held my limbs fettered; I could not even open my eyes. The voices, however, grew more distinct, and it appeared to me as if a merry crew was rushing about on the deck. Now and then I thought I heard the sonorous voice of a commander, and also distinctly the hoisting and lowering of cordage and sails. But by degrees my senses left me, I sank into a deeper sleep, in which I only thought I could hear a clatter of arms, and only awoke when the sun was far above the horizon and scorching my face.

I stared about in astonishment. Storm, ship, the dead, and what I had heard during the night, appeared to me like a dream, but when I glanced around I found everything as on the previous day. Immovable lay the dead, immovable stood the Captain spitted to the mast. I laughed over my dream, and rose up to seek the old man.

He was seated, absorbed in reflection in the cabin. "Oh, Master," he exclaimed, as I entered, "I would rather lie at the bottom of the sea than pass another night in this bewitched ship." I inquired the cause of his trouble, and he thus answered me: "After I had slept some hours, I awoke and heard people running about above my head. I thought at first it was you, but there were at least twenty, rushing to and fro, aloft, and I also heard calling and shouting. At last heavy steps came down the cabin. Upon this I became insensible, and only now and then my consciousness returned for a few moments, and then I saw the same man who is nailed to the mast overhead, sitting there at that table, singing and drinking, while the man in the scarlet dress, who is close to him on the floor, sat beside him and drank with him." Such was my old servant's narrative.

Believe me, my friends, I did not feel at all at ease, for it was no illusion. I had also heard the dead men quite plainly. To sail in such company was gruesome to me. My Ibrahim, however, relapsed into profound meditation. "I have just hit it!" he exclaimed at last. He recalled a little formula, which his grandfather, a man of experience and a great traveller, had taught him, which was a charm against ghosts and sorcery. He likewise affirmed that we

might ward off the unnatural sleep during the coming night, by diligently saying verses from the Koran.

The proposal of the old man pleased me. In anxious expectation we saw the night approach. Adjoining the cabin was a narrow berth, into which we resolved to retire. We bored several holes through the door, large enough to overlook the whole cabin; we then locked the door as well as we could inside, and Ibrahim wrote the name of the Prophet in all four corners. Thus we awaited the terrors of the night. It might be about eleven o'clock when I began to feel very drowsy. My companion therefore advised me to say some verses from the Koran, which indeed helped me. All at once everything grew animated above, the cordage creaked, feet paced the deck, and several voices became clearly heard. We had thus sat for some time in intense expectation, when we heard something descending the steps of the cabin stairs. The old man on hearing this commenced to recite the formula which his grandfather had taught him against ghosts and sorcery:—

> "If you are spirits from the air,
> Or come from depths of sea,
> Have in dark sepulchres your lair,
> Or if from fire you be,
> Allah is your God and Lord,
> All spirits must obey His word."

I must confess I did not quite believe in this charm, and my hair stood on end as the door opened. In stepped that tall majestic man whom I had seen nailed to the mainmast. The nail still passed through his skull, but his sword was sheathed. Behind him followed another person less richly dressed; him also I had seen stretched on deck. The Captain, for there was no doubt it was he, had a pale face, a large black beard and fiery eyes, with which he looked around the whole cabin. I could see him quite distinctly as he passed our door; but he did not seem to notice the door at all, which hid us. Both seated themselves at the table which stood in the middle of the cabin, speaking loudly and almost shouting to one another in an unknown tongue. They grew more and more hot and excited, until at last the Captain brought his fist down upon the table,

so that the cabin shook. The other jumped up with a wild laugh and beckoned the Captain to follow him. The latter rose, tore his sabre out of its sheath, and both left the cabin.

After they had gone we breathed more freely, but our alarm was not to terminate yet. Louder and louder grew the noise on deck. We heard rushing backwards and forwards, shouting, laughing, and howling. At last a most fiendish noise was heard, so that we thought the deck together with all its sails was coming down on us, clashing of arms and shrieks—and suddenly a dead silence followed. When, after many hours, we ventured to ascend, we found everything as before; not one had shifted his place; all lay as stiff as wood.

Thus we passed many days on board this ship, and constantly steered on an eastern course, where according to my calculation land should be found; but although we seemed to cover many miles by day, yet at night it seemed to go back, for we were always in the same place at the rising of the sun. We could not understand this, except that the dead crew each night navigated the ship in a directly opposite course with full sails. In order to prevent this, we furled all the sails before night fell, and employed the same means as we had used on the cabin door. We wrote the name of the Prophet, and the formula prescribed by Ibrahim's grandfather, upon a scroll of parchment, and wound it round the furled sails. Anxiously we awaited the result in our berths. The noise now seemed to increase more violently than ever; but behold, on the following morning, the sails were still furled, as we had left them. By day we only hoisted as many sails as were needed to carry the ship gently along, and thus in five days we covered a considerable tract.

At last on the sixth morning we discovered land at a short distance, and thanked Allah and his Prophet for our miraculous deliverance. This day and on the following night we sailed along a coast, and on the seventh morning we thought at a short distance we saw a town. With much difficulty we dropped our anchor, which at once struck ground, lowered a little boat, which was on deck, and rowed with all our strength towards the town. After

the lapse of half-an-hour we entered a river which ran into the sea, and landed. On entering the gate of the town we asked the name of it, and learnt that it was an Indian town, not far from where I had intended to land at first. We went towards a caravanserai and refreshed ourselves after our adventurous journey. I also inquired there after some wise and intelligent man, intimating to the landlord that I wished to consult one on matters relating to sorcery. He led me to some remote street to a mean-looking house and knocked. I was allowed to enter, and simply told to ask for Muley.

In the house I met a little old man, with a grey beard and a long nose, who asked me what I wanted. I told him I desired to see the wise Muley, and he answered me that he was Muley. I now asked his advice what I should do with the corpses, and how I was to set about to remove them from the ship. He answered me that very likely the ship's crew were spell-bound on the ocean on account of some crime; and he believed the charm might be broken by bringing them on land, which however could only be done by taking up the planks on which they lay. The ship, together with all its goods, by divine and human law, belonged to me, because I had as it were found it. I was however to keep all very secret, and make him a little present of my abundance, in return for which he and his slaves would assist me in removing the dead. I promised to reward him richly, and we set forth followed by five slaves provided with saws and hatchets. On the road the magician Muley could not sufficiently laud the happy thought of tacking the Koran verses upon the sails. He said that this had been the only means of our deliverance.

It was yet early morning when we reached the vessel. We all set to work immediately, and in an hour four lay already in the boat. Some of the slaves had to row them to land to bury them there. They related on their return that the corpses had saved them the trouble of burial, for hardly had they been put on the ground when they crumbled into dust. We continued sawing off the corpses, and before evening all had been removed to land except one, namely he who was nailed to the mast. In vain we

endeavoured to draw the nail out of the wood. Every effort could not displace it a hair's-breadth. I did not know what to do, for it was impossible to cut down the mast to bring him to land. Muley however devised an expedient. He ordered a slave quickly to row to land, in order to bring him a pot filled with earth. When it was brought, the magician pronounced some mystic words over it, and emptied the earth upon the head of the corpse. Immediately he opened his eyes, heaved a deep sigh, and the wound of the nail in his forehead began to bleed. We now extracted the nail easily, and the wounded man fell into the arms of one of the slaves.

"Who has brought me hither?" he said, after having slightly recovered. Muley pointed to me, and I approached him. "Thanks be to thee, unknown stranger, for thou hast rescued me from a long martyrdom. For fifty years has my corpse been floating upon these waves, and my spirit was condemned to reanimate it each night; but now earth having touched my head, I can return to my fathers reconciled." I begged him to tell us how he had fallen into this awful condition, and he answered: "Fifty years ago I was a man of power and rank, and lived in Algiers. The longing after gain induced me to fit out a vessel in order to engage in piracy. I had already carried on this business for some time, when one day I took on board at Zante a Dervish, who asked for a free passage. My companions and myself were wild fellows, and paid no respect to the sanctity of the man, but rather mocked him. But one day, when he had reproached me in his holy zeal with my sinful mode of living, I became furious at night, after having drunk a great deal with my steersman in my cabin. Enraged at what a Dervish had told me, and what I would not even allow a Sultan to tell me, I rushed upon deck, and plunged my dagger in his breast. As he died, he cursed me and my crew, that we might neither live nor die till our heads should touch the earth. The Dervish died, and we threw him into the sea, laughing at his menaces; but in the very same night his words were fulfilled.

"Some of my crew mutinied against me. We fought with insane fury until my adherents were defeated, and I

was nailed to the mainmast. But the mutineers also expired of their wounds, and my ship soon became but an immense tomb. My eyes also grew dim, my breathing ceased, I thought I was dying. But it was only a kind of numbness that seized me. The very next night, and at the precise hour that we had thrown the Dervish into the sea, I and all my companions awoke, we were alive, but we could only do and say what we had said and done on that night. Thus we have been sailing these fifty years unable to live or die; for how could we reach land? It was with a savage joy that we sailed many times with full sail in the storm, hoping that at length we might strike some rock, and rest our wearied heads at the bottom of the sea. We did not succeed. But now I shall die. Thanks once more, my unknown deliverer, and if treasures can reward thee, accept my ship as a mark of my gratitude."

After having said this, the Captain's head fell upon his breast, and he expired. Immediately his body also, like the crew's, crumbled to dust. We collected it in a little urn and buried him on shore. I engaged, however, workmen from the town, who repaired my ship thoroughly. After having bartered the goods which I had on board for others at a great profit, I collected a crew, rewarded my friend Muley handsomely, and set sail towards my native place. I made, however, a detour, and landed on many islands and countries where I sold my goods. The Prophet blessed my enterprise. After the lapse of nine months, twice as wealthy as the dying Captain had made me, I reached Balsora. My fellow-citizens were astonished at my riches and my fortune, and did not believe anything else but that I must have found the diamond valley of the celebrated traveller Sinbad. I left their belief undisturbed, but henceforth the young people of Balsora, when they were scarcely eighteen years old, were obliged to go out into the world in order like myself to seek their fortune. But I lived quietly and peacefully, and every five years undertook a journey to Mecca, in order to thank the Lord for His blessing at this sacred shrine, and pray for the Captain and his crew that He might receive them into His Paradise.

The journey of the caravan was resumed on the following day without any hindrance, and after the merchants had refreshed themselves in their encampment, Selim, the stranger, thus addressed Muley, the youngest of the merchants: "Since you are the youngest amongst us, and always cheerful, I dare say you know some good tale. Let us have it to refresh us after the heat of the day." "I should like to tell you something," answered Muley, "which would amuse you; but youth must be modest in all things, and on that account my elder fellow-travellers have precedence. Zaleukos is always so grave and reserved; why should he not tell us what it is that makes his life so serious? Perhaps we may be able to calm his sorrow if he have any, for we would most willingly help a brother though he be of different creed."

The one addressed was a Greek merchant, a middle-aged man, handsome and powerful, but very serious. Although he was an unbeliever (not a Mussulman), yet he was liked by his fellow-travellers, for he had inspired them by his whole demeanour with respect and confidence. He had, however, but one hand, and some of his companions supposed that this loss perhaps made him so grave.

Zaleukos replied to Muley's confidential question: "I feel much flattered by your confidence; sorrow I have none, at any rate such as you could with the best of your intention relieve me from. But because Muley seems to reproach me with my seriousness, I will tell you something, which justifies me in being more serious than other people. You see I have lost my left hand. I had it when I was born, but I sacrificed it in the most terrible days of my life. Whether it is my fault, or whether I am wrong to be more serious since those days than my position warrants, you may judge, after you have heard the Story of the Cut-off Hand."

THE STORY OF THE CUT-OFF HAND.

I was born in Constantinople; my father was a dragoman at the Porte, and besides, carried on a fairly lucrative business in sweet-scented perfumes and silk goods. He gave me a good education; he partly instructed me himself, and also had me instructed by one of our priests. He at first intended me to succeed him in business one day, but as I showed greater aptitude than he had expected, he destined me, on the advice of his friends, to be a doctor; for if a doctor has learned a little more than the ordinary charlatan, he can make his fortune in Constantinople. Many Franks frequented our house, and one of them persuaded my father to allow me to travel to his native land to the city of Paris, where such things could be best acquired and free of charge. He wished, however, to take me with himself gratuitously on his journey home. My father, who had also travelled in his youth, agreed, and the Frank told me to hold myself in readiness three months hence. I was beside myself with joy at the idea of seeing foreign countries, and eagerly awaited the moment when we should embark. The Frank had at last concluded his business and prepared himself for the journey. On the evening before our departure my father led me into his little bedroom. There I saw splendid dresses and arms lying on the table. My looks were however chiefly attracted to an immense heap of gold, for I had never before seen so much collected together.

My father embraced me and said: "Behold, my son, I have procured for thee clothes for the journey. These weapons are thine; they are the same which thy grandfather hung around me when I went abroad. I know that thou canst use them aright; but only make use of them when thou art attacked; on such occasions, however, defend thyself bravely. My property is not large; behold I have divided it into three parts, one part for thee, another for my support and spare money, but the third is to me a sacred and untouched property, it is for thee in the

hour of need." Thus spoke my old father, tears standing in his eyes, perhaps from some foreboding, for I never saw him again.

The journey passed off very well; we had soon reached the land of the Franks, and six days later we arrived in the large city of Paris. There my Frankish friend hired a room for me, and advised me to spend wisely my money, which amounted in all to two thousand dollars. I lived three years in this city, and learned what is necessary for a skilful doctor to know. I should not, however, be stating the truth if I said that I liked being there, for the customs of this nation displeased me; besides, I had only a few chosen friends there, and these were noble young men.

The longing after home at last possessed me mightily; during the whole of that time I had not heard anything from my father, and I therefore seized a favourable opportunity of reaching home. An Embassy from France left for Turkey. I acted as surgeon to the suite of the Ambassador and arrived happily in Stamboul. My father's house was locked, and the neighbours, who were surprised on seeing me, told me my father had died two months ago. The priest who had instructed me in my youth brought me the key; alone and desolate I entered the empty house. All was still in the same position as my father had left it, only the gold which I was to inherit was gone. I questioned the priest about it, and he, bowing, said: "Your father died a saint, for he has bequeathed his gold to the Church." This was and remained inexplicable to me. However, what could I do? I had no witness against the priest, and had to be glad that he had not considered the house and the goods of my father as a bequest. This was the first misfortune that I encountered. Henceforth nothing but ill-luck attended me. My reputation as doctor would not spread at all, because I was ashamed to act the charlatan; and I felt everywhere the want of the recommendation of my father, who would have introduced me to the richest and most distinguished, but who now no longer thought of the poor Zaleukos! The goods of my father also had no sale, for his customers had deserted him after his death, and new ones are only to be got slowly.

Thus when I was one day meditating sadly over my position, it occurred to me that I had often seen in France men of my nation travelling through the country exhibiting their goods in the markets of the towns. I remembered that the people liked to buy of them, because they came from abroad, and that such a business would be most lucrative. Immediately I resolved what to do. I disposed of my father's house, gave part of the money to a trusty friend to keep for me, and with the rest I bought what are very rare in France, shawls, silk goods, ointments and oils, took a berth on board a ship, and thus entered upon my second journey to the land of the Franks. It seemed as if fortune had favoured me again as soon as I had turned my back upon the Castles of the Dardanelles. Our journey was short and successful. I travelled through the large and small towns of the Franks, and found everywhere willing buyers of my goods. My friend in Stamboul always sent me fresh stores, and my wealth increased day by day. When I had saved at last so much that I thought I might venture on a greater undertaking, I travelled with my goods to Italy. I must however confess to something, which brought me not a little money: I also employed my knowledge of physic. On reaching a town, I had it published that a Greek physician had arrived, who had already healed many; and in fact my balsam and medicine gained me many a sequin. Thus I had at length reached the city of Florence in Italy.

I resolved upon remaining in this town for some time, partly because I liked it so well, partly also because I wished to recruit myself from the exertions of my travels. I hired a vaulted shop, in that part of the town called Sta. Croce, and not far from this a couple of nice rooms at an inn, leading out upon a balcony. I immediately had my bills circulated, which announced me to be both physician and merchant. Scarcely had I opened my shop when I was besieged by buyers, and in spite of my high prices I sold more than anyone else, because I was obliging and friendly towards my customers. Thus I had already lived four days happily in Florence, when one evening, as I was about to close my vaulted room, and on examining once more the contents of my ointment boxes,

as I was in the habit of doing, I found in one of the small boxes a piece of paper, which I did not remember to have put into it.

I unfolded the paper, and found in it an invitation to be on the bridge which is called Ponte Vecchio, that night exactly at midnight. I was thinking for a long time as to who it might be who had invited me there; and not knowing a single soul in Florence, I thought perhaps I should be secretly conducted to a patient, a thing which had already often occurred. I therefore determined to proceed thither, but took care to gird on the sword which my father had once presented to me. When it was close upon midnight I set out on my journey, and soon reached the Ponte Vecchio. I found the bridge deserted, and determined to await the appearance of him who called me. It was a cold night; the moon shone brightly, and I looked down upon the waves of the Arno, which sparkled far away in the moonlight. It was now striking twelve o'clock from all the churches of the city, when I looked up and saw a tall man standing before me completely covered in a scarlet cloak, one end of which hid his face.

At first I was somewhat frightened, because he had made his appearance so suddenly; but was however myself again shortly afterwards, and said: "If it is you who have ordered me here, say what you want?" The man dressed in scarlet turned round and said in an undertone: "Follow!" At this, however, I felt a little timid to go alone with this stranger. I stood still and said: "Not so, sir, kindly first tell me where; you might also let me see your countenance a little, in order to convince me that you wish me no harm." The red one, however, did not seem to pay any attention to this. "If thou art unwilling, Zaleukos, remain," he replied, and continued his way. I grew angry. "Do you think," I exclaimed, "a man like myself allows himself to be made a fool of, and to have waited on this cold night for nothing?"

In three bounds I had reached him, seized him by his cloak, and cried still louder, whilst laying hold of my sabre with my other hand. His cloak, however, remained in my hand, and the stranger had disappeared round the

nearest corner. I became calmer by degrees. I had the cloak at any rate, and it was this which would give me the key to this remarkable adventure. I put it on and continued my way home. When I was at a distance of about a hundred paces from it, some one brushed very closely by me and whispered in the language of the Franks: "Take care, Count, nothing can be done to-night." Before I had time, however, to turn round, this somebody had passed, and I merely saw a shadow hovering along the houses. I perceived that these words did not concern me, but rather the cloak, yet it gave me no explanation concerning the affair. On the following morning I considered what was to be done. At first I had intended to have the cloak cried in the streets, as if I had found it. But then the stranger might send for it by a third person, and thus no light would be thrown upon the matter. Whilst I was thus thinking, I examined the cloak more closely. It was made of thick Genoese velvet, scarlet in colour, edged with Astrachan fur, and richly embroidered with gold. The magnificent appearance of the cloak put a thought into my mind which I resolved to carry out.

I carried it into my shop and exposed it for sale, but placed such a high price upon it that I was sure nobody would buy it. My object in this was to scrutinize everybody sharply who might ask for the fur cloak; for the figure of the stranger, which I had seen but superficially, though with some certainty, after the loss of the cloak, I should recognise amongst a thousand. There were many would-be purchasers for the cloak, the extraordinary beauty of which attracted everybody; but none resembled the stranger in the slightest degree, and nobody was willing to pay such a high price as two hundred sequins for it. What astonished me was that on asking somebody or other if there was not such a cloak in Florence, they all answered "No," and assured me they never had seen so precious and tasteful a piece of work.

Evening was drawing near, when at last a young man appeared, who had already been to my place, and who had also offered me a great deal for the cloak. He threw a purse with sequins upon the table, and exclaimed: "Of a

truth, Zaleukos, I must have thy cloak, should I turn into a beggar over it!" He immediately began to count his pieces of gold. I was in a dangerous position: I had only exposed the cloak, in order merely to attract the attention of my stranger, and now a young fool came to pay an immense price for it. However, what could I do? I yielded; for on the other hand I was delighted at the idea of being so handsomely recompensed for my nocturnal adventure.

The young man put the cloak around him and went away, but on reaching the threshold he returned; whilst unfastening a piece of paper which had been tied to the cloak, and throwing it towards me, he exclaimed: "Here, Zaleukos, hangs something which I dare say does not belong to the cloak." I picked up the piece of paper carelessly, but behold, on it these words were written: "Bring the cloak at the appointed hour to-night to the Ponte Vecchio, four hundred sequins are thine." I stood thunderstruck. Thus I had lost my fortune and completely missed my aim! Yet I did not think long. I picked up the two hundred sequins, jumped after the one who had bought the cloak, and said: "Dear friend, take back your sequins, and give me the cloak; I cannot possibly part with it." He first regarded the matter as a joke; but when he saw that I was in earnest, he became angry at my demand, called me a fool, and finally it came to blows.

However, I was fortunate enough to wrench the cloak from him in the scuffle, and was about to run away with it, when the young man called the police to his assistance, and we both appeared before the judge. The latter was much surprised at the accusation, and adjudicated the cloak in favour of my adversary. I offered the young man twenty, fifty, eighty, even a hundred sequins in addition to his two hundred, if he would part with the cloak. What my entreaties could not do, my gold did. He accepted it. I however went away with the cloak triumphantly, and had to appear to the whole town of Florence as a madman. I did not care, however about the opinion of the people; I knew better than they that I profited after all by the bargain.

Impatiently I awaited the night. At the same hour as

before I went with the cloak under my arm, towards the Ponte Vecchio. With the last stroke of twelve the figure appeared out of the darkness, and came towards me. It was unmistakably the man whom I had seen yesterday. "Hast thou the cloak?" he asked me. "Yes, sir," I replied; "but it cost me a hundred sequins ready money." "I know it," replied the other. "Look here, here are four hundred." He went with me towards the wide balustrade of the bridge, and counted out the money. There were four hundred; they sparkled magnificently in the moonlight; their glitter rejoiced my heart. Alas, I did not anticipate that this would be its last joy. I put the money into my pocket, and was desirous of thoroughly looking at my kind and unknown stranger; but he wore a mask, through which dark eyes stared at me frightfully. "I thank you, sir, for your kindness," I said to him; "what else do you require of me? I tell you beforehand it must be an honourable transaction." "There is no occasion for alarm," he replied, whilst winding the cloak around his shoulders; "I require your assistance as surgeon, not for one alive, but dead."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, full of surprise. "I arrived with my sister from abroad," he said, and beckoned me at the same time to follow him. "I lived here with her at the house of a friend. My sister died yesterday suddenly of a disease, and my relatives wish to bury her to-morrow. According to an old custom of our family all are to be buried in the tomb of our ancestors; many, notwithstanding, who died in foreign countries are buried there and embalmed. I do not grudge my relatives her body, but for my father I want at least the head of his daughter, in order that he may see her once more." This custom of severing the heads of beloved relatives appeared to me somewhat awful, yet I did not dare to object to it lest I should offend the stranger. I told him that I was acquainted with the embalming of the dead, and begged him to conduct me to the deceased. Yet I could not help asking him why all this must be done so mysteriously and at night? He answered me that his relatives, who considered his intention horrible, objected to it by daylight; if only the head were severed,

then they could say no more about it; although he might have brought me the head, yet a natural feeling had prevented him from severing it himself.

In the meantime we had reached a large, splendid house. My companion pointed it out to me as the end of our nocturnal walk. We passed the principal entrance of the house, entered a little door, which the stranger carefully locked behind him, and now ascended in the dark a narrow spiral staircase. It led towards a dimly lighted passage, out of which we entered a room lighted by a lamp fastened to the ceiling.

In this room was a bed, on which the corpse lay. The stranger turned aside his face, evidently endeavouring to hide his tears. He pointed towards the bed, telling me to do my business well and quickly, and left the room.

I took my instruments, which I as surgeon always carried about with me, and approached the bed. Only the head of the corpse was visible, and it was so beautiful that I experienced involuntarily the deepest sympathy. Dark hair hung down in long plaits, the features were pale, the eyes closed. At first I made an incision into the skin, after the manner of surgeons when amputating a limb. I then took my sharpest knife, and with one stroke cut the throat. But oh, horror! The dead opened her eyes, but immediately closed them again, and with a deep sigh she now seemed to breathe her last. At the same moment a stream of hot blood shot towards me from the wound. I was convinced that the poor creature had been killed by me. That she was dead there was no doubt, for there was no recovery from this wound. I stood for some minutes in painful anguish at what had happened. Had the "red-cloak" deceived me, or had his sister perhaps merely been apparently dead? The latter seemed to me more likely. But I dare not tell the brother of the deceased that perhaps a little less deliberate cut might have awakened her without killing her; therefore I wished to sever the head completely; but once more the dying woman groaned, stretched herself out in painful movements, and died.

Fright overpowered me, and shuddering I hastened out of the room. But outside in the passage it was dark;

for the light was out, no trace of my companion was to be seen, and I was obliged haphazard to feel my way in the dark along the wall, in order to reach the staircase. I discovered it at last and descended, partly falling and partly gliding. But there was not a soul downstairs. I merely found the door ajar, and breathed freer on reaching the street, for I had felt very strange inside the house. Urged on by terror, I rushed towards my dwelling-place, and buried myself in the cushions of my bed, in order to forget the terrible thing that I had done.

But sleep deserted me, and only the morning admonished me again to take courage. It seemed to me probable that the man who had induced me to commit this nefarious deed, as it now appeared to me, might not denounce me. I immediately resolved to set to work in my vaulted room, and if possible to assume an indifferent look. But alas! an additional circumstance, which I only now noticed, increased my anxiety still more. My cap and my girdle, as well as my instruments, were wanting, and I was uncertain as to whether I had left them in the room of the murdered girl, or whether I had lost them in my flight. The former seemed indeed the more likely, and thus I could easily be discovered as the murderer.

At the accustomed hour I opened my vaulted room. My neighbour came in, as was his wont every morning, for he was a talkative man. "Well," he said, "what do you say about the terrible affair which has occurred during the night?" I pretended not to know anything. "What, do you not know what is known all over the town? Are you not aware that the loveliest flower in Florence, Bianca, the Governor's daughter, was murdered last night? I saw her only yesterday driving through the streets in so cheerful a manner with her intended one, for to-day the marriage was to have taken place." I felt deeply wounded at each word of my neighbour. Many a time my torment was renewed, for everyone of my customers told me of the affair, each one more ghastly than the other, and yet nobody could relate anything more terrible than that which I had seen myself.

About mid-day a police-officer entered my shop and requested me to send the people away. "Signor Zaleukos,"

he said, producing the things which I had missed, "do these things belong to you?" I was thinking as to whether I should not entirely repudiate them, but on seeing through the door, which stood ajar, my landlord and several acquaintances, I determined not to aggravate the affair by telling a lie, and acknowledged myself as the owner of the things, The police-officer asked me to follow him, and led me towards a large building which I soon recognised as the prison. There he showed me into a room meanwhile.

My situation was terrible, as I thought of it in my solitude. The idea of having committed a murder, unintentionally, constantly presented itself to my mind. I also could not conceal from myself that the glitter of the gold had captivated my feelings, otherwise I should not have fallen blindly into the trap. Two hours after my arrest, I was led out of my cell. I descended several steps until at last I reached a great hall. Around a long table draped in black, were seated twelve men, mostly old men. There were benches along the sides of the hall, filled with the most distinguished of Florence. The galleries, which were above, were thickly crowded with spectators. When I had stepped towards the table covered with black cloth, a man with a gloomy and sad countenance rose; it was the Governor. He said to the assembly that he as the father in this affair could not sentence, and that he resigned his place on this occasion to the eldest of the Senators. The eldest of the Senators was an old man at least ninety years of age. He stood in a bent attitude, and his temples were covered with thin white hair, but his eyes were as yet very fiery, and his voice powerful and weighty. He commenced by asking me whether I confessed to the murder. I requested him to allow me to speak, and related undauntedly and with a clear voice what I had done, and what I knew.

I noticed that the Governor, during my recital, at one time turned pale, and at another time red. When I had finished, he rose angrily: "What, wretch!" he exclaimed, "dost thou even dare to impute a crime which thou hast committed from greediness to another?" The Senator reprimanded him for his interruption, since he had volun-

tarily renounced his right; besides it was not clear that I did the deed from greediness, for, according to his own statement, nothing had been stolen from the victim. He even went further. He told the Governor that he must give an account of the early life of his daughter, for then only it would be possible to decide whether I had spoken the truth or not. At the same time he adjourned the court for the day, in order, as he said, to consult the papers of the deceased, which the Governor would give him. I was again taken back to my prison, where I spent a wretched day, always fervently wishing that a link between the deceased and the "red-cloak" might be discovered. Full of hope, I entered the Court of Justice the next day. Several letters were lying upon the table. The old Senator asked me whether they were in my handwriting. I looked at them and noticed that they must have been written by the same hand as the other two papers which I had received. I communicated this to the Senators, but no attention was paid to it, and they told me that I might have written both, for the signature of the letters was undoubtedly a Z., the first letter of my name. The letters, however, contained threats against the deceased, and warnings against the marriage which she was about to contract.

The Governor seemed to have given extraordinary information concerning me, for I was treated with more suspicion and rigour on this day. I referred, to justify myself, to my papers which must be in my room; but was told they had been looked for without success. Thus at the conclusion of this sitting all hope vanished, and on being brought into the Court the third day, judgment was pronounced on me. I was convicted of wilful murder and condemned to death. Things had come to such a pass! Deserted by all that was precious to me upon earth, far away from home, I was to die innocently in the bloom of my life.

On the evening of this terrible day which had decided my fate, I was sitting in my lonely cell, my hopes were gone, my thoughts steadfastly fixed upon death, when the door of my prison opened, and in came a man, who for a long time looked at me silently. "Is it thus I find you

again, Zaleukos?" he said. I had not recognised him by the dim light of my lamp, but the sound of his voice roused in me old remembrances. It was Valetti, one of those few friends whose acquaintance I made in the city of Paris when I was studying there. He said that he had come to Florence accidentally, where his father, who was a distinguished man, lived. He had heard about my affair, and had come to see me once more, and to hear from my own lips how I could have committed such a crime. I related to him the whole affair. He seemed much surprised at it, and adjured me, as my only friend, to tell him all, in order not to leave the world with a lie behind me. I confirmed my assertions with an oath that I had spoken the truth, and that I was not guilty of anything, except that the glitter of the gold had dazzled me, and that I had not perceived the improbability of the story of the stranger. "Did you not know Bianca?" he asked me. I assured him that I had never seen her. Valetti now related to me that a profound mystery rested on the affair, that the Governor had very much accelerated my condemnation, and now a report had spread, that I had known Bianca for a long time, and had murdered her out of revenge for her marriage with some one else. I told him that all this coincided exactly with the "red-cloak," but that I was unable to prove his participation in the affair. Valetti embraced me weeping, and promised me to do all, at least to save my life.

I had little hope, though I knew that Valetti was a clever man, well versed in the law, and that he would do all in his power to save my life. For two long days I was in uncertainty; at last Valetti appeared. "I bring consolation, though painful. You will live and be free with the loss of one hand." Affected, I thanked my friend for saving my life. He told me that the Governor had been inexorable in having the affair investigated a second time, but that he at last, in order not to appear unjust, had agreed, that if a similar case could be found in the law books of the history of Florence, my punishment should be the same as the one recorded in these books. He and his father had searched in the old books day and night, and at last found a case quite similar to mine. The sentence was:

That his left hand be cut off, his property confiscated, and he himself banished for ever. This was my punishment also, and he asked me to prepare for the painful hour which awaited me. I will not describe to you that terrible hour, when I laid my hand upon the block in the public market place and my own blood shot over me in broad streams.

Valetti took me to his house, until I had recovered; he then most generously supplied me with money for travelling, for all I had acquired with so much difficulty had fallen a prey to the law. I left Florence for Sicily and embarked on the first ship that I found for Constantinople. My hope was fixed upon the sum which I had entrusted to my friend. I also requested to be allowed to live with him. But how great was my astonishment on being asked why I did not wish to live in my own house. He told me that some unknown man had bought a house in the Greek Quarter in my name, and this very man had also told the neighbours of my early arrival. I immediately proceeded thither accompanied by my friend, and was received by all my old acquaintances joyfully. An old merchant gave me a letter, which the man who had bought the house for me had left behind. I read as follows: "Zaleukos! Two hands are prepared to work incessantly, in order that you may not feel the loss of one of yours. The house which you see, and all its contents are yours, and every year you will receive enough to be counted amongst the rich of your people. Forgive him who is unhappier than yourself!" I could guess who had written it, and in answer to my question, the merchant told me it had been a man, whom he took for a Frank, and who had worn a scarlet cloak. I knew enough to understand that the stranger was, after all, not entirely devoid of noble intentions. In my new house I found everything arranged in the best style, also a vaulted room stored with goods, more splendid than I had ever had. Ten years have passed since. I still continue my commercial travels, more from old custom than necessity, yet I have never again seen that country where I became so unfortunate. Every year since, I have received a thousand gold pieces; and although I rejoice to know that unfortunate man to be noble, yet he cannot

relieve me of the sorrow of my soul, for the terrible picture of the murdered Bianca is continually on my mind.

Zaleukos, the Greek merchant, had finished his narrative. The others had listened to him with the utmost sympathy; the stranger particularly seemed to be much affected by it; he had sighed deeply several times, and it appeared to Muley as if he had even shed tears over it. For a long time they discussed the story.

"And do you not hate the unknown man who deprived you so shamefully of so vital a member of your body, and even endangered your life?" asked the stranger.

"Indeed at one time there were hours," replied the Greek, "in which my heart accused him before God for having caused me this grief and destroyed my life's happiness, but I found consolation in the faith of my ancestors, which commands me to love my enemies; perhaps he may be even more unhappy than I am."

"You are a kind man!" said the stranger, and shook the Greek's hand with emotion.

The chief of the watch, however, interrupted them in their conversation. He entered the tent with a serious look, announcing that it was not advisable to rest, for this was the place where caravans were usually attacked, and his sentinels believed they saw several horsemen in the distance.

The merchants were very much terrified at this news. Selim, the stranger, however, was surprised at this perplexity, and thought they were well protected, and that they need not fear a band of Arab robbers.

"Well, sir!" replied the chief of the watch, "If they were merely such rabble, one might lie down in peace, but lately the terrible Orbasan has turned up again, and in that case, one must be on the look out."

The stranger asked who this Orbasan was, whereupon Achmet, the old merchant, answered: "There are many reports amongst the people about this wonderful man. Some regard him as a superhuman being, because he often engages in a fight with five or six men together·

others look upon him as a valiant Frank, whom misfortune has driven here; of all these reports this much is certain, that he is a nefarious robber and thief." "That you cannot maintain," replied Lezah, one of the merchants. "Although he may be a robber, yet he is of noble disposition, and as such he has proved himself by the way he treated my brother, as I could tell you. His whole tribe consists of orderly men, and as long as he roams about the desert, no other tribe dares to appear. Besides, he does not rob like others, for he only levies a tax on the caravans, and whosoever pays this willingly may continue his journey safely, for Orbasan is the Master of the desert."

Thus the travellers conversed amongst themselves in the tent; the sentinels, however, who were posted around the encampment, began to grow restless. A considerable number of armed horsemen was seen at a distance of half a league; they seemed to be riding in a straight line towards the encampment. One of the watch therefore went into the tent, in order to announce that very likely they would be attacked. The merchants consulted amongst themselves what was to be done, as to whether they should advance towards them, or await the attack. Achmet, together with the two elder merchants, voted for the latter; the ardent Muley, however, and Zaleukos desired the first, and called the stranger to their aid. The latter calmly pulled out of his girdle a little piece of blue cloth with red stars on it, tied it to a lance, and commanded one of the slaves to hoist it on the tent; he wagered his life, he said, the riders on seeing this sign would pass by quietly.

Muley did not believe in this; the slave, however, hoisted the sign. In the meantime, all who were in the encampment had seized their weapons, and with intense expectation awaited the riders. The latter, however, seemed to have observed the sign on the tent, and suddenly changed their course from towards the camp. They made a wide circuit and passed off on one side.

The travellers were astonished for a few moments, looking now upon the horsemen, now upon the stranger. The latter stood quite indifferently in front of the tent as if nothing had happened, looking over the plain. At last

Muley broke the silence: "Who art thou, mighty stranger," he exclaimed, "whom the wild hordes of the desert so promptly obey?" "You over-estimate my art," replied Selim Baruch, "I learned this sign prior to my escape from my captivity. What it means, I do not know myself, only I know this much that whoever travels with this sign is most powerfully protected."

The merchants thanked the stranger, and called him their deliverer. Indeed the number of riders had been so large, that the caravan would not have long resisted the attack.

They now went to rest with lighter hearts, and as the sun was setting, and the evening breeze passed across the desert, they struck their tents and continued their journey.

On the following day they encamped nearly another day's march before they reached the limit of the desert. When the travellers had again assembled in their great tent, Lezah, one of the merchants, began to speak: "I told you yesterday that the dreaded Orbasan was a noble fellow; allow me to show you this to-day by relating to you the adventures of my brother. My father was Cadi in Acara. He had three children. I was the eldest, my brother and sister were far younger than myself. When I was twenty years old one of my father's brothers sent for me. He appointed me heir to his property, on condition that I remained with him till his death. He reached a very great age, and it is only two years ago, that I returned home, and knew nothing of the serious troubles my people had met with in the meantime, and how kindly Allah had directed all."

FATME'S DELIVERANCE.

My brother Mustapha and my sister Fatme were almost of the same age, the former being only two years older. They loved each other tenderly, and both together contributed to alleviate the burden of our infirm father's old age. On Fatme's sixteenth birthday my brother gave an entertainment. He invited all her playmates, served them in my father's garden with the choicest meats, and in the evening, he invited them to a trip on the sea in a boat which he had hired and elegantly adorned. Fatme and her playmates agreed with much pleasure; for the evening was fine, and the town, viewed from the sea, afforded a magnificent sight, especially in the evening. The girls were so pleased in the boat that they induced my brother to row farther out to sea. Mustapha hesitated a great deal, because a corsair had made his appearance a few days ago. Not far from the town there was a promontory projecting into the sea, and thither the girls were anxious to go, in order to see the sun setting in the sea. As they were rowing round the promontory they saw at a short distance a bark in which were armed men.

Auguring no good, my brother ordered the rowers to put the boat about, and to row towards the land. Indeed his anxiety seemed to be justified, for the other bark quickly followed my brother's, gained on it, having a greater number of rowers, and always kept between the shore and our bark. The girls, however, on seeing the danger in which they were, jumped up and uttered cries of distress. In vain did Mustapha seek to reassure them; in vain he urged them to remain calm, for their running to and fro would endanger the boat and capsize it. All was in vain, and when the other boat was close upon them they all rushed to the stern of their boat and capsized it. Meanwhile the movements of the strange boat had been observed from the shore, and as the people had a long time harboured anxiety on account of corsairs, this boat had excited their suspicion, and several boats put off from land in order to assist ours. They came just in time to

pick up those who were sinking. In the confusion the enemy's boat had escaped; on the two barks, however, which had picked up those that were saved, it was uncertain whether all had been saved. When the boats came within sight of each other, it was discovered that my sister and one of her playmates were missing; at the same time a stranger was found on one of the barks whom nobody knew. On being threatened by Mustapha, he admitted that he belonged to the piratical boat, which had anchored two miles eastward, and that his companions had abandoned him in their hasty flight, as he was about to help in rescuing the two girls; he also alleged that he had seen them taken on board the vessel.

My old father's grief was unbounded; Mustapha also was beside himself with sorrow; not merely because he had lost his beloved sister, and reproached himself with being the cause of her misfortune, but also because Fatme's friend, who shared her misfortune, had been promised him as his wife by her parents, and he as yet had not dared to confess this to our father, because her parents were poor and of humble descent. My father was an austere man. When his grief had a little subsided, he summoned Mustapha to his presence, and said to him: "Thy folly has robbed me of the consolation of my old age, and the joy of my eyes. Go! I banish thee for ever from my presence; I curse thee and thy descendants, and only when thou bringest Fatme to me again, then shall the curse of thy father be removed from thy head."

My poor brother had not expected this; he had already determined to recover his sister and her friend, and only wanted to invoke his father's blessing; but now, with a curse upon his head, he was sent away into the world. But if at the outset he was crushed by sorrow, now the weight of his undeserved misfortune inspired his courage.

He went to the captured pirate and asked what place his vessel was bound for, and learned that they carried on the slave-trade, and usually disposed of them at Balsora.

Having come home again in order to prepare for the journey, the anger of his father seemed to have calmed a little, for he sent him a purse of gold to help him on his journey. Mustapha, however, took leave with tears of the

parents of Zoraide, for that was the name of his captured betrothed, and set out for Balsora.

Mustapha travelled by land, because just then there was no vessel from our little town bound for Balsora. He was therefore compelled to make forced journeys in order to reach Balsora shortly after the corsairs. Having, however, a good steed and no baggage, he hoped to reach this town towards the end of the sixth day. But on the evening of the fourth day, as he was riding on his way quite alone, three men suddenly attacked him. Seeing they were all armed and very strong, and that they desired his money and horse rather than his life, he cried out to them that he would surrender. They dismounted from their horses, tied his feet under his horse's belly, took him in their midst, and rode off with him at a quick trot, whilst someone laid hold of his horse's reins without saying a word.

Mustapha was perfectly dismayed; his father's curse seemed already to be fulfilled on the unhappy one, and how could he hope to rescue his sister and Zoraide when deprived of all means, and only capable of sacrificing his poor life for their deliverance. Mustapha and his silent companions must have ridden at least an hour when they turned into a little valley. The little valley was skirted by gigantic trees; soft dark green turf, and a brook which rushed through its centre invited to rest. Indeed he saw from fifteen to twenty tents pitched there; camels and splendid horses were tethered to the pegs of the tent. Out of one of the tents sounded the merry tune of a zither and two fine voices of men.

It seemed to my brother that people who had selected such a merry little place for encampment could have no ill intentions towards him, and he followed without fear the order of his guides, who, after having unbound him, beckoned him to dismount. He was conducted into a tent, which was larger than the rest, and decorated internally with extreme richness. Splendid cushions embroidered with gold, woven carpets, gilt perfuming pans, which anywhere else would have betrayed wealth and comfort; here they seemed audacious. On one of the cushions sat a little old man; his face was ugly, his skin

swarthy and shining, and a repulsive gleam of malicious cunning around his eye and mouth gave him an odious appearance. Despite the airs of importance which this man endeavoured to assume, Mustapha soon perceived that the tent had not been so sumptuously decorated for him, and the conversation of his conductors seemed to confirm his opinion.

"Where is the Chief?" they asked of the dwarf. "He is away on the chase," the latter replied, "but he has charged me to act in his place." "That is not right," said one of the robbers, "for it must soon be decided whether this dog is to die or be ransomed, and the Chief is better able to decide this than thou."

The little man drew himself up with a dignified air, and tried to reach with his fingers his opponent's ear, for he seemed anxious to revenge himself by giving him a blow. But when he saw that his efforts were in vain, he began to abuse him frightfully. The others were in no wise slow to return the compliment, and soon the tent resounded with their quarrel. Suddenly the door of the tent opened, and in came a man of tall stature and haughty demeanour. He was young and as handsome as a Persian Prince. His dress and arms were, with the exception of a richly-hilted dagger and a polished sabre, plain and simple; but his determined look, his whole being, commanded respect without inspiring fear.

"Who is it that dares to quarrel in my tent?" he exclaimed to the terrified men. For a long time a deep silence prevailed. At last one of those who had captured Mustapha related all that had passed. Thereupon the countenance of the "strong one," as they called him, reddened with anger. "Did I ever put thee in my place, Hassan?" he cried to the little one with a terrible voice. The latter being terrified shrank up into a corner and made himself even smaller than before, and slunk out of the door of the tent. A good kick from the Chief caused him to fly with a gigantic and peculiar jump out of the door of the tent.

When the little man had disappeared, the three men brought Mustapha before the Master of the tent, who had laid himself on the cushions in the meantime. "Here is

the one whom thou hast commanded us to capture." The Chief looked for a long time at the prisoner and then said: "Pasha of Sulieika! thy own conscience will tell thee why thou standest before Orbasan." On my brother hearing this he prostrated himself before the Chief, and said: "O Master! thou seemest to be in error, I am a poor unfortunate traveller, and not the Pasha whom thou seekest." All those that were in the tent were astonished at this speech, but the Master of the tent said: "Thy dissimulation is of no use, for I can confront thee with people who know thee well." He commanded to bring in Zuleima. An old woman was brought into the tent, who upon being asked, whether she did not recognise in my brother the Pasha of Sulieika, answered: "Of course! I swear it by the grave of the Prophet, it is the Pasha and no other." "Seest thou, wretch! how thou hast failed in thy cunning!" said the Chief angrily. "Thou art too contemptible a creature for me to soil my good dagger with thy blood, but at sunrise to-morrow, I will bind thee to the tail of my horse, and gallop with thee through the woods till the sun sets again behind the hills of Sulieika." At these words my brother's heart sank within his breast. "This is the curse of my harsh father, which brings me to an ignominious death," he exclaimed crying, "and thou also art lost, dear sister, and thou too, Zoraide!" "Thy dissimulation will not avail thee," said one of the robbers, binding his hands behind his back; "thou hadst better not remain here long, for the Chief is biting his lip and clutching his dagger. If thou wouldst live another night, follow us."

Just as the robbers were leading my brother out of the tent, they met three others bringing in a prisoner. They entered with him. "We bring thee the Pasha, as thou didst command us," said they, leading the prisoner to where the Chief sat. On the prisoner being conducted thither, my brother embraced the opportunity of looking at him, and was astonished at the great resemblance that existed between this man and himself, only that he had a little darker complexion, and wore a darker beard. The Chief seemed much surprised at the appearance of the second prisoner: "Which of you is the right one?"

he said, looking now at my brother, now at the other man. "If thou meanest the Pasha of Sulieika," replied the prisoner haughtily, "I am he!" The Chief regarded him for some time with a stern and terrible glance, and then silently beckoned to remove the Pasha.

After this, he went towards my brother, cut his cords with the dagger, and invited him to take a seat upon the cushion by his side. "I am sorry, stranger," he said, "to have mistaken thee for that monster; ascribe it, however, to a marvellous guidance of Providence that the very moment which was destined for the destruction of that accursed one, cast you into the hands of my brothers." My brother requested but one favour, to be allowed to proceed on his journey, since every moment's delay might prove fatal to him.

The Chief inquired the motive of so much haste, and after Mustapha had told him all, he persuaded him to pass the night in his tent, since he and his horse must be very fatigued, and he promised to show him the next morning a route which in a day and a half would bring him to Balsora. My brother agreed, was well looked after, and slept peacefully till the next morning in the robber's tent.

When he awoke, he found himself quite alone in the tent, but outside, before the curtain of the tent, he heard several voices engaged in conversation, which appeared to belong to the master of the tent and the little swarthy man. He listened a little, and heard to his surprise that the little man was endeavouring to urge upon his companions to kill the stranger, because if they allowed him to go, he might betray them all.

Mustapha soon perceived that the little man bore him ill-will, because he was the cause that he had been so badly treated the day before. The Chief seemed to think for a few moments. "No," he said, "he is my guest, and hospitality is sacred to me; besides he does not appear to me as if he would betray us."

Having said this, he put the curtain aside and entered. "Peace be with thee, Mustapha," he said, "let us partake of the morning draught, and then prepare for thy departure." He handed my brother a cup of sherbet, and after

they had drunk, bridled their horses, and with a lighter heart than when he had come, Mustapha mounted his horse. They had soon left the tents behind them, and struck into a broad path leading into the forest.

The Chief told my brother that the Pasha whom they had captured whilst hunting had promised them free range throughout his territory; but a few weeks ago he had taken prisoner one of their bravest men, and after having tortured him in a most terrible manner, had had him hung. For a long time he had him watched, and this very day he was to die. Mustapha did not dare to say anything against it, for he was glad to have escaped death himself.

At the outskirts of the forest, the Chief checked his horse, pointed out to my brother the way, offering him his hand at parting and said: "Mustapha, thou hast been in a strange fashion the guest of the robber Orbasan, I will not ask thee not to betray what thou hast seen and heard. Thou hast suffered unjustly the pangs of death, and I ought to compensate thee. Take this dagger as a souvenir, and if thou hast need of help, send it to me, and I will hasten to aid thee. This purse also may be of service on thy journey."

My brother thanked him for his generosity, and took the dagger, but refused the purse. Once more, however, Orbasan took my brother's hand, and allowing the purse to fall on the ground, he disappeared in the forest with the speed of the whirlwind. When Mustapha saw that it would be impossible for him to overtake him, he dismounted in order to pick up the purse, and was astonished at the magnitude of his host's generosity, for the purse contained an enormous sum of gold. He thanked Allah for his preservation, recommending the generous robber to His mercy, and then continued his journey in a cheerful manner towards Balsora.

Lezah was silent and looked at the old merchant Achmet with a questioning gesture. "Well, if that is the case, I will gladly alter my opinion about Orbasan, for indeed he treated thy brother nobly."

"He acted like a brave Mussulman," exclaimed Muley; "but I hope thou hast not concluded thy story yet, for I fancy we are all eager to hear further how your brother

fared, and whether he freed Fatme thy sister, and the pretty Zoraide." "If I do not tire you with it I will gladly continue," said Lezah, "for the story of my brother is indeed strange and wonderful."

At mid-day of the seventh day after his departure, Mustapha entered the gates of Balsora. Having put up at a caravanserai, he immediately inquired when the annual slave market which was held here, would be opened. He however received the terrible reply that he was two days too late. They regretted his delay, and told him that he had lost much, for even on the last day of the market, there arrived two young slaves of such great beauty, that they had attracted the attention of all the purchasers. People had scrambled and scuffled for them, and they sold for such an enormous sum, that only their present master could afford it. Mustapha made further inquiries about these two, and he had no doubt they were the two unhappy girls of whom he was in search. He also heard that the man who had bought them lived forty leagues from Balsora, and that his name was Thiuli-Kos, a distinguished, rich, but elderly gentleman, who had formerly been High Admiral of the Sultan, and now lived in retirement with his accumulated wealth.

Mustapha had intended to take horse immediately in order to pursue Thiuli-Kos, who could hardly be a day's journey in advance, but on reflecting that he alone could not attack the powerful traveller, much less deprive him of his booty, he hit upon a another plan and soon acted upon it. His resemblance to the Pasha of Sulieika, which had proved so dangerous to him, suggested the idea of presenting himself under this name at the palace of Thiuli-Kos, and thus to venture an attempt on the deliverance of the two unfortunate girls. He therefore hired some servants and horses, on which occasion Orbasan's money was of great help to him, bought for himself and his servants magnificent dresses, and set out for Thiuli's castle.

At the end of five days he arrived near the palace. It was situated in a beautiful plain, surrounded by high walls, which were just overtopped by some houses. When Mustapha had arrived, he dyed his hair and beard black;

his face, however, he rubbed with the juice of a plant which turned his skin brown, exactly like that of the other Pasha. He now sent one of his servants into the castle, and requested in the name of the Pasha of Sulieika a lodging for the night. The servant soon returned, accompanied by four prettily-dressed slaves, who took Mustapha's horse by the bridle and led it into the court-yard. They assisted him in dismounting, and four other slaves conducted him by a large marble staircase to Thiuli.

The latter, a cheerful old man, received my brother with reverence, and had him treated with the choicest meats that his cook could prepare. After dinner, Mustapha by degrees turned the conversation upon the new slaves. Thiuli extolled their beauty, and only regretted their being always so sad; he believed, however, this would soon change.

My brother was very pleased with this reception, and retired to rest with the brightest hopes. He had been sleeping for an hour, when the light of a lamp, which dazzled his eyes, awoke him. On rising, he still believed he was in a dream, for before him stood that little swarthy fellow from Orbasan's tent, lamp in hand, his wide mouth convulsed with hideous laughter. Mustapha pinched his arms, rubbed his nose to convince himself whether he was awake; but the apparition remained as before. "What is it thou wantest near my bed?" exclaimed Mustapha, after having recovered from his surprise. "You need not trouble yourself, sir!" said the little man; "I can guess why you have come here. Besides I can still remember your noble countenance; but really if I had not myself assisted in hanging the Pasha, you might probably have deceived me. Now, however, I wish to ask you a question."

"First of all tell me why you are here," cried Mustapha, furious with rage at finding himself betrayed. "I will tell you that," replied the other. "The Chief and I could not agree any longer, and therefore I escaped; but you Mustapha were really the cause of our quarrel, and therefore you must give me your sister for a wife, and I will assist you in your flight; if you will not agree, I shall go to my new master and tell him something about the new Pasha."

Mustapha was beside himself with terror and rage; now whilst thinking himself at the consummation of his wishes,

this wretch must come to frustrate them; there was only one means by which he could carry out his plan, namely, by killing the little monster. He therefore leaped out of the bed with one jump to lay hold of the little man; but the latter having anticipated this, dropped his lamp which was extinguished, and escaped in the dark crying out lustily for help.

The situation was now a terrible one; for the present he must give up the girls and only think of his own safety. He went to the window in order to see if he could not escape. It was an immense height from the ground, and on the other side was a high wall which he had to clear. He stood at the window meditating, when he heard many voices approaching his chamber; they were already at the door, when he took up his dagger and his clothes despairingly, and leaped out of the window. The fall was a severe one, but he felt that he had broken no limbs; he therefore jumped up and ran towards the wall, which surrounded the yard, scaled it and was soon free, much to the surprise of his pursuers.

He fled until he reached a small wood, in which he threw himself down quite exhausted. There he considered what was to be done. He had lost his horses and his servants, but the money which he carried in his girdle was safe.

His inventive mind soon pointed out to him a new mode of deliverance. He continued his way in the forest until he reached a village, where he bought a horse at a low price, which carried him in a short time into a town. He there inquired after a physician, and an experienced old man was recommended to him. He prevailed upon the latter, by some pieces of gold, to compound a medicine which would produce a sleep that resembled death, and could be counteracted in a few moments. Having received this draught, he bought a long false beard, a black gown, and all sorts of phials and gallipots, thus representing a travelling physician; strapping his baggage upon the back of an ass, he retraced his steps towards the castle of Thiuli-Kos.

He was sure this time of not being recognised by any one, for his false beard disguised him so much that he

hardly knew himself again. Having arrived at the palace, he announced himself as the physician Chakamankabudibaba, and all happened as he expected. The high-sounding name recommended him to the old fool so much, that he was immediately invited to a seat at his table. Chakamankabudibaba appeared before Thiuli, and after an hour's conversation the old man resolved to have all his slaves examined by the wise physician. The latter was beside himself with joy at the prospect of now seeing his beloved sister again, and with beating heart followed Thiuli, who conducted him to his seraglio. They reached a room elegantly furnished, but no one was in it.

"Chambaba, or whatever your name may be, dear doctor," said Thiuli-Kos, "just look at that hole in the wall, through this hole each of my slaves will pass her arm, and then you can ascertain whether the pulse is quick or slow." Mustapha, in spite of his objections, was not allowed to see them; Thiuli, however, consented to tell him of their previous healths. Thiuli now drew from his girdle a long slip of paper, and began to call out in a loud voice the name of each of his slaves, whereupon each time a hand issued from the hole, and the doctor examined the pulse. The names of six had already been called out and pronounced in good health, when Thiuli called out the seventh "Fatme," and a little white hand slipped out from the wall.

Trembling with joy, Mustapha seized it, and with a grave air, announced that the patient was seriously ill. Thiuli was very much concerned, and asked the wise Chakamankabudibaba to instantly prepare a medicine for her. The doctor left the room, and wrote the following upon a small piece of paper: "Fatme! I will deliver thee, if thou wilt consent to take a draught which will make thee appear dead for two days! I have it in my power to restore thee to life. If thou wilt consent, merely pretend that this remedy has been of no avail to thee, and that will be a sign that thou dost agree."

He soon returned to the room where Thiuli awaited him. He brought with him a harmless potion, felt again the pulse of Fatme, slipping at the same time the piece of paper under her bracelet, and giving her the potion, how-

ever, through the wall. Thiuli seemed greatly distressed on account of Fatme, and postponed the examination of the others till a more convenient time. After he had left the room, he said to Mustapha in a sorrowful tone: "Chadibaba, tell me frankly what thou thinkest of Fatme's illness?" Chakamankabudibaba answered with a deep sigh: "Ah, sir! may the Prophet send thee consolation, she is suffering from a malignant fever, which is likely to prove fatal." Enraged at this, Thiuli said: "What sayest thou, accursed dog of a quack? She for whom I paid two thousand sequins is to die like a cow? Mark me, if thou dost not save her, I will decapitate thee!" My brother now perceived that he had committed a silly trick, and held out hopes to Thiuli again.

While they were conversing thus, a black slave came from the seraglio to tell the physician that the draught had been of no avail. "Summon thy whole skill, Chakamdababelba, or whatever may be thy name, I will pay thee as much as thou askest," cried Thiuli-Kos, almost crying for fear of losing so much gold. "I will give her a potion which will relieve her of all pain," replied the doctor. "Do! do! give her a draught," sobbed the old Thiuli. With a joyful heart, Mustapha went in search of his narcotic, and after he had given it to the black slave, and explained to him how much was to be taken at a time, he went to Thiuli, saying, he would require to collect some soothing herbs on the banks of the lake, and left the palace. On reaching the lake, which was close to the palace, he stripped off his disguise, and threw them into the water, where they floated merrily about; but he concealed himself in the brushwood, awaited nightfall, and then slipped into the cemetery close to Thiuli's palace.

Mustapha had scarcely left the castle an hour when a slave informed Thiuli that his slave Fatme was on the point of death. He despatched his servants to the lake to quickly fetch the doctor; but they soon returned alone, and reported that the poor doctor had fallen into the water and was drowned, his black gown was floating on the waters of the lake, and every now and again his majestic beard popped up above the surface. When Thiuli found there was no hope left, he uttered maledictions against

himself and the whole world, plucked out his beard, and ran his head against the wall.

All this, however, was of no avail, for Fatme soon passed away under the care of the other women. When Thiuli heard that she was dead, he ordered a coffin to be made immediately, for he could not tolerate having a corpse in his house, and had it taken into the dead-house. The bearers carried the coffin thither, placed it quickly on the ground and ran away, for they heard among the other coffins moans and sighs. Mustapha who had hidden himself behind the coffins, and who had caused the bearers to flee, came from his place of concealment, and lit a lamp which he had brought with him for the purpose. He now drew from his girdle a phial containing the antidote, and removed the lid of Fatme's coffin. But what terror took possession of him, when by the light of his lamp he discovered quite different features! Neither my sister nor Zoraide, but quite another girl lay in the coffin. It took him a long time to recover from this fatal blow; at length, however, pity overcame his anger. He uncorked the phial and gave her the medicine. She breathed, opened her eyes, and seemed to think for a long time where she was. At last she remembered what had happened, and rising from the bier threw herself at Mustapha's feet.

"How can I sufficiently thank you, kind creature," she exclaimed, "for having freed me from my terrible captivity!" Mustapha interrupting her effusion of thanks, asked how it was that she had been rescued, and not his sister Fatme. She looked at him in astonishment. "I now understand," she said, "the manner of my mysterious release, which was before incomprehensible. Know then that in the palace I was called Fatme, and to me thou gavest the paper and the sleeping draught." My brother now asked the rescued girl to give him some information about his sister and Zoraide, and learnt, that they were both in the palace, but according to Thiuli's custom had received new names; they were now called Mirza and Nurmahal.

When Fatme, the rescued slave, perceived my brother's sorrowful looks at this disappointment, she encouraged him, and promised to tell him a way by which he might

yet rescue the two girls. Encouraged by these thoughts, Mustapha again took heart; he requested her to name this way, and she said: "Although I have been Thiuli's slave only five months, yet from the very first day I thought of escape, but to effect this single-handed was too difficult for me. I daresay in the inner court you must have noticed a fountain that throws its waters from ten jets; this fountain attracted my attention. I remembered having seen a similar one in my father's garden, the water of which was conveyed through a spacious conduit. Now in order to ascertain whether this fountain was built upon the same plan, I extolled its beauty one day before Thiuli, and asked who had been the architect. 'I constructed it myself,' he replied, 'and what thou seest here is not all; but the water which feeds it comes at least a thousand paces from a brook, and flows through a vaulted aqueduct of a man's height at least, and all this I have planned myself.' After I had heard this, I only wished to have the strength of a man for one moment, in order to lift one single stone from the side of that fountain, and then I should be as free as a bird. I will show you the aqueduct; and through it you can obtain access to the castle by night, and free the others. You want, however, two more men, in order to overpower the slaves who keep watch by night over the seraglio."

Thus she spake; my brother Mustapha, although already twice disappointed in his expectations, took courage once more, hoping with the help of Allah to accomplish the plan of the slave. He promised to provide for her return home if she would assist him in gaining entrance to the palace. But there was one thought which caused him considerable anxiety, namely that of finding two or three faithful men. Suddenly he remembered Orbasan's dagger, and the promise he had made him, to come to his aid, at any time. He therefore left the cemetery, together with Fatme, in search of the robber.

In the same town where he had bought his physician's disguise, he now bought with his last money a horse, and lodged Fatme at the house of a poor woman living in the suburbs. He himself made straight for the mountains where he had first met Orbasan, and reached the place in

three days. He soon found the tents again, and unexpectedly presented himself to Orbasan, who received him in a friendly manner. He narrated to him his abortive attempts, at which the serious Orbasan could not refrain from laughing a little now and then, especially when thinking of the physician Chakamankabudibaba. At the treachery of the little man he was very exasperated, and swore he would strangle him with his own hand wherever he found him. But as regards my brother he promised to be ready to assist him as soon as he had partaken of some refreshments after his journey. Mustapha again spent a night in Orbasan's tent, and at early dawn they set out, accompanied by three of Orbasan's bravest men, all well mounted and well armed. They rode at a great pace, and in two days reached the little town where Mustapha had left the rescued Fatme.

Accompanied by her they thence proceeded to the little wood not far from where Thiuli's castle could be seen, and there they encamped to await the approach of night. As soon as it was dark, led by Fatme, they stole to the brook where the aqueduct commenced, which they soon discovered. They left one of the men behind with Fatme and their horses and got ready to descend; before they descended, however, Fatme once more repeated all very minutely, namely: that they would reach the inner courtyard through the aqueduct, where they would see two towers in the right and left-hand corners, and that in the sixth room from the right-hand tower, they would find Fatme and Zoraide, watched by two black slaves.

Armed with weapons and crowbars, Mustapha, Orbasan, and the two other men plunged into the aqueduct; and although the water came up to their girdles, yet they went on briskly. After the lapse of half an hour they arrived at the conduit, and immediately plied their crowbars. The wall was thick and solid, but it could not resist long the united efforts of the four men, and they had soon forced an opening large enough to allow them to slip through easily. Orbasan was the first to pass through and help the others after him. After they had all come into the yard, they looked at the side of the castle which was in front of them in order to discover the door which

had been described to them. But they were unable to decide which it was, for on counting from the right tower to the left, they found one door walled-up, and did not know whether Fatme had omitted this door or counted it in with the others. Orbasan, however, did not think long: "my good sword will gain me admittance to any door," he exclaimed, and approached the sixth door, followed by the other men.

They opened the door and found six black slaves lying on the floor asleep; they were about to retreat silently, because they discovered that they had missed the right door, when a figure in the corner arose, and in a well known voice called for help. It was the little man from Orbasan's encampment. Before, however, the black slaves were able to rightly comprehend their position, Orbasan attacked the little man, tore his girdle, gagged him, and tied his hands behind his back; he then laid hold of the other slaves, several of whom had already been nearly bound by Mustapha and the two other men, and assisted in completely overpowering them. They threatened to murder the slaves, and asked them where Nurmahal and Mirza were; they said they were in the adjoining chamber. Mustapha rushed in and found both Fatme and Zoraide, who had been awakened by the noise. The girls quickly took up their jewels and dresses and followed Mustapha. The robbers in the meantime proposed to Orbasan to plunder all they found, but the latter forbade it saying: "It shall not be said of Orbasan that he breaks into houses by night to steal money." Mustapha and the rescued girls quickly slipped through the aqueduct, where Orbasan promised to join them immediately. After they had descended into the aqueduct, Orbasan and one of the robbers took the little man and led him into the yard; they there hanged him with a silk cord, which they had brought with them for this purpose, on the highest part of the fountain. Having thus punished the treachery of the wretched little man, they also descended into the aqueduct and followed Mustapha. With tears in their eyes the two rescued girls thanked Orbasan, their generous deliverer; the latter, however, urged them to flight, for it was very likely that Thiuli-Kos would pursue them.

It was with profound grief that Mustapha and the rescued girls took leave of the robber Orbasan on the following day; indeed, they will never forget him. Fatme, however, the one who had been rescued first, went disguised to Balsora, in order to embark there for home.

After a short and pleasant journey my people reached home. My old father was immensely pleased at their return; the day after their arrival he made a great feast, in which the whole town participated. Before a large assembly of relations and friends, my brother had to relate his story, and they unanimously praised him and the generous robber.

When my brother had finished, my father arose and brought Zoraide before him. "I now remove," he said in a solemn voice, "the curse from thy head; take this girl, as a reward, which thou hast earned through thy unwearied zeal; take my paternal blessing, and may our town never be wanting in men, who are like thee in brotherly love, wisdom, and zeal."

The caravan had reached the limit of the desert, and joyfully the travellers hailed the green meadows, and trees thickly covered with leaves, the pleasant sight of which they had missed so many days. There was a caravanserai in a lovely valley, which they chose for their encampment, and although it offered little ease and comfort, yet they were all more cheerful and confidential than ever; for the idea of having escaped the dangers and difficulties which a journey through the desert entails, had made them gay, and stimulated their minds to jokes and pastime. Muley, the young and merry merchant, commenced dancing and singing in such a grotesque style, that even the grave Greek Zaleukos could not refrain from smiling. But not content with having regaled his companions with dance and music, he moreover told the story which he had promised them, and when he had taken a slight rest after his gambols, he thus commenced to relate:

THE STORY OF LITTLE MUCK.

THERE lived at Nicea, my dear native town, a man named Little Muck. I can still remember him very well, although I was very young then, especially as I once received from my father a sound thrashing for his sake. Little Muck was already an old man when I knew him, and only three or four feet high. He presented indeed a most extraordinary appearance, and although his body was stunted and thin, yet he had a head which was much larger and thicker than that of other people. He lived quite alone in a large house, and acted as his own cook; people, moreover, in the town would never have known whether he was alive or dead, for he only went out once a month, were it not that at mid-day a powerful steam arose from his house; but he was often seen during the evening walking up and down his roof, and people in the street thought that his immense head only promenaded on the roof. My playmates and myself were wicked youngsters, always ready enough to mock people and laugh at them, and whenever Little Muck came out it was generally a holiday for us. We met on the day he went out, before his house, waiting for his appearance. When the door opened, and his immense head, together with a much larger turban, peeped out, followed by his little body, dressed in a shabby little cloak, wide trousers, and a broad girdle, to which was attached a long dagger of such an immense size that people did not know whether Muck was fastened to the dagger or the dagger to him —when thus he came out, the air resounded with our loud cries of joy; we threw up our caps into the air and danced like maniacs round about him. Little Muck nevertheless bowed to us with a grave and dignified air, and marched down the street with slow steps, dragging his feet as he walked, for he wore such large and broad slippers as I had never seen before.

We boys ran after him always shouting: "Little Muck! Little Muck!" We had also made a little rhyme about

him which we sang in honour of him now and then, namely:

"Little Muck, little Muck,
What an awful fright you look!
In a big house you reside,
Only once a month outside.
You are a plucky dwarf, but still
Your head is almost like a hill;
Do but just turn round and look,
Run and catch us, Little Muck!"

We had often played this joke, and I must confess to my shame, I was the worst. I often pulled him by his cloak, and once I planted my foot on the end of his papooches from behind, so that he fell down. This at first caused me great delight, but I soon ceased to laugh when I saw Little Muck go towards my father's house. He really entered it, and remained in it for some time. I secreted myself behind the door and saw Little Muck come out again, accompanied by my father, who held him respectfully by the hand, and took leave of him at the door, after many bows. I felt very uneasy, and remained for a long time in my hiding-place; but at length hunger, which I dreaded still more than the thrashing, forced me to come out, and, shame-faced and with bent head, I presented myself before my father. "I hear you have insulted the good Muck?" he said in a very stern voice. "I want to tell you the history of this Muck, and I am certain you will never mock him again; in any case, however, before or after, you will get your punishment." This punishment meant twenty-five strokes, which he counted with only too great an exactness. He took his long pipe, unscrewed the amber mouth-piece, and acquitted himself more vigorously than he had ever done before.

After having received the five-and-twenty strokes, my father ordered me to pay attention, and related to me the story of Little Muck.

The father of Little Muck, whose real name was Mukrah, was a distinguished but poor man here in Nicea. He too, lived in almost as solitary a manner as his son does at present. Unfortunately, he did not like him, because his dwarfed stature made him ashamed of the

boy, and consequently he had him brought up in ignorance. Little Muck, when in his sixteenth year, was still a frolicsome child; and his father, a stern man, continually reproached him with still being so childish, and also on account of his ignorance and stupidity.

The old man, however, had a bad fall one day, in consequence of which he died, leaving behind Little Muck, poor and ignorant. His harsh relatives, to whom the deceased owed more than he was able to pay, turned the poor little fellow out of the house, and advised him to go abroad to make his fortune. Little Muck said that he was already prepared for the journey; and only asked to be allowed to take his father's clothes with him, to which they agreed. His father had been a tall, powerful man, and therefore his clothes did not fit him. Muck, however, soon devised an expedient; he cut off all that was superfluous with respect to length, and then donned the garments. He seemed, however, to have forgotten the curtailing of them in their amplitude, hence his whimsical attire, which he wears to this day; the large turban, the broad girdle, the wide trousers, the little blue cloak, all these are heirlooms of his father, which he has always worn; his father's long Damascus dagger he planted in his girdle, and with a little staff in his hand, he set out on his journey.

Joyfully he walked along all day, for he had set out to seek his fortune. If he saw a bit of broken glass on the road glittering in the sunshine, he would put it into his pocket, really believing it would turn into the most beautiful diamond. If he saw in the distance the glittering cupolas of a mosque, or the sea smooth as glass, he would hasten towards it joyously, thinking he had arrived in some enchanted country. But alas! These phantoms disappeared as he approached them, and only too soon did his fatigue and the complaints of his hungry stomach remind him that he was still in the land of mortals.

Thus he had travelled for two days, hungry, weary, and in despair, endeavouring to seek his fortune; the fruits of the field were his only food, the hard earth his couch. On the morning of the third day, he perceived from the top of a hill a large town. The Crescent glittered upon the

cupolas, motley banners floated upon the roofs, seeming to beckon Little Muck to come to them. He stood still a moment quite surprised, looking upon the town and its environs. "Yes, that is the place where Little Muck will make his fortune," he said to himself; and notwithstanding his weariness he stepped forward, "there or nowhere." He summoned up all his strength and strode towards the city. But although it appeared so close, he did not reach it till mid-day, for his little legs almost entirely refused their office, so that he was obliged to sit down frequently under the shade of a palm tree to take rest. At length he reached his destination. He arranged his little cloak, improved the position of his turban, broadened his girdle still more, and planted his long dagger in a still more oblique position; he then wiped the dust from his shoes, armed himself with his little staff, and bravely entered the city.

He had already strolled through many streets, but nowhere a door opened to him, nowhere people called out to him as he had imagined: "Little Muck, come in, eat and drink, and rest your tiny legs."

He was again looking up very longingly before a large and beautiful house, when a window opened, an old woman looked out of it, and exclaimed in a singing voice:

"Come on, come on,
The broth is done;
Laid is the cloth,
Enjoy the broth;
Neighbours come,
The broth is done."

The door of the house opened, and Muck saw many dogs and cats go into the house. He remained for some moments in a state of uncertainty, as to whether he should respond to the invitation; at length, however, he summoned up sufficient courage and entered the house. Before him trotted a pair of young cats. He determined to follow them, because they might know the way to the kitchen better than he.

When Muck had reached the top of the stairs, he met the old woman who had looked out of the window. She looked at him sulkily, and demanded of him what he

wanted. "I have heard you inviting everybody to your feast," answered little Muck, "and as I am so terribly hungry I have come as well." The old woman laughed and said: "Where do you come from, you strange creature? The whole town knows that I cook for nobody else except my dear cats, and now and again I invite some company from the neighbourhood for them, as you see." Little Muck related to the old woman how badly he had fared after his father's death, and entreated her to allow him to feast this day with her cats. The woman, who seemed pleased at the unaffected story of the little man, allowed him to be her guest, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. After having regaled himself, the woman looked at him for a long time and then said: "Little Muck, remain in my service, you will have little to do and plenty to eat." Little Muck, who seemed to have enjoyed the cats' broth, agreed, and thus became Madam Ahavzi's servant. His work was light but strange. Lady Ahavzi owned two cats and four kittens. Little Muck had to brush their fur, and anoint them with precious ointment every morning; if their mistress were absent, he had to take care of them; at their meals he had to wait upon them, and at night put them upon silk cushions and wrap them up in velvet coverlets.

There were besides some little dogs in the house which he also had to wait upon, but not so much attention was bestowed upon these as upon the cats, who were treated like Lady Ahavzi's own children. Altogether, Muck now lived almost as solitary as when he was in his late father's house; for, with the exception of his mistress, he only saw, during the whole day, cats and dogs. For a short time little Muck fared very well, he had always plenty to eat and little to do, and the old woman seemed to be quite satisfied with him; but by degrees the cats became troublesome; whenever the old lady was out, they bounded about the room like mad, setting everything pell-mell, and breaking many valuable vases which stood in their way. But when they heard their mistress coming up the stairs they crept up to their cushions, wagging their little tails to welcome her as if nothing had occurred. Lady Ahavzi then became angry on seeing her rooms in such a dis-

ordered state, blaming Muck for it; and however much he might protest his innocence, she had more confidence in her cats, which looked so innocent, than in her own servant.

Little Muck was very sad that he had not found his fortune here, and resolved to quit the service of Madam Ahavzi. But as he had discovered during his former travels how difficult it was to live without money, he determined to obtain his wages, which his mistress had always promised, but never given him, by some means or other. In the house of Madam Ahavzi was a chamber which was always locked, and the interior of which he had never seen. He had, however, often heard the woman making a noise in it, and for the life of him he would have liked to know what she kept hidden there. While thinking of his money for travelling, it occurred to him, that it was probably there that Madam Ahavzi kept her treasures. The door, however, was always firmly locked, and he was unable therefore to get near them.

One morning, after Madam Ahavzi had gone out, one of the little dogs which had always been treated by her very badly, whose favour, however, he had gained in the highest degree by showing it many acts of kindness, pulled him by his full trousers, and made signs to him as if to induce Muck to follow him. Muck, who had always been fond of playing with the little dog, followed it, and behold, the little dog conducted him into the bedroom of Madam Ahavzi, and to a little door which he had never seen there before. The door was ajar. The little dog went in, Muck following it, and he was agreeably surprised to find himself in the room which had been so long the aim of his wishes. He spied in every corner to see if he could find any money, but all in vain. Only old clothes and strangely shaped vases were lying about. One of these vases especially attracted his attention. It was of crystal, and beautiful figures were cut on it. He took it up and turned it about on all sides. But, oh terror! He had not noticed that it had a cover which was only lightly placed upon it. The cover dropped, and broke into a thousand pieces.

For a long time little Muck stood there petrified with

fright. His fate was now decided, and nothing remained for him but to run away, otherwise the old woman would kill him. He immediately determined upon travelling, but only once more he would look round, if he could not make use of some of Lady Ahavzi's property. His eyes fell on a mighty pair of slippers. They were not very pretty, but his own could not make another journey. They also attracted his attention on account of their immense size, for if his feet were once in them, all must plainly see that he had discarded children's boots. He quickly took off his little slippers, and put on the big ones. A pretty little staff with a lion's head carved on its top, seemed here also standing idle in the corner, and taking possession of it, he hastened out of the room. He now went quickly to his room, donned his little cloak, put on his paternal turban, planted the dagger in his girdle, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, out of the house and the gates of the town.

Outside the town he kept on running, being afraid of the old woman, until at last he was overcome by fatigue. Never in all his life had he gone so fast, nay, it seemed to him as if he could go on continually, for some invisible power seemed to urge him on. He perceived at last that his slippers were under the influence of some charm, for they kept on stepping forward, and dragging him along. He tried by all sorts of means to stand still, but all in vain. At last, being in the greatest danger, he called out just as if he were guiding horses: "Ho! ho! halt ho!" The slippers immediately pulled up, and Muck threw himself exhausted on the ground.

He was immensely pleased with the slippers. After all, he had acquired something by his work, which might assist him on his way in the world, to make his fortune. In spite of his joy he fell asleep from fatigue, for the little body of Mr. Muck, which had to carry such an enormous head, was not very strong. In a dream the little dog which had assisted him in obtaining the slippers in Madam Ahavzi's house, appeared to him and said: "Dear Muck, you do not seem to understand properly the use of the slippers: Learn, if you turn in them three times on your heel, you can fly wherever you like, and with the

little cane you can discover treasures : for where there is gold buried it will strike the ground three times, and to indicate silver, twice."

Thus dreamt Little Muck. When he was awake, he meditated upon the strange dream, and soon resolved to make a trial. He put on the slippers, lifted one foot in the air and turned himself about on the other. Whoever has tried the feat of turning round thrice successively in a slipper too large for him, will not be astonished at hearing that Little Muck did not succeed very well in his first attempt, especially if one takes into consideration that his enormous head sometimes dragged him to the right and sometimes to the left.

The poor little fellow fell several times heavily on his nose; nevertheless he did not allow himself to be discouraged from repeating the experiment, and finally he succeeded. Like a wheel he turned round on his heel, wishing himself to be transported to the nearest large town, whereupon his slippers lifted him up into the air, fled through the clouds as if they had wings, and before he could recover his senses, he found himself in a large market-place, where many booths were pitched, and where a number of people were busily running to and fro. He went about amongst the people, but considered it more advisable to go into a more quiet street, for in the market-place people put their feet upon his slippers, which nearly made him fall down; and further, his long dagger every now and then pushed against some one or other, so that he just escaped being beaten.

Little Muck now began seriously to think what he might do to earn some money. Though he had a little staff indicating to him hidden treasures, yet where could he discover a place, on the spur of the moment, where gold or silver was buried? He might have exhibited himself in case of necessity, but he was too proud for that. At length the quick movements of his limbs occurred to him. "Perhaps," he thought, "my slippers may support me," and he resolved to offer his services as courier, thinking it possible that the King of this town might remunerate him handsomely for such services, and he inquired after the palace. Near the gate of the palace stood a sentry, who

asked him what he wanted there. Upon telling him that he was looking for work, he was shown to the overseer of the slaves. He told the latter his request, and petitioned him to find him a place, amongst the royal messengers. The overseer looked at him from head to foot, and said: "What! you, with your little limbs, which are scarcely a span in length, wish to become a royal messenger! Get away; I have no time for joking with every fool."

Little Muck however assured him that he was quite in earnest with his offer, and that he would venture a wager to outstrip the swiftest runner. The affair seemed very ridiculous to the overseer. He ordered him to be prepared for a race in the evening, took him into the kitchen, and took care that he was supplied with plenty to eat and drink. The overseer himself went to the King, and told him about this little man and his offer. The King, who was a pleasant master, approved of the overseer of the slaves having kept Little Muck for a joke. He ordered him to make preparations on a large meadow behind the palace in order that the race might be conveniently seen by his whole royal household, and finally told him to look well after the dwarf.

The King related to the Princes and Princesses what sort of an entertainment they would have in the evening. The latter told their servants of it, and as the evening approached, all were in eager expectation, all hastening towards the meadow, where scaffolds were erected, in order to see the boasting dwarf run.

After the King, his sons and his daughters had taken their seats, Little Muck appeared upon the meadow, saluting the assemblage with an extremely courteous bow. General shouts of joy resounded on the little man appearing; such a figure had never been seen there before. The little man's body with its immense head, his little cloak and large trousers, the long dagger in the broad girdle, his little feet in his slippers: No! all this was too funny a sight for people not to laugh at. Little Muck, however, did not allow himself to be abashed by the laughter. He proudly took his place, leaning on his little cane, and awaited his adversary. The overseer of the slaves had, at Muck's request, selected the quickest runner. The latter

now came forward, placing himself by the side of the little man, and both waited for the signal. Then the Princess Amarza, as had been arranged, nodded from under her veil, and like two arrows shot at the same target, the runners rushed forward over the meadow.

At first Muck's adversary had a decided advantage, but the former on his slipper-conveyance chased him, overtook him, passed him, and reached the goal long before the other came along gasping for breath. The spectators were for some moments stupefied with admiration and astonishment, but when first the King applauded, then the whole multitude followed his example, and all shouted:

"Long live Little Muck, the winner of the race!"

In the meantime Little Muck had been fetched. He prostrated himself before the King, and said: "All powerful King, this is merely a trifle of my art; and now condescend to assign me a place amongst your couriers." The King replied: "No, you shall be my private runner, and always be about me. You shall have for your salary a hundred gold pieces annually, and you shall dine with my chief courtiers."

Muck now at last thought he had found his fortune, which he had sought after for so long a time, and rejoiced inwardly. He also rejoiced at the special favour of the King, for the latter employed him for the quickest and most secret despatches, which Little Muck executed with the greatest exactitude, and with incomprehensible rapidity.

The other servants, however, were jealous of him, because they thought themselves lessened in the favour of their master, through a dwarf, who understood nothing else but running. Many conspiracies therefore were plotted against him in order to ruin him; but all failed, on account of the great confidence which the King placed in his private chief runner, for he had risen to this dignity in so short a time.

Muck, who was not blind to these intrigues, did not think of avenging himself, for he was too noble-hearted for that. No, he rather thought of some means by which he might make himself indispensable, and liked by his enemies. He then recollected his little staff, which he had forgotten in his fortunate circumstances; if he discovered treasures,

he thought, then perhaps his companions might look upon him with a more favourable eye.

He had often been told that the father of the present King had buried a great deal of his treasures at a time when an enemy attacked his country; it was also said, that he had died since, without having been able to communicate his secret to his son. Henceforward Muck always took his little cane with him, hoping that some day he might pass the place where the money of the old King lay buried. One evening chance led him to a lonely spot in the King's garden, a place which he little frequented, when suddenly he felt his little cane jerking in his hand, and striking the ground three times. He was already aware what this meant. He therefore drew his dagger, notched the trees surrounding the place, and returned to the castle: he now procured a spade, and waited until nightfall for his enterprise.

His searching for the treasures gave Little Muck more trouble than he had expected. His arms were very weak, his spade too large and heavy, and he might have worked for more than two hours before he had dug two feet in depth. At length he struck against something hard, which returned a metallic sound. He now dug away more vigorously, and soon succeeded in bringing to light a large iron lid; he himself got into the hole in order to discover what the lid might cover, and he really found a large urn filled with gold pieces. His feeble powers, however, were insufficient to lift the urn, and he therefore put into his trousers and girdle as much as he could carry; he moreover stuffed his little cloak with as much as possible, and put it on his back after having concealed the rest very carefully again. But, as a matter of fact, if he had not had his slippers on, he would not have been able to proceed, so heavily weighed the gold on him. Unobserved, he reached his room, and there concealed his gold underneath the cushions of his couch.

When Little Muck found himself the owner of so much gold, he thought matters would now undergo a change, and that he would gain amongst his enemies many patrons and warm friends at Court. Judging from this, it was but too obvious that Little Muck could not have received a

very careful education, otherwise he would not have imagined that it was possible to gain real friends with gold. Alas! he had much better have greased his slippers then, and made his escape with his little cloak filled with gold as soon as possible!

The gold which Little Muck now freely distributed, excited the jealousy of the other courtiers. The chief cook Ahuli said: "He is a coiner." Achmet, the overseer of the slaves, said: "He has obtained it from the King by talking." Archaz, the treasurer, however, his bitterest enemy, who himself from time to time dipped into the King's cash-box, said openly: "He has stolen it." Now in order to make quite sure of their affair, they plotted together, and the chief cup-bearer Korchuz presented himself one day very sad and downcast before the King. He affected his dissimulating manners in so remarkable a way, that the King asked him what was the matter with him. "Alas!" he answered, "I am sad for having lost the grace of my master." "What are you raving about, friend Korchuz?" said the King. "How long has the sunshine of my favour ceased to fall on you?" The chief cup-bearer answered him, that he had lavished so much gold on his private chief runner, and forgotten him, his poor and faithful servant, altogether.

He was very much astonished at this news, caused Little Muck's distributions of gold to be related to him, and the conspirators easily made him suspect that Muck by some means or other had stolen the money from the treasury. The treasurer was very pleased at this turn of affairs, and besides, he was somewhat reluctant to give an account of the state of his books. The King therefore ordered them to watch all the movements of Little Muck, in order to surprise him if possible in the very act. When therefore, during the night following this fatal day, Little Muck took the spade in order to go into the King's garden to get a fresh supply from his secret treasure, because he had exhausted his exchequer through his liberality, he was followed afar off by the sentries, headed by the chief cook Ahuli and the treasurer Archaz; and just as he was about to put the gold into his little cloak they attacked him, bound him, and brought him immediately before the King.

The latter, whose disturbed slumbers had not put him in a very good humour, received his poor private chief runner very ungraciously, and examined him immediately. The pot had been dug completely out of the ground, and with the spade, as well as the little cloak filled with gold, had been placed before the King. The treasurer alleged that he had surprised Muck with his sentinels, at the moment when he had buried this pot of gold in the ground.

The King questioned the accused as to whether it was true, and where he had got the gold which he had buried. Little Muck assured him of his innocence, and said that he had discovered this pot in the garden, and that he was not going to bury it, but to dig it out.

All present laughed at this excuse; the King, however, greatly exasperated at the barefaced impudence of the little man, exclaimed: "Thou wretch! You dare to impose on your King in such a gross fashion, after having robbed him? Treasurer Archaz, I call upon you to say whether you recognise this sum of gold as the same which is missing from my treasury?" The treasurer said he was quite sure that so much and still more had been missing for some time from the royal treasury, and that he was prepared to affirm it with an oath, that this was the stolen money.

Thereupon the King ordered Little Muck to be put in heavy chains and taken to the tower; the gold, however, he gave to the treasurer, in order to restore it to the treasury again. Delighted at the fortunate result of the affair, he left, and counted the glittering gold pieces at home; but the bad man never announced that there had been at the bottom of the pot a piece of paper on which was written: "The enemy has inundated my country, therefore I bury here part of my treasures; whoever the finder may be is cursed by the King if he does not immediately deliver it up to my son. King Sadi."

Little Muck made sad reflections in his prison; he knew that death was the punishment for stealing the King's property, yet he did not intend to reveal the secret of the little staff to the King; fearing he should be deprived of it as well as his slippers. His slippers could not assist him at all, for he was chained close to a wall, and could

not, in spite of his endeavours, turn round on his heel. When, however, on the following day he was informed that he had to die, he thought it best after all to live without the magic wand rather than die with it, so he requested the King for a private interview, and revealed to him the secret. The King at first had not much faith in his confession; but Little Muck promised a trial if the King assured him that he would not be killed. The King gave him his word for it, and, unknown to Muck, had some gold buried in the ground, and told him to find it with his little staff. In a few moments he had discovered it, for the little staff struck three times distinctly upon the ground. The King now recognised that his treasurer had deceived him, and sent him, as is customary in the East, a silk cord to hang himself with. But to Little Muck he said: "Although I have promised to spare your life, yet it seems to me you possess more than the secret of this little staff; therefore you shall pass the rest of your days in captivity, unless you reveal the means by which you run so swiftly."

Little Muck, for whom only one night in the tower had been sufficient to make him dislike a longer captivity, confessed that all his art lay in his slippers; but he did not tell the King the secret of turning three times on the heel. The King himself slipped into the slippers in order to make a trial, and rushed about like a madman in his garden; he often wanted to stop, but he did not know how it was possible, and Little Muck, who could not help avenging himself a little, allowed him to run until he fell down fainting.

When the King had gained consciousness again, he was terribly angry with Little Muck for having let him run about breathless. "I have pledged my word to set you at liberty, and to spare your life. Quit my kingdom within twelve hours, else I will have you hung." The slippers and the little staff, however, were put into his treasury.

As poor as before, Little Muck left the country, cursing his folly which had deceived him in imagining that he might play a prominent part at Court. Fortunately the country from which he had been banished was not extensive, and after eight hours he reached the frontier,

although he had some difficulty in walking, for he was accustomed to his dear slippers.

After he had crossed the frontier, he struck out of the main path to find the most solitary spot of the forest, intending to live there only for himself, for he hated all mankind. In a dense forest he chanced upon a little place, which seemed quite suitable to him according to the plan which he had formed. A clear stream, surrounded by gigantic and shady fig-trees, a soft piece of turf invited him to throw himself down, and it was here that he intended to take no more nourishment, but to await death. Over these reflections of death he fell asleep; but on awaking, and when hunger tormented him, he came to the conclusion that after all to die of hunger was a terrible thing, and looked around him to see if he could not find anything to eat.

There were some delicious ripe figs on the tree under which he had slept, so he climbed up the tree to gather some, enjoyed them heartily, and then came down to quench his thirst in the brook. But how great was his terror, when his reflection in the water showed him his head ornamented with two immense ears and a thick long nose. In dismay he seized his ears with his hands, and indeed the former were more than half a yard long.

"I deserve donkey's ears!" he exclaimed, "for I have, like an ass, trampled upon my fortune." He wandered amongst the trees, and on feeling hungry again, he ate once more of the figs, for there was nothing else eatable on the trees. Whilst he was eating the second lot of figs it occurred to him that there might be room enough for his ears under his great turban, so as not to appear too ridiculous; but he felt that his ears had disappeared! He immediately returned to the brook, in order to make sure of it. And indeed it was true; his ears had assumed their former appearance, and also his long and unshapely nose had changed. He now perceived how all this had happened; it was owing to the figs from the first tree that he had got the long nose and ears; the second had healed him. Gladly he recognised that his good fortune had once again given him the means of being happy. He therefore gathered from each tree as much as he could carry, and

returned to the country which he had recently quitted. In the first little town he entered, he disguised himself, and without stopping went towards the city where the King resided, and soon arrived there.

It happened to be the season of the year when ripe fruits were scarce; Little Muck therefore sat down near the gate of the palace, for he remembered that in former times the chief cook bought such rarities for the royal table. Muck had only just sat down when he saw the chief cook coming across the court. He inspected the wares of the sellers who had collected near the gate of the palace; at last his attention was directed towards Muck's little basket. "Ah! a rare bit," he said, "which His Majesty will certainly enjoy. How much do you want for the whole basketful?" Little Muck asked a moderate price, and they were soon agreed over the bargain. The chief cook gave the basket to a slave and continued his way. Little Muck however ran away in the meantime, for he feared, that if the horrible developments were to appear on the heads of those at Court, he as the seller might be sought for and punished.

The King was in high spirits during dinner, and complimented the chief cook over and over again on account of his excellent cooking, and care in always selecting the best for him. The chief cook, however, who was well aware what delicacy was to come yet, smiled significantly, and merely said, "The day is not over yet," or "All's well that ends well," so that the Princesses became very curious what else was to come. When therefore he had the splendid inviting figs served up, there was a universal cry of "Ah!" from all present. "How beautiful, how inviting!" exclaimed the King. "Chief cook, you are a capital fellow, and worthy of our entire favour." In speaking thus the King himself distributed such delicacies, with which he was always very frugal, to everyone at table. Each Prince and each Princess received two, the ladies in waiting, the viziers and the officers one each, the rest he placed before himself, and commenced to eat them with a good appetite.

"But dear me, how peculiar you look, father!" exclaimed Princess Amarza all at once. All looked at the King in

surprise: immense ears hung down on his head, a long nose extended down his chin. All the guests looked at each other with astonishment and terror; all were more or less adorned with this peculiar head-dress.

The consternation of the Court may be easily imagined. They immediately sent for all the physicians in the town, who came in troops, prescribed pills and mixtures, but the ears and noses remained. An operation was performed on one of the Princes, but the ears budded out again.

Muck had heard of the whole affair in his hiding-place, and thought now was the time for him to act. He had already procured for himself a dress with the money which he had obtained for the figs, and now appeared as a wise man. A long beard of goat's hair disguised him completely. He entered the palace of the King with a little bag filled with figs, and offered his services as a foreign physician. At first they were somewhat sceptical, but after Little Muck had given a fig to one of the Princes to eat, and when the latter's ears and nose again assumed their original shape, then all desired to be cured by the foreign physician. The King, however, took him silently by the hand and led him into his apartment; he there unlocked a door which led into the treasury, beckoning Muck to follow him. "Here are my treasures," said the King; "make your selection, and whatever it be, you shall have, if you rid me of this frightful evil." This was sweet music to the ears of Little Muck; immediately on entering he had seen his slippers lying on the floor, together with his little staff. He now went about the room as if he were desirous of admiring the King's treasures. Scarcely, however, had he come to his slippers, when he quietly slipped into them, seized his little staff, tore off his false beard, and displayed to the amazed King the well-known features of the exiled Muck. "Perfidious King," he said, "who repay with ingratitude faithful services, take as a well-deserved punishment the deformity which has overtaken you. You shall wear the long ears in order that they may remind you daily of Little Muck."

After having said this, he quickly turned round on his heel, wishing himself far away, and before the King was able to call for assistance, Little Muck was out of sight.

Ever since Little Muck lives here in great wealth, but secluded, for he hates men. Experience has taught him wisdom, and notwithstanding his strange exterior, he rather deserves your admiration than your mockery.

That is the story which my father told me. I repented of my unworthy conduct towards the good little man, and my father remitted the other half of the punishment which was yet in store for me. I related to my comrades the marvellous adventures of the little man, and we became so fond of him, that none of us ever mocked him again. On the contrary, we respected him as long as he lived, and always bowed to him with as much respect as we should have done before Cadi and Mufti.

The travellers agreed to rest in this caravanserai in order to regale themselves and their beasts for further marches. Yesterday's merriment was also kept up to-day, and they amused themselves with all sorts of games. After dinner, however, they called on the fifth merchant, Ali Sizah, to acquit himself also, like the rest, of his task and tell a tale. He answered that his life was too uneventful of startling events of which he might tell them, and he therefore desired to relate to them something else, namely, the Story of the False Prince.

THE STORY OF THE FALSE PRINCE.

There was once an honest journeyman-tailor named Labakan, who was apprenticed to a clever master in Alexandria. It could not be said of Labakan that he was awkward in plying his needle; on the contrary, he could turn out some very excellent work. People also were wrong in calling him lazy. Nevertheless there was something wrong with the journeyman, for he could sit sewing away for hours, so that the needle would grow red-hot in his hand, and the thread would smoke; this of course put him much in advance of the others. At other times, and

this, unhappily, occurred very frequently, he would sit buried in deep thought, his eyes staring before him, and having in his face and deportment something so singular, that his master and the rest of his fellow-workmen never said anything else about this except "Labakan is putting on his distinguished airs again."

On Fridays, however, when other people were quietly returning home from their prayers to their work, Labakan would issue from the mosque attired in a magnificent costume, which had cost many hours' work to purchase, and would walk slowly and proudly through the squares and streets of the city. When any of his fellow-workmen saluted him with "Peace be with thee," or "How is it, friend Labakan?" he would wave his hand gracefully, or even nod with his head in a dignified manner. When on such occasions his master would say to him, jocosely, "A Prince has been lost in thee, Labakan," the latter would rejoice at it, and say, "Have you noticed it too?" or, "I have thought so for a long time."

In this way the honest journeyman-tailor Labakan had been carrying on his folly for a long time; his master, however, tolerated it, because he was otherwise a good and clever workman. One day, Selim, the brother of the Sultan, while travelling through Alexandria, sent a gala-dress to his master to have something altered on it, and it was given to Labakan, who did the most delicate work. In the evening, when his master and the journeymen had gone away to refresh themselves after the toils of the day, an irresistible longing urged Labakan to return again into the workshop, where the robe of the imperial brother was hanging. He stood before it for a long time meditating; admiring at one time its brilliant embroidery, at another the bright colours of the velvet and silk.

He could not help putting it on; and lo! it fitted him as excellently as if it had been made for him. "Am I not a Prince as well as anybody else?" he soliloquised whilst stalking up and down the room. "Did not my master himself say I was born a Prince?" With the dress, the journeyman also seemed to have assumed royal ideas; he could think of nothing else but that he was a king's son in disguise, and as such he resolved to go into the world,

and to quit a place where the people had been so stupid as not to discover, under the guise of his humble vocation, his innate dignity.

The splendid dress seemed to him to have been sent him by some good fairy; and he took good care therefore not to despise so costly a present. He put the little money he had into his pockets, and, favoured by the darkness of the night, left the gates of Alexandria.

The new Prince created astonishment everywhere on his journey; for his superb robe, together with his grave and majestic bearing, by no means suited a traveller on foot. When he was questioned on the matter, he would answer with a mysterious air that he had his own reasons. Seeing, however, that he made a laughing-stock of himself through his travelling on foot, he bought at a moderate price an old steed, which suited him excellently; its quiet air and gentleness never caused him any uneasiness, and there was no necessity for his showing himself a skilful horseman.

One day, as he was pursuing his way step by step on Murva, for so he had named his horse, he was joined by a rider, who requested permission to journey in his company, as the road would appear shorter to him in conversation with another. The rider was a joyous young fellow, handsome, and of engaging manners. He had soon entered into a conversation with Labakan as to whence he came, and whither he was going; and as chance would have it, he too, like the journeyman-tailor, was travelling in the world without any plan.

He said his name was Omar, that he was nephew to Elfi-Bey, the unfortunate Pasha of Cairo, and that he was travelling about to execute a commission which his uncle had given him on his death-bed. Labakan was a little more guarded as to his own personal affairs, but intimated that he was of high parentage, and that he was travelling for pleasure.

The two young gentlemen seemed pleased with one another, and continued their journey. On the second day of their journey, Labakan asked his companion Omar what orders he had to execute, and to his surprise heard the following. Elfi-Bey, Pasha of Cairo, had brought up Omar

from his earliest childhood, and he had never known his parents. When therefore Elfi-Bey had been defeated by his enemies, and mortally wounded, after three unfortunate battles, when he had been obliged to flee, he told his ward that he was not his nephew, but the son of a mighty ruler, who had removed the young Prince from his Court, alarmed by the prophecies of his astrologers, and he had taken an oath not to see him again till his twenty-second birthday. Elfi-Bey had not told him the name of his father, but that he had received distinct instructions from him to be, on the fourth day of the coming month Ramadan, on which day he would complete his twenty-second year, at the celebrated pillar El-Serujah, four days' journey eastward of Alexandria; there he was to present to the men standing near the pillar a dagger which he had given to him, with these words: "I am he whom you seek!" whereupon they would say: "Praised be the Prophet who has preserved thee!" He then was to follow them, and they would conduct him to his father.

The journeyman-tailor Labakan was very much astonished at this communication, and from this time he regarded Prince Omar with envious eyes, much annoyed that fate, although he already passed for the nephew of a mighty pasha, bestowed upon him also the dignity of a royal Prince, while it condemned him, though possessed of all the requisite qualifications of a Prince, as if to mock him, to an obscure birth and a common calling. He made comparisons between himself and the Prince. He was obliged to own that the other man was of prepossessing appearance: bright and lively eyes, aquiline nose, of a gentle and obliging demeanour; in short, he possessed all the exterior advantages which can recommend anybody. But, notwithstanding the numerous advantages of his companion, yet he argued that a Labakan would be much more welcome to the royal father than the real Prince.

These thoughts haunted Labakan all day, and with them he closed his eyes through the coming night. In the morning, however, when he awoke, and saw Omar by his side sleeping so calmly, dreaming of his good fortune, then the idea occurred to him of procuring for him-

self, either by cunning or violence, that which his unlucky fate had refused him. The dagger, the sign of recognition of the returning Prince, was sticking in the girdle of the sleeper. Gently he drew it from its sheath, in order to plunge it into the bosom of the owner. But the peaceable mind of the journeyman revolted at the idea of murder; he was satisfied with taking the dagger, and saddling the fleeter horse of the Prince for himself; and when Omar awoke, his perfidious fellow-traveller was many miles ahead of him.

It was exactly on the first day of the holy month of Ramadan on which Labakan had committed the robbery on the Prince, and consequently he had yet four more days to reach the pillar of El-Serujah, which was well known to him. Although the place where this pillar was could hardly be more than two days' journey distant, yet he hastened to reach it, afraid of being overtaken by the real Prince. Towards the close of the second day Labakan perceived the pillar of El-Serujah. It was situated on a little eminence in a vast plain, and could be seen at a distance of some two or three hours. The heart of Labakan beat more quickly at this sight, and although during the last two days he had plenty of time to reflect upon the part he was about to play, yet his guilty conscience intimidated him a little. The thought, however, that he was born a Prince encouraged him again, and thus he proceeded more calmly towards his destination.

The country round about the pillar was uninhabited and barren, and the new Prince would have been in a dilemma had he not provided himself with victuals for several days. He therefore encamped by the side of his horse beneath some palm trees, and there awaited his coming fate.

Towards mid-day of the following day, he perceived a large train of horses and camels travelling across the plain, and going towards the pillar of El-Serujah. The procession stopped at the foot of the hill where the pillar was. Magnificent tents were pitched, and all appeared like the suite of a rich Pasha or a Sheik. Labakan perceived that the numerous assembly which he saw had

come here on his account, and would like to have shown them already their future master; but he restrained his eagerness to appear as Prince, since the next day was to satisfy his most ardent wishes.

The morning sun roused the supremely happy tailor to the most important moment of his life, which was to elevate him from his humble position to the side of a royal father. Although he was aware on saddling his horse, in order to ride towards the pillar, of the illegality of his proceedings, and although his thoughts pictured to him the grief of the Prince, deceived in his splendid hopes, yet the die was cast, he could no longer undo what had been done, and his self-love whispered to him, that he looked grand enough to represent himself as the son of the most powerful king. Encouraged by these thoughts, he mounted his horse, summoned all his courage, in order to urge it into a moderate gallop, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had reached the foot of the hill. He dismounted, and tied his horse to a shrub, many of which grew on the hill, pulled out the dagger of Prince Omar, and went up the hill. At the foot of the pillar were six men, surrounding an old man of noble and majestic appearance; a magnificent caftan made of gold material, girded about by a white cashmere shawl, his white turban studded with brilliant diamonds, denoted him to be a man of wealth and dignity.

Labakan went towards him, made a deep bow, and presenting him with the dagger, said: "I am he whom you seek." "Praised be the Prophet who has preserved thee!" replied the old man with tears of joy. "Embrace thy old father, my beloved son Omar!" The good tailor was very much moved by these solemn words, and sank amidst a mixture of joy and shame into the arms of the old Prince. But only for a moment was he allowed to enjoy undisturbed the ecstasy of his new position. As he disengaged himself from the embrace of the princely old man, he saw a horseman riding over the plain and hastening towards the hill. The rider and his horse presented a peculiar appearance: the horse seemed, either from obstinacy or fatigue, unwilling to proceed; it went along with a shambling gait, which was neither step nor trot; the rider, however, urged it on to a quicker pace, both

with his hands and feet. Only too soon did Labakan recognise his horse Murva and the real Prince Omar; but the wicked spirit of lies now possessed him, and he resolved, come what might, to assert his presumptuous rights with a brazen forehead.

The rider had already been seen beckoning in the distance, and now, in spite of the wretched pace of his horse Murva, had reached the foot of the hill, threw himself from his horse and hastened up the hill. "Stop!" cried he. "Whoever you may be, do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the most infamous of impostors; my name is Omar, and no mortal dare to misuse my name."

A profound astonishment was seen on the faces of the bystanders at this turn of affairs; the old man particularly seemed much struck, whilst now turning to the one, now to the other, with a questioning gesture. Labakan, however, said in a voice of calmness gained with great difficulty: "Most gracious lord and father, be not deceived by that man there. He is, I believe, a mad journeyman-tailor from Alexandria, called Labakan, who deserves our pity rather than our anger." These words nearly drove the Prince crazy. Foaming with rage, he would have rushed upon Labakan, but the bystanders threw themselves between them and laid hold of him. The old Prince said: "Yes, my dear son, the poor fellow is mad. Let him be bound, and put upon one of our camels; perhaps we may be able to help the unfortunate man."

The anger of the Prince had subsided, and crying, he called out to the old Prince: "My heart tells me that you are my father; by the memory of my mother, I adjure you to listen to me!"

"God be merciful to us," cried the old Prince, "the poor fellow is beginning to rave again! How can such mad notions enter into the head of the man?" Then taking Labakan's arm, he allowed himself to be conducted by him down the hill. Both mounted richly-caparisoned steeds, and rode at the head of the procession across the plain. The unfortunate Prince, however, was handcuffed, and tightly bound upon a camel; two riders were always at his side, who very carefully watched all his movements.

The royal old man was Saaud, Sultan of the Wechabites.

He had lived for a long time without children; at length, however, a Prince was born to him, whom he had long desired. The astrologers, however, whom he consulted as to the destiny of the boy declared "that till he reached his twenty-second year he would be in danger of being supplanted by a rival." Therefore, in order to be on the safe side, the Sultan had entrusted the education of the Prince to his old and faithful friend Elfi-Bey, and awaited him for twenty-two years in painful expectation.

This the Sultan related to his supposed son, and expressed himself immensely satisfied with his figure and dignified bearing.

When they reached the territories of the Sultan they were received everywhere with shouts of joy, for the report of the arrival of the Prince had spread like wildfire through all the towns and villages. In the streets through which they passed were erected arches with flowers and branches, bright carpets of many colours ornamented the houses, and the people in a loud voice praised God and His Prophet, who had sent them such a handsome Prince. All this filled the proud heart of the tailor with delight. All the more unhappy, however, felt the real Omar, who was still in fetters, and following the procession in profound despair.

Nobody took any notice of him amidst this universal joy which was really on his account. The name of Omar was shouted by thousands of voices, but he who bore this name rightly, was ignored. Only now and then somebody inquired who it was that was carried with them so tightly bound, and the answer of his guards sounded terrible to the ears of the Prince, namely, that he was a crazy tailor.

The procession had at length reached the capital of the Sultan, where everything had been prepared for their reception, with even greater splendour than in any of the other towns. The Sultana, an elderly, venerable lady, awaited them with her entire Court in the most magnificent saloon of the palace. The floor of this room was covered with an immense carpet, the walls were decorated with light blue cloth, which was suspended in golden tassels and cords on large silver hooks. It was already

dark when the procession arrived, and therefore many coloured lamps enclosed in globes were lighted in the room, turning night into day. The throne was erected on four steps, and was covered with pure gold and large diamonds. Four of the most distinguished Emirs held a canopy of red silk over the head of the Sultana, and the Sheik of Medina cooled her with a fan of peacock's feathers.

Thus the Sultana awaited her husband and son, the latter of whom she, also, had not seen since his birth. Significant dreams had pictured to her the one she longed for, so that she would have recognised him amongst thousands. The noise of the approaching procession was now heard; trumpets and drums were mixed with the acclamations of the crowd; the horses' hoofs rang in the palace yard; nearer and nearer sounded the steps of the approaching multitude; the doors of the saloon flew open, and through the rows of prostrating servants, the Sultan, with his son by the hand, hastened towards the throne of the mother.

"Here," he said, "I bring thee the one for whom thou hast yearned so long." The Sultana, however, interrupted him. "That is not my son!" she exclaimed. "These are not the features which the Prophet revealed to me in my dreams!"

Just as the Sultan was about to reprove her for her superstition, the door of the saloon opened, and in hastened Prince Omar, followed by his guards, from whom he had escaped by the exertion of all his strength. Throwing himself breathlessly before the throne, he exclaimed: "Here will I die! Let me be killed, cruel father; for this disgrace I will not bear any longer!" All were astounded at these words. The guards rushed forward around the unfortunate Prince, and were about to pinion him again, when the Sultana, who had witnessed all this in silent surprise, jumped up from the throne. "Stop!" she exclaimed. "This is the right one, and none other; this is the one whom my eyes have never seen, and whom my heart has nevertheless known."

The guards released Omar involuntarily; the Sultan, however, inflamed with anger, called to them to bind the madman. "It is for me to decide here," he said in a

commanding voice. "One does not judge here by women's dreams, but by certain infallible signs. This one here is my son (pointing to Labakan), for he has brought me the token of recognition of my friend Elfi, namely the dagger."

"He stole it!" cried Omar. "He has treacherously abused my innocent confidence!" But the Sultan paid no attention to his son's voice, for he was accustomed obstinately to follow only his own judgment in all things, and therefore he ordered the unhappy Omar to be dragged by main force out of the saloon, whilst he himself, together with Labakan, went to his apartment, enraged at the Sultana his wife, with whom he had lived for five-and-twenty years in peace. The Sultana, however, was deeply grieved at these occurrences; she was perfectly convinced that an impostor had gained the affection of the Sultan, for the other unfortunate one had shown himself to be her son in so many significant dreams.

After her grief had somewhat subsided, she thought of means to convince her husband of his mistake. This was certainly very difficult, for the one who pretended to be her son, had presented the dagger as a sign of recognition, and had also been told so much about Omar's early life by him, that he was playing his part without betraying himself.

She summoned to her presence the men who had accompanied the Sultan to the pillar El-Serujah, in order that she might hear all minutely, and afterwards held council with her most intimate female slaves. Many suggestions were offered and rejected, until at length an old and prudent Circassian named Melechsalach said: "If I have heard aright, honoured mistress, the bearer of the dagger has said that he whom you look upon as your son is called Labakan, a crazy tailor?" "Yes, quite right," answered the Sultana. "But what dost thou mean to infer from that?" "Supposing this impostor had fastened his own name upon your son?" she continued. "If this is the case, I know of an excellent means by which we can entrap the impostor, and which I will tell you secretly." The Sultana inclined her ear towards her slave, and the latter whispered to her an idea which

she seemed to like, for she arose at once in order to go to the Sultan.

The Sultana was a shrewd woman, and was well aware of the weak points of the Sultan, and knew how to turn them to account. She therefore appeared to yield, and to be willing to recognise the false son, and merely requested one condition. The Sultan, who expressed his regret at his anger towards his wife, agreed to the condition; and she said: "I should like to impose upon both of them a proof of their skill. Anybody else might ask that they should subdue a fiery horse, or fight, or throw the javelin; but these are things which anybody can do. No; I will give them a task which requires acuteness. Each of them shall make a caftan and a pair of trousers, and then we shall see who makes the best."

The Sultan laughed, and said: "Well, I must say that thou hast hit upon something very cunning. My son is to compete with your crazy tailor who will make the best caftan! No, that won't do."

The Sultana, however, pleaded that he had agreed to her conditions beforehand, and the Sultan, who was a man of his word, yielded at last, although he vowed that if the crazy tailor made his caftan ever so fine, he would not own him as his son.

The Sultan himself went to his son and begged him to gratify the whims of his mother, who wished to have a caftan made by his own hands. Labakan's good heart overflowed with joy; if that is all, he thought to himself, then shall the Sultana be mightily pleased with me very shortly. Two rooms were prepared, one for the Prince, the other for the tailor. It was there that they were to display their skill, and each had been supplied with a piece of silk, scissors, needle and thread.

The Sultan was very anxious to see what sort of a caftan his son would manufacture. But the heart of the Sultana also beat anxiously, as to whether her artifice would succeed or not. Two days were allowed them for their work. On the third day the Sultan sent for his wife, and when she had made her appearance, he sent to both of the rooms in order to fetch both the caftans and their makers. Labakan entered triumphantly,

and spreading his caftan before the astonished eyes of the Sultan, "Behold, father!" he said. "Look here, noble mother, is not this caftan a masterpiece? I will wager that the cleverest tailor at Court will not turn out one to equal it."

The Sultana smiled, and turned towards Omar. "And what hast thou achieved, my son?" Indignantly the latter threw the silk and scissors upon the floor. "I have been taught to subdue a horse, and to handle a sword, and my javelin strikes the mark within sixty paces, but the arts of the needle are unknown to me. Besides, they are unworthy of a ward of Elfi-Bey, the ruler of Cairo."

"Oh thou true son of my lord!" exclaimed the Sultana. "Alas! would that I might embrace thee and call thee my son! Pardon me, my husband and master," she said, turning to the Sultan, "for having employed this stratagem against you. Do you not perceive yet which is the Prince and which the tailor? Truly the caftan is magnificent which your son has made, and I should like to ask him with what master he has been apprenticed?"

The Sultan had sunk in deep thought, at one time distrusting his wife, another time looking at Labakan, who was vainly endeavouring to suppress his blushing and dismay at having so stupidly betrayed himself. "This proof is not sufficient," he said. "But I know, thanks be to Allah, a way of finding out whether I have been deceived or not." He ordered his swiftest horse to be brought, jumped into the saddle, and rode into a forest which almost skirted the town. There lived, according to an old tradition, a good fairy named Adolzaide, who had already more than once assisted the Sultans of his race with her counsel in the hour of need. It was to this place the Sultan hastened.

In the midst of the forest was an open tract surrounded by lofty cedars. There lived the fairy, according to tradition, and mortal man seldom ventured to approach the place, for a certain fear of it had descended from times immemorial from father to son.

When the Sultan had reached the place, he dismounted, tethered his horse to a tree, stepped towards the centre of

the place, and said in a loud voice: "If it be true that thou hast assisted my forefathers with thy good advice in the hour of need, refuse not to listen to the prayer of their grandchild, and counsel me where human wisdom is too short-sighted." Scarcely had he uttered the last words, when one of the cedars opened, and a lady, veiled with long white garments, appeared. "I know why thou hast come to me, Sultan Saaud; thy intention is honest, and therefore I am willing to aid thee. Take these two little boxes. Let the two, who pretend to be thy sons, choose. I know that he who is the true one will not miss the right box." Thus spoke the veiled fairy, presenting him with two little boxes made of ivory, richly inlaid with gold and pearls. On the lid, which the Sultan in vain endeavoured to open, were inscriptions with inlaid diamonds.

The Sultan considered on his way home what the little boxes might contain, which he could not open in spite of all his strength. Also the inscription threw no light upon the matter, for on the one was written, "Honour and fame," and on the other, "Happiness and wealth." The Sultan thought to himself, he himself might have some difficulty in choosing between these two things, which were equally attractive and tempting.

Having returned to his palace, he sent for the Sultana and told her the oracle of the fairy. She was filled with a wonderful hope that the one after whom her heart yearned would choose the little box which was to testify his royal descent.

Two tables were placed before the Sultan's throne, and he himself put the two little caskets upon them, ascended the throne, and beckoned to one of his slaves to open the doors of the saloon. A grand assembly of Pashas and Emirs of the empire, who had been summoned by the Sultan, rushed through the opened doors. They seated themselves upon splendid cushions which were ranged along the walls. After all had taken their places, the King beckoned the second time, and Labakan was introduced. He went through the saloon with a haughty step, prostrated himself before the throne, and said: "What does my lord and father command?"

The Sultan rose from his throne and said: "My son, some doubts have been entertained as to the genuineness of thy claim to this name; one of these little boxes contains the confirmation of thy real birth. Choose. I doubt not but that thou wilt choose the right one."

Labakan rose, and stepped before the caskets. He considered for a long time which to select; at length he said: "Honoured father, what can be better than the happiness of being thy son, what nobler than the wealth of thy grace! I choose the casket with the inscription of happiness and wealth."

"We shall see afterwards if thou hast chosen wisely. Seat thyself yonder, in the meantime, upon the cushion beside the Pasha of Medina," said the Sultan, beckoning his slave.

Omar was now introduced. His look was gloomy, his countenance sad, and his appearance excited universal sympathy from all present. He prostrated himself before the throne and inquired the will of the Sultan.

The Sultan signified to him that he had to select one of the caskets. He arose and stepped before the table.

Attentively he read both inscriptions, and said: "The last few days have taught me how fleeting is happiness, how transitory are riches. But they have also taught me that honour dwells in the breast of a brave man as an imperishable treasure, and that the brilliant star of fame does not perish together with that of fortune. And though I should renounce a crown, the die is cast; honour and fame, I choose you!"

He put his hand upon the casket which he had selected. The Sultan ordered him to stand still, and beckoned Labakan also to approach the table, and the latter likewise placed his hand on the casket.

The Sultan, however, ordered a basin filled with water taken from the sacred spring Zemzem in Mecca, to be brought to him, washed his hands, and being about to pray, turned his face towards the East, prostrated himself, and prayed: "God of my ancestors, Thou who hast for centuries preserved our race pure and spotless, let not an unworthy being bring shame upon the name of the Abassides! Protect Thou my true son in this his hour of trial."

The Sultan arose and again ascended his throne. A general expectation fettered all present; one scarcely dared to breathe; a little mouse might have been heard running across the room, such a silence prevailed and so intensely eager were all. Those behind stretched forth their heads above those in front, in order to be able to see the caskets.

The Sultan now said, "Open the caskets," and they, which no exertion of strength had hitherto been able to open, now sprang open of their own accord.

In the casket which Omar had selected lay upon a velvet cushion, a miniature golden crown, and a sceptre. In Labakan's little box—a long needle and a little cotton. The Sultan ordered both to bring their caskets before him. He took the little crown from the cushion, put it into his hand, and it was surprising to see it as he took it growing larger and larger, till it attained the size of a real crown. He placed the crown upon the head of his son Omar, who was kneeling before him, kissed his forehead, and ordered him to be seated at his right side. Then turning towards Labakan, he said: "It is an old proverb—The shoemaker must not go beyond his last! It seems as if you were to pursue your vocation as a tailor. Although you have not deserved my clemency, yet some one has interceded for you to whom I cannot refuse anything to-day. Your miserable life therefore shall be spared, and if my advice be worth anything to you, make haste and quit my country." Ashamed and crushed as he was, the poor journeyman-tailor was unable to make a reply. He prostrated himself before the Prince, and tears were running down his cheeks. "Can you forgive me, Prince?" he said.

"Fidelity towards a friend, magnanimity towards an enemy, are the pride of the Abassides," replied the Prince, in lifting him up. "Go in peace."

"Oh thou my true son!" exclaimed the old Sultan, deeply moved, falling upon the bosom of his son. The Emirs and Pashas and all the grandees of the empire rose from their seats and exclaimed: "Hail to the new Prince!" and amidst all these acclamations Labakan, with his casket under his arm, stole out of the room.

He went down into the stable of the Sultan, saddled his

horse Murva, and rode out of the gate towards Alexandria. His whole princely life appeared to him a dream, and only the splendid casket, richly inlaid with pearls and diamonds, reminded him that he had not dreamt.

When at last he had reached Alexandria again, he rode towards the house of his old master, dismounted, tied his horse to the door, and entered the workshop. His master, who did not recognise him immediately, made a profound bow, and asked what he desired; but on looking at his guest more closely, and recognising his old Labakan, he called his workmen and apprentices. They all fell like madmen upon poor Labakan, who had not expected such a reception; they pushed and beat him with their smoothing irons and yard measures, pricked him with needles, and nipped him with sharp scissors, until at length he fell quite exhausted upon a heap of old clothes.

Whilst he was lying there, the master lectured him about the stolen robe. In vain Labakan assured him that he had only returned on that account, to compensate him for it, and in vain he offered him the treble value for it. The master and his journeymen again attacked him, beat him thoroughly, and threw him out of the door. Bruised and in rags, he mounted his horse Murva, and rode towards a caravanserai.

He there rested his weary and battered head, and began to reflect upon the sufferings on earth, about the so often abused merit, and the vanity and transitoriness of all earthly wealth. He fell asleep, with the intention of renouncing all grandeur, and of becoming an honest citizen. The following day he did not repent of his resolution, for the heavy hands of his master and the journeymen seemed to have beaten all pride out of him.

He now sold his casket for an enormous price to a jeweller, bought a house, and opened a workshop for his trade. After he had put everything in order, and had also hung a board outside his window with the inscription, "Labakan, Tailor," he sat down and began mending his coat with the needle and thread which he had found in the casket, and which his late master had so cruelly damaged.

He was called away from his work, and as he was about to resume it, what a marvellous sight was before him! The needle continued stitching away busily

without any hand to guide it, and made such fine and delicate stitches as Labakan himself had not made in his most skilful moments! Indeed, the smallest present of a good fairy is useful and of great value. This present, however, had another value, namely, that the bit of thread never gave out, however industrious the needle might be.

Labakan very soon had many customers, and in a short time was the most celebrated tailor far and wide. He cut out the garments, and made the first stitches with the needle, which went on quickly without interruption till the whole dress was completed. Master Labakan had nearly the whole town for his customers, for he worked well and at a moderate price; but there was one thing at which the people of Alexandria shook their heads, namely, that he had no workmen and that he worked with his doors locked.

Thus the inscription on the casket promising happiness and wealth had been fulfilled. Happiness and riches attended the steps of the good tailor in a moderate measure, and when he heard of the fame of the young Sultan Omar, whose name was on everyone's lips; and when they told him that this brave man was the pride and love of his people, and the terror of his enemies, then the former Prince thought to himself: "After all, it is much better that I have remained a tailor, for it is a very dangerous thing when it is a question of honour and fame." Thus Labakan lived contented with himself, esteemed by his fellow-citizens; and if the needle has not grown weak in the meantime, I dare say it is still sewing with the inexhaustible thread of the good fairy Adolzaide.

At sunset the caravan started, and soon reached Birket El Had, or the pilgrim's spring, which was only three hours' distance from Cairo. About this time the caravan had been expected, and the merchants soon had the pleasure of seeing their friends from Cairo come to meet them. They entered the town by the gate of Babel Falch, for it is regarded a good omen on returning from Mecca to enter through this gate, because the Prophet went through it. In the market-place the four Turkish merchants took

leave of the stranger and the Greek merchant Zaleukos, and went home with their friends. Zaleukos, however, pointed out to the stranger a good caravanserai, and invited him to dine with him. The stranger agreed, and promised to appear after having changed his clothes.

The Greek had made every preparation to treat the stranger, to whom he had become attached on their journey, hospitably; and after the food and drink had been properly placed on the table, he sat down awaiting his guest.

Slowly and with heavy steps he heard him in the passage coming up to his room. He arose in order to meet him in a friendly manner, and to welcome him on the threshold; but, terror-struck, he retreated as he opened the door, for that terrible red cloak came towards him. He looked at him, but there was no illusion. The same tall commanding figure, the mask through which the dark eyes flashed at him, the red cloak with its gilt embroideries, were only too well known to him, from the most terrible hours of his life. Contending feelings rose in Zaleukos' breast; he had become reconciled long ago to this shape of his memory and forgiven him, and yet his appearance again opened all his wounds. All those agonizing hours of the pangs of death, that grief which had poisoned the bloom of his life, passed quickly for one moment through his soul.

"What is it you want, terrible man?" called out the Greek, on seeing the apparition still motionless on the threshold. "Depart quickly hence, that I may not curse you!" "Zaleukos!" said a well-known voice from under the mask. "Zaleukos, is that the way in which you receive your guest?" The speaker removed his mask and put his cloak back; it was Selim Baruch, the stranger. But Zaleukos did not seem to be calmed; he shuddered at the stranger, for only too distinctly had he recognised in him the stranger of the Ponte Vecchio; but his old custom of hospitality conquered. Silently he beckoned the stranger to sit down at table.

"I guess your thoughts," replied the latter, after having taken their places. "Your eyes look inquiringly upon me. I might have kept silence and never have

faced you again, but it is incumbent on me to give you an account; and therefore I venture, even at the risk of being cursed by you, to appear before you in my former guise. Once you said to me, 'The creed of my ancestors commands me to love him. Perhaps he may be more unfortunate than I am.' Believe this, my friend, and hear my justification.

"I must go a long way back, in order to make myself perfectly understood by you. I was born in Alexandria of Christian parents. My father, the youngest son of an old renowned French family, was Consul for his country in Alexandria. Since my tenth year, I was brought up in France at my uncle's, and only a few years after the outbreak of the Revolution left my native land with my uncle, whose safety in the land of his ancestors was insecure, in order to seek refuge across the seas at my parents' house. Full of hope of finding again, at my paternal home, rest and peace, of which the insurgent people, the French, had deprived us, we landed. But alas! I did not find things in my father's house as they should have been. The impending hurricanes of the stormy times had not reached here, but all the more unexpectedly had misfortune penetrated my home in its inmost recesses.

"My brother, a promising young man, my father's chief secretary, had only recently married a young girl, the daughter of a nobleman of Florence who lived in our neighbourhood. Two days before our arrival she had disappeared suddenly, without her family or her father being able to discover the slightest trace of her. It was thought at last, that when out for a walk one day, she ventured upon going too far, and had fallen into the hands of robbers. This thought would almost have been more consoling to my father than the truth, which came to us only too soon. The faithless one had taken ship with a young Neapolitan, whose acquaintance she had made at her father's house. My brother, greatly exasperated at this deed, used every means to bring the guilty woman to justice, but in vain. His attempts, which had excited attention both in Naples and Florence, only seemed to complete our misfortune. The Florentine nobleman

returned to his country, pretending to procure for my brother justice, but in reality to ruin us. He suppressed all enquiries which my brother had instituted, and knew so well how to use the influence which he had procured by all sorts of means, that my father and brother having become suspected by their Government by the most odious means, were brought to France, and died under the knife of the executioner.

"My poor mother lost her reason, and after ten long months death relieved her from her terrible situation, of which, however, during her last days she had become only too conscious. Thus I was quite alone in the world. One thought, however, occupied my mind; one thought only made me forget my sadness: it was that mighty flame which my mother had kindled in me in her last hours. During her last hours, as I told you, her consciousness had returned. She sent for me and spoke with calmness about our fate, and her death. She then ordered all to leave the room, lifted herself up with solemn aspect from her wretched couch, and said I might earn her blessing if I vowed to do something which she would ask me to execute. Moved at the words of my dying mother, I vowed solemnly to carry out what she might tell me. She now cursed the Florentine and his daughter, and imposed on me, under the most terrible threats of her curse, to avenge my unfortunate family on him. She died in my arms. That idea of revenge had already slumbered long in my soul. Now it awoke with all its might. I collected the rest of my father's property, and took an oath to risk everything, and even to perish with it.

"I soon reached Florence, where I lived as secretly as possible. My plan had become doubly difficult, on account of the position which my enemies occupied. The old Florentine had become Governor, and therefore had all means within reach, as soon as he had the slightest suspicion, to ruin me. A circumstance assisted me. One evening I saw a man in well-known livery going through the streets. His unsteady walk, his gloomy look, and the almost audible 'Santo sacramento,' and 'Maledetto diavolo,' allowed me to recognise in him the old Pietro, a servant of the Florentine, whom I had already known in

Alexandria. I did not doubt that he was angry with his master, and resolved to profit by his temper. He seemed much surprised at seeing me here, complained to me of his sufferings, that since his master had become Governor, he could do nothing right for him; and my gold, supported by his anger, soon gained him over to my side. The most difficult thing was overcome; I paid a man who would open to me at any time the door of my enemy, and since then my plan for revenge became maturer by degrees. The life of the old Florentine seemed to me of little value compared with the destruction of my family. His dearest he should see murdered, and this was Bianca his daughter.

"She it was who had treated my brother so shamefully: she was the main cause of our misfortune. Only too welcome to my heart, longing for revenge, came the news that just then Bianca was about to get married a second time. I had determined she must die. But I myself shuddered at the deed, and I also placed little confidence in Pietro's power. We therefore spied about for a man who could do the business. Amongst the Florentines I dared not engage one, for nobody would have undertaken such a thing against the Governor. Then Pietro devised a plan which I carried out afterwards, proposing you, as a stranger and physician, to be the most fit. The result of the affair is known to you. Only by your extreme precaution and honesty seemed my undertaking to run aground. Hence the occurrence with the cloak.

"Pietro opened to us the little gate near the palace of the Governor, and he would just as secretly have conducted us out again, if we had not fled frightened at the terrible sight which presented itself to us through the door-slit. Pursued by terror and regret, I had run for more than two hundred paces, when I fell exhausted upon the steps of a church. I there collected my strength again, and my first thoughts were of you and your terrible fate, if they were to find you in the house. I stole towards the palace, but was unable to discover a trace of you or Pietro. The little gate, however, was open, and thus I could hope at least that you might have embraced this opportunity to effect your escape.

"At daybreak, my fear of being discovered, and an irrepressible feeling of regret, did not permit me to remain any longer within the walls of Florence. I hastened towards Rome. But imagine my surprise when a few days afterwards the story was told, adding that the murderer, a Greek physician, had been captured. In painful anxiety I returned to Florence. Although revenge seemed to me very terrible then, now, however, I cursed it, for I had bought it too dearly with your life. I reached Florence the very day on which you lost your hand. I pass over what I felt, on seeing you mounting the scaffold and suffering so heroically. At that time, however, when your blood streamed in torrents, I had firmly resolved to cheer up the rest of your days. What happened further you know. There only remains, however, for me to relate why I accompanied you on this journey. The idea of not having received your forgiveness weighed upon me heavily, and I therefore resolved to live many days with you, and finally to give you an account of all I have done to you."

Silently had the Greek listened to his guest; with a gentle look he offered him, when he had finished, his right hand. "I was fully aware that you would be more unhappy than myself, for that terrible deed will, like a dark cloud, for ever darken your days; I forgive you with all my heart. But allow me to ask you one more question: How is it that you come under such a form in the desert? What did you do after having bought for me the house in Constantinople?" "I returned to Alexandria," he replied. "Hatred towards all mankind raged in my breast; a burning hatred, especially against those nations which are called cultivated. Believe me, amongst the Mussulmans I felt more comfortable. No sooner was I a few months in Alexandria, than the landing of my countrymen followed. I only recognised in them the executioners of my father and brother, and therefore I collected some young people of equal mind amongst my acquaintance, and joined those brave Mamelukes who have so often frightened the armies of France. At the end of the campaign, I could not resolve to return to the arts of peace. I lived with a small number of like-minded

friends, a roving and unsettled life, devoted to battle and chase. I live contentedly amongst these people, who honour me as their Ruler, and although if my Asiatics are not so well educated as your Europeans, yet they are far from being jealous and calumnious, or selfish and ambitious."

Zaleukos thanked the stranger for his communication, and did not conceal from him that he considered it, for his position and education, more suitable that he should live and work in Christian European countries. He laid hold of his hand and requested him to go with him, to live and die with him. Deeply moved, his guest looked at him, "Hereby I recognise," he said, "that you have completely forgiven me, and that you love me. Accept my heartiest thanks for it." He jumped up and stood full-length before the Greek, who almost felt frightened at the war-like attitude, the dark glittering eyes, and the deep mysterious voice of his guest. "Your proposal is good," he continued, "it would be very tempting to any one else; but as for me, I cannot accept it. My horse is already saddled, and my servants are waiting for me; farewell, Zaleukos!"

The friends, whom fate had brought together so strangely, embraced each other to say good-bye. "And what must I call you? What is my guest's name who will live for ever in my memory?" asked the Greek. The stranger looked at him for a long time, pressed his hand once more, and said: "People call me the Master of the Desert. I am the Robber Orbasan."

THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA AND HIS SLAVES.

THE SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA AND HIS SLAVES.

The Sheik of Alexandria, Ali Banu, was a peculiar man. When he went through the streets of the town in the morning, his head adorned with a turban twisted out of the most expensive cashmere, clad in his gala dress and costly girdle worth fifty camels, going about with slow and majestic step, his forehead covered with dark wrinkles, his eyebrows knitted, his eyes looking downwards, and thoughtfully stroking his long and black beard at every five steps—when he thus went to the mosque, in order, as his dignity required of him, to lecture to the faithful ones about the Koran, the people stopped in the streets, looked after him and said to one another: "He is after all a handsome stately man"—"and a rich gentleman," added another—"very rich;" has he not a castle at the port of Stambul? Has he not estates and fields and many thousands of cattle and slaves? "Yes," said a third, "and the Tartar, who was lately sent to him from Stambul from our Great Highness himself, and may the Prophet bless him; he it is who told me that our Sheik was greatly favoured by Reiss-Effendi, Kapidschi-Baschi, in fact by all, including the Sultan himself." "Yes," exclaimed a fourth, "his steps are blessed. He is a rich and noble man, but—but—you know what I mean!" "Yes, yes," murmured the others assentingly, "it is true, he too has his burdens to bear; I should not like to change with him; he is a rich and distinguished man; but, but——"

Ali Banu possessed a magnificent house in the finest square in Alexandria. In front of the house was a wide terrace built of marble, shaded by palm trees. There he often sat in the evening smoking his water-pipe. At a

respectful distance twelve of his slaves splendidly attired waited his signals; one carried betel nut, another his sun-shade, a third, vessels made of solid gold filled with delicious sherbet, a fourth carried a fan of peacock's feathers to keep off the flies from his master, others were singers carrying lutes and other musical instruments to delight him with music, whenever he desired it, and the most learned of all carried several scrolls to read to him.

They all waited in vain for his nod; he desired neither music nor song, he would hear no proverbs or poems of the learned poets of old, he would drink no sherbet, nor chew betel, indeed even the one with the fan of peacock feathers had a useless task, for his master did not perceive a fly buzzing around him.

The passers-by often stopped, surprised at the splendour of the house, the costly dressed slaves; and the comfort with which everything was supplied; but when they saw the Sheik sitting under the palm-trees in so serious and gloomy a manner, his eyes turning nowhere except to the blue clouds of his water-pipe, they would shake their heads and say: "Indeed, the rich man is a poor man. He, who has much, is poorer than he who has nothing, for the Prophet has not given him common sense to enjoy it." Thus spoke the people, laughed at him, and went their way.

One evening as the Sheik was again sitting outside the door of his house under the palm-trees, surrounded by all the splendour on earth, smoking his water-pipe in a sad and lonely manner, some young men were standing close to him, watching him and laughing.

"Indeed," said one of them, "Sheik Ali Banu is a foolish man. If I had his treasures I would employ them differently. Every day I would fare sumptuously and enjoy myself. I should invite my friends to dine in the spacious apartments of my house, and merriment and laughter should prevail within these sad walls."

"Yes," replied another, "that would not be amiss, but many friends consume an estate even if it were as large as the Sultan's, whom may the Prophet bless. But if I were sitting like that under the palm-trees in such a beautiful place I should order my slaves to sing and play

on musical instruments, my dancers to dance and jump and perform all sorts of wonderful things. In addition to that I should smoke my water-pipe in a grand style, drink delicious sherbet, and enjoy all these things like a king of Bagdad."

"The Sheik," said the third of these young men who was a scribe, "the Sheik is said to be a learned and wise man, and indeed, his lectures about the Koran testify to his extensive knowledge of all poets and writings of wisdom. But is his life spent in such a way as it becomes an intelligent man? There is a slave with a whole armful of scrolls, I would give my best dress only to be allowed to read one of them, for they are sure to be rare things. He, however! he sits and smokes, and looks—he only looks. If I were Sheik Ali Banu, I should make that fellow read to me until there was no more breath in him, or until night-time. And even then I should order him to read to me until I had fallen asleep."

"Ha! you seem to know how it is possible to live a comfortable life," laughed the fourth. "To eat and drink, to sing and dance. To read proverbs and listen to poetry of wretched poets! No, I should set about it in a different manner. He has the most splendid horses and camels, and heaps of money. If I were in his place, I should travel to the end of the world, even to the Muscovites, or to the Franks. Distance would matter little to me, to see the splendour of the world. This is what I should do, if I were that man yonder."

"Youth is a beautiful time, and also old age when one rejoices," said an old man of plain appearance, who was standing near them, and listening to their remarks. "But allow me to tell you, that youth is also foolish, and talks here and there at random without knowing what it is doing."

"What do you mean by that, old man?" asked the young men, surprised. "Does that apply to us? What does it matter to you, if we blame the Sheik's mode of living?"

"If one man knows something better than another, he ought to tell him of his mistake, as the Prophet says," replied the old man. "The Sheik it is true is blessed with wealth,

and has everything his heart desires, but he has cause to be serious and sad. Do you suppose he has always been thus? No, I saw him only fifteen years ago, when he was as cheerful and active as a gazelle, and lived merrily and enjoyed life. At that time he had one son, the joy of his days, handsome and clever, and whoever saw him and heard him speak had cause to envy the Sheik for this treasure, for he was only ten years old, and yet he was as well instructed as any one else past seventeen." "But he died! the poor Sheik!" exclaimed the young scribe. "It would be a comfort to him to know, that he has returned to the dwellings of the Prophet, where he was living better than here in Alexandria. But what he was obliged to hear is much worse. It was at that time, when the Franks, like famished wolves came over to our country and waged war with us. They had conquered Alexandria, and thence continued their way further and further and attacked the Mamelukes. The Sheik was a shrewd man and knew how to live with them in peace. It may be, however, because they were longing for his treasures, it may be, because he protected his brothers of the same faith, I do not remember exactly; in short, one day they came into his house and accused him of having supplied the Mamelukes secretly with arms, horses, and victuals. However much he might protest his innocence, all was in vain, for the Franks are a rough, hard-hearted people when it is a question of extorting money. They therefore took his young son, called Kairam as hostage into their camp. He offered them much money for him, but they refused to release him, and were about to make a still higher demand, when suddenly they received orders from their Pasha, or whatever else he was, to embark. No one in Alexandria knew a word about it, and—all of a sudden they were upon the open seas, dragging with them little Kairam, Ali Banu's son, and nothing has ever been heard of him since."

"Oh the poor man! how has Allah punished him!" exclaimed the young men unanimously, looking pitifully towards the Sheik, who, surrounded by splendour, was sitting in a sad and lonely manner under the palm-trees.

"His wife, whom he had loved dearly, died of grief for

her son. He himself, however, bought a ship, fitted it out, and induced the Frankish doctor, who lives yonder at the well, to travel with him to the Franks' land in order to recover his lost son. They embarked, and having been a long time upon the sea, finally reached the country of those Giaours, those infidels who had been in Alexandria. But terrible things were said to have occurred there. They had killed their Sultan and Pashas, and both rich and poor decapitated one another, and all was in disorder in the country. In vain they inquired in each town after little Kairam, nobody seemed to know anything about him, and the Frankish doctor at length advised the Sheik to embark, otherwise they themselves might lose their heads."

"Thus they returned, and since his arrival the Sheik has lived just as to-day, for he mourns for his son, as becomes him. Must he not think when he eats and drinks—"My poor Kairam is perhaps now hungry and thirsty?" And when he dresses himself with costly shawls and gala dresses, as his office and dignity require, must he not think:—"perhaps he has nothing wherewithal to cover his nakedness?" And when he is surrounded by singers, dancers, and readers, his slaves, does he not think then that his poor son must doubtless dance and play music before his Frankish master, as he orders him? and what causes him the deepest grief is that he believes little Kairam will become an apostate from the faith of his fathers, being far distant from the country of his ancestors, and amongst infidels who mock him, and that he will not be able to embrace him one day in the Garden of Paradise!"

That is the reason why he is so lenient towards his slaves, and gives large sums of money to the poor; for he thinks Allah will reward him and move the heart of the Frankish masters, that they may treat his son kindly. He also sets at liberty twelve slaves every time the day arrives on which his son was captured."

"I have heard that too," said the scribe. "But strange stories are in circulation. Nothing is said about his son on these occasions. People say that he is an extraordinary man, and more especially that he is eager to listen to stories.

Every year he is said to arrange a contest amongst his slaves, and whoever relates the best story he sets at liberty."

"Do not rely upon the chatter of people," said the old man; "it is just as I tell you, and I know it exactly; it is possible that he is desirous of cheering himself up on this sad day, and has stories related to him; but he sets them at liberty for the sake of his son. But the evening air grows cold, and I must continue on my way. Selam Aleikum, peace be with you young gentlemen, and think better in the future of the good Sheik."

The young men thanked the old man for his news, looked once more towards the mournful father, and went down the street, saying to one another: "I should after all not like to be the Sheik Ali Banu."

Not long after these young men had spoken with the old man about Sheik Ali Banu, it happened that they were again pacing this street at the time of morning prayer, when they remembered the old man and his account, and they all pitied the Sheik, and looked towards his house. But how astonished they were to see everything there arranged in the most splendid manner! From the roof, where sumptuously attired female slaves walked about, waved streamers and flags, the hall of the house was covered with costly carpets, beyond which were silk stuffs, placed upon the broad steps of the staircase; and even to the street there was also stretched out a beautifully fine cloth of which many might wish to have a gala dress or a covering for the feet.

"Well, how greatly has the Sheik altered during the last few days!" said the young scribe; "is he going to give an entertainment? Is he going to utilize his singers and dancers? Look at these carpets. Is there anyone in Alexandria who can surpass them? And this cloth on the common ground, really it is a shame!"

"Do you know what I think?" said another. "He must surely be receiving some distinguished guest; for these are preparations made when a ruler of some mighty countries, or an Effendi of his Highness, honours a house with his visit. Who can it be that is coming here to-day?"

"Just look, is not that our old man of the other day who is walking there? He knows everything, and is certainly able to give us an explanation about it. Heda! Old gentleman! Would you be good enough to come to us a little while." Thus they cried, and the old man noticing their signals, approached them, for he recognised them to be the same young men to whom he had spoken a few days since. They called his attention to the preparations which had been made in the Sheik's house, and asked him if he knew what distinguished guest the Sheik expected?

"I daresay you believe," he replied, "Ali Banu is celebrating a great festival, or that some distinguished personage was about to honour his house with a visit? Such however, is not the case, but to-day is the twelfth day of the month of Ramadan, and, as you know, it was on this day that his son was taken away into the camp."

"But by the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed one of the young men. "Everything here seems to point to some marriage or festivities, and yet it is his well-known day of mourning; how do you make that out? Tell us, is the Sheik after all in the full possession of his senses?"

"Do you still judge so hastily, my young friend?" asked the old man smiling. And on this occasion your arrow has been very pointed and sharp, the strings of your bow drawn tightly, and yet you have shot far beyond your aim. Know, that the Sheik expects his son to-day.

"Has he been found?" exclaimed the young men, and they rejoiced.

"No, and it will be a long time before he will be found; but listen—some eight or ten years ago, when the Sheik was celebrating this day once again with weeping and lamenting, setting slaves at liberty, and giving meat and drink to the poor, it happened that a dervish who was lying tired and exhausted in the shadow of that house, was also given meat and drink. The dervish, however, was a holy man, and experienced in prophecies and astronomy. Having thus been refreshed by the kind hand of the Sheik, he stepped towards him and said: "I know the cause of your sorrow; is not to-day the twelfth of the month of Ramadan, and did you not lose your son on this

day? But be comforted, this day of sadness will change into a day of rejoicing; for, be it known to you on this day your son will return to you at some future time." Thus spoke the dervish. It would have been a sin for any Mussulman to have doubted the assertion of such a man; though Ali's sorrow was not thereby alleviated, but still he always waits on this day for the return of his son, and adorns his house, his hall, and his staircases, as if he might arrive at any moment."

"Wonderful!" replied the scribe. "But, after all, I should like to see how everything has been so excellently prepared, how he himself mourns in this splendour, and especially I should like to listen when he orders one of his slaves to tell a story."

"There is nothing easier than this," replied the old man. "The overseer of the slaves of that house has been a friend of mine for many years, and always grants me a small space in the hall on this day, where a single one is not noticed amongst the number of servants and friends of the Sheik. I will speak to him, that he may allow you to enter; since you are only four it is easily done; come to this place at nine o'clock, and I will give you his reply."

Thus spoke the old man; but the young men thanked him and went away, eager to see how all would turn out. They came at the appointed hour to the place in front of the Sheik's house, and there they met the old man, who told them that the overseer of the slaves had given him permission to introduce them. He led the way, but not past the richly ornamented staircases and doors, but through a little side gate, which he locked again carefully. He then conducted them through several passages, until they came into the large hall. Here was a great crowd on all sides; splendidly dressed men, distinguished men of the town, and the Sheik's friends who had come to comfort him in his grief. There were slaves of all kinds, and of all nationalities; but they all wore a sorrowful look, for they loved their master, and mourned with him. At the end of the hall, upon a costly divan, sat Ali's most distinguished friends, who were waited upon by the slaves. Near them on the

floor sat the Sheik; for on account of his mourning for his son he was not permitted to sit upon the carpet of joy. He was resting his head on his hand, and seemed to pay little attention to the consolations which his friends whispered to him. In front of him sat some old and young men attired in slaves' dresses. The old man told his young friends that these were the slaves to whom Ali Banu was to grant their liberty on this day. There were also amongst them some Franks, and the old man called particular attention to one of them, who was very handsome, and still very young. The Sheik had only bought him a few days ago of a slave trader of Tunis for a large sum of money, but in spite of this he already gave him his liberty, because he believed the more Franks he sent back into their native land, the sooner would the Prophet free his son.

After refreshments had been handed round everywhere, the Sheik made a sign to the overseer of the slaves. The latter arose, and deep silence prevailed in the hall. He stepped in front of the slaves, who were about to be set at liberty, and said in an audible voice: "You men, who will be set at liberty to-day by the grace of my Master Ali Banu, the Sheik of Alexandria, do as it is customary on this day in his house, and begin to relate a story." They whispered amongst themselves, when an old slave began to speak, and to relate the story of

THE DWARF LONG-NOSE.

"Sir! very wrong are those who believe that only at the time of Harun-Al-Raschid, the ruler of Bagdad, there were fairies and magicians; or those even who maintain that the accounts of the doings of genii and their Princes, which one hears from story-tellers in the market-places of towns, are not true. Even at the present day there are fairies, and it is not long since I myself was witness of an event in which genii were manifestly concerned, as I shall relate to you.

"Many years ago, in an important town of my dear

native land, Germany, there lived plainly and virtuously a cobbler and his wife. During the daytime the cobbler sat at the corner of the street, mending shoes and slippers, and occasionally making new ones, if anyone trusted him with them; he had, however, to buy the leather first, for he was poor, and had no stock. His wife sold vegetables and fruits, which she cultivated in a little garden outside the town, and many people liked to buy of her, because she was clean and neatly dressed, and knew how to lay out and arrange her vegetables in an inviting manner.

These two people had a pretty boy, handsome in appearance, well built, and very tall for a boy of eight years of age. He generally used to sit with his mother in the vegetable market-place, and carry home some of the vegetables for the housewives or cooks, when they had bought a great deal from the cobbler's wife, and he seldom returned from such an errand without some pretty flower, or a little piece of money, or some cake; for the proprietors of the houses of these cooks were pleased, whenever the pretty boy came to their houses, and always rewarded him handsomely.

One day the cobbler's wife was again sitting as usual in the market-place; before her stood some baskets of cabbages and other vegetables, all sorts of herbs and seeds, and in one of the smaller baskets early pears, apples, and apricots. Little Jacob (that was the boy's name) was sitting beside her and calling out with a clear voice his wares: "This way, gentlemen; look what fine cabbages we have; and how sweetly scented these herbs are; early pears, ladies, early apples and apricots, who buys? my mother sells them cheap." In this way the boy was calling out, when an old woman walked across the market-place; she was dressed in rags and tatters, with a small pointed face, quite wrinkled with age, red eyes, and a sharp hooked nose stretching down to her chin, she leaned on a long stick and yet it was impossible to say how she went along; for she hobbled and stumbled, and waddled as though she had wheels in her legs, and was ready to break down any moment, and fall with her hooked nose upon the pavement.

The cobbler's wife looked at this woman attentively. For the space of sixteen years she had now been sitting daily in the market-place, and never had she seen such a quaint figure before. She was startled however involuntarily, when the old woman hobbled towards her, and stopped short close to her baskets. "Are you Hannah, the fruiterer?" asked the old woman in an unpleasant and croaking voice, as she kept on nodding her head to and fro. "Yes, that is my name," replied the cobbler's wife. "What is it you wish to buy?" "Let me see, let me see! show me your herbs, show me your herbs. I wonder if you have anything I require," said the old woman bending down over the baskets; and putting her swarthy ugly hands into the basket of herbs, she picked up some, which had been so nicely and elegantly spread out, with her long spider fingers, and then put one after the other to her long nose, and smelled them all over. The heart of the cobbler's wife was well nigh in her mouth, as she saw the old woman handling her rare herbs in such a way; but she dare not say anything, for it was the buyer's privilege to examine the goods; and moreover, a peculiar dread of the woman seized her. After the latter had turned over the whole basket of herbs, she muttered: "Wretched stuff, bad herbs, there is nothing here that I want; it was much better fifty years ago. Worthless stuff, worthless stuff!"

These words annoyed little Jacob. "Listen, you are an impudent old woman," he cried ill-humouredly; "first you put your ugly brown fingers into our beautiful herbs, squeezing them all up; then you hold them up to your long nose so that nobody would care to buy them who has watched you, and now you call our things worthless stuff as well, when even the duke's cook buys all he wants of us!"

The old woman stared at the brave boy, laughed odiously, and said in a hoarse voice: "My little son, my little son! do you like my nose, my nice long nose? You too shall have one right in the centre of your face, reaching far down to your chin." In saying this, she shuffled along to the other basket containing cabbages. She took up the finest white cabbage heads in her hand,

squeezed them together until they creaked, and then flung them back carelessly into the basket and again said: "Bad things, bad cabbages!"

"Don't shake your head to and fro in such a frightful manner," cried the little boy timidly; "your neck is as thin as a cabbage-stalk, and might easily snap in two, and then your head would fall into the basket; who do you think would buy anything of us then?"

Do you not like thin necks?" muttered the old woman, laughing. "You shall not have one at all, your head shall stick close to your shoulders to prevent it from falling off your little body!"

"Do not talk such nonsense to the little boy," said at length the cobbler's wife, being angry at the incessant inspecting, fingering, and smelling; "if you want to buy anything make haste, for you are driving away my other customers."

"All right, I will do as you say," cried the old woman with a fierce look. "I will buy these six cabbage heads of you; but you see I must lean upon my stick, and am unable to carry anything. Let your little boy carry the things home for me, and I will reward him handsomely for it."

The little fellow would not go with her, and began to cry, for he felt a shudder at the hideous old woman; his mother, however, sternly ordered him to do so, because she considered it a sin to burden a weak old woman with such a load; half crying he did as he was bid, wrapping the cabbages in a cloth, and following the old woman across the market-place.

She was not a very brisk walker, and it took nearly three quarters of an hour before she came to some remote part of the town, and halted at last in front of a small dilapidated house. She there pulled out of her pocket an old rusty key, which she thrust skilfully into a tiny hole in the door, which flew open suddenly, creaking. But what was Jacob's astonishment when he entered! The interior of the house was splendidly adorned; the ceilings and walls were of marble, the furniture of the finest ebony inlaid with gold and precious stones; the floors were of glass, and so smooth that the little boy slipped and fell

down several times. The old woman now took out of her pocket a little silver whistle and blew it in such a manner that it emitted a shrill sound throughout the whole of the house. Immediately some guinea-pigs ran down the stairs. Jacob however could hardly believe his eyes on seeing them walking erect on their hind legs, wearing nut-shells on their paws instead of shoes, dressed in men's clothes, and even hats on their heads after the latest style. "Where did you put my slippers, you wretched scoundrels?" cried the old woman, striking at them with her stick, until they jumped into the air whining, "how much longer am I to stand here in this way?"

They quickly ran up the stairs, and returned with two cocoa-nut shells lined with leather, which they put adroitly on the old woman's feet.

All her limping and hobbling now ceased. She flung away her stick, and glided with the utmost rapidity across the glass floor, pulling little Jacob along with her by the hand. At last she stopped in one of the rooms, which was fitted up with all sorts of furniture, almost resembling a kitchen, although the tables were of mahogany, and the sofas, covered with costly hangings, seemed to be more suited to a state-room. "Sit down," said the old woman in a very friendly manner, pushing him into a corner of the sofa and putting a table before him, so that he could not come out again. "Sit down, you have had a heavy load to carry, men's heads are not so light, not so light."

"But what are you talking about in so strange a manner, my good lady?" exclaimed the little boy; "it is true I am tired, but it was cabbage heads I was carrying, you bought them of my mother."

"You are wrong about that," laughed the old woman, uncovering the basket and producing a human head which she had laid hold of by a tuft of hair. The little boy was beside himself with terror; he could not understand how all this was done, but he thought of his mother; if anyone were to hear anything about these men's heads, he thought to himself, the people would certainly accuse my mother of it.

"I must now give you something as a reward, because you are so obliging," muttered the old woman. "Only

have a little patience I will make you some nice soup that you will remember all the days of your life."

So saying she blew her whistle again. First of all a number of guinea pigs dressed in men's clothes came running in; they wore cooks' aprons, and in their girdles ladles and carving knives. After these a troop of squirrels hopped in; they were dressed in wide Turkish trousers, walked upright, and had little caps of green velvet on their heads. These seemed to be scullions; for they clambered with great rapidity up the walls, and brought down pans and dishes, eggs and butter, herbs and flour, and carried them to the fire-place; the old woman was bustling about there continually in her slippers of cocoa-nut shell, and the little boy perceived that she was very anxious to cook him something nice. The fire now began to crackle higher and higher, the pans boiled and steamed, and a delicious smell spread through the room, the old woman ran up and down, the squirrels and guinea pigs after her, and every time she passed by the fire-place, she peered with her long nose into the pot. At last the contents began to sputter and hiss, the steam ascended from the pot, and the froth ran over into the fire. She then removed it, poured some of its contents into a silver bowl, and set it before little Jacob.

"Here, my little son, here," she said, "just eat this soup and then you will have all that pleased you so much in me. You too shall be a clever cook so that you may be something useful, but the little herb—no you will never find the little herb; why had not your mother it in her basket?" The little boy did not quite understand what she said, and was all the more attentive to his soup, of which he seemed very fond. His mother had made him many tasty dishes, but he had never tasted anything like this. The odour of the fine herbs and spices rose from the soup, and it was at the same time sweet and sour, and very rich. While he was drinking the last drops of this delicious food, the guinea pigs lighted some Arabian incense, which wafted in blue clouds through the room. The cloud grew denser and denser, and descended, the fumes of the incense made the little boy insensible in spite of his saying to himself as often as he would that he must return to his mother, and whenever he awoke he

again sank back into a slumber, until at last he fell sound asleep upon the old woman's sofa.

Strange dreams came over him. It seemed to him as if the old woman had stripped him of his clothes, and dressed him up instead in the skin of a squirrel. He could now jump and climb like a squirrel; he associated with the rest of the squirrels and guinea pigs, who were very nice, well-mannered people, and served with them at the old lady's house. At first he was merely employed for the services of a shoe-black; that is to say, he had to shine the cocoa-nut shells, which the old lady wore instead of slippers, and anoint them with oil, and polish them by rubbing. As he had often done similar work in his father's house, he was quick in doing it; at the end of a year, he dreamed he was employed in still more important duties; he had to catch, together with several other squirrels, atoms from the sunbeams, and when they had sufficient, to sift them through the finest hair sieve. The old woman considered these sun-atoms as the greatest delicacies, and as she could not bite well, not having one tooth in her head, she ordered her bread to be made of these sun-atoms.

After another year, he was promoted to those servants who had to collect the drinking water for the old woman. It must not be imagined that she had a cistern dug for this purpose, or had placed a cask in the yard, in order to catch the rain-water in it: things were done in a much grander style; the squirrels, and Jacob with them, had to draw the dew from roses in hazel-nut shells, and this was the old woman's drinking water. But as she used to drink very much, the water carriers had hard work. At the end of a year he was appointed to do the work inside the house; his duty now consisted in cleaning the floors, but as these were of glass, of which the slightest breath became visible, this was no light task for him. They were obliged to brush them, and put some old rags round their feet, and travel skilfully about the room with them. In the fourth year he was at last transferred to the kitchen. This was a place of honour which could only be obtained after a very long training. Jacob served there from scullion to first pastry-maker, and

acquired such extraordinary skill and experience of everything concerning culinary matters that he was often surprised at himself; the most difficult things, pastry of two hundred kinds of essences, herb soups made from all the vegetables upon earth, all this he learned, all these things he was able to prepare quickly and successfully.

Thus nearly seven years had passed in the old woman's service, when one day, while putting off her cocoa-nut shoes, and taking her basket and crutch in order to go out, she ordered him to pluck a young chicken, to stuff it with herbs and roast it beautifully brown and crisp before she returned. He did this according to the rules of art. He twisted the chicken's neck, scalded it in hot water, skilfully pulled out its feathers, scraping its skin afterwards until it became smooth and soft, and then cleaned it. He then commenced to collect the herbs with which he was to stuff the little chicken. In the herb-room however, he noticed this time a little cupboard in the wall, the door of which was ajar, and which he had never perceived before. He approached it curiously, in order to see what was inside, and behold there were numerous little baskets in it, from which issued a strong and pleasant odour. He opened one of these little baskets and found in it herbs of very peculiar shape and colour, the stalks and leaves were of bluish-green, and bore on the top a small flower of burning-red, edged with yellow. He looked at this flower thoughtfully, smelt it, and it emitted the same strong odour which had ascended from the soup that the old woman once made for him. But so powerful was the smell that he began to sneeze, and this he continued to do, with increasing violence, till at last he woke up sneezing.

There he lay upon the old woman's sofa, looking around him in surprise. "Well, what lively dreams one has sometimes," he said to himself; "I could have sworn that I had become a vile squirrel, the companion of guinea-pigs and other vermin, at the same time also a distinguished cook. How mother will laugh when I tell her all this; but will she not scold me for having fallen asleep in a strange house, instead of helping her in the Market-place?"

With these thoughts he jumped up to take his departure; his limbs were still quite stiff from sleeping, especially his neck, for he could not turn his head either way; he could not help laughing at himself being so excessively sleepy, for every moment before he was aware of it he bumped his nose against a cupboard or the wall, or struck it, on turning quickly round, against the door post. The squirrels and guinea pigs ran whinning round him, as though they were desirous of going with him, and he indeed asked them to come along when he was standing on the threshold of the door, for they were really nice little creatures, but they ran quickly back into the house on their nut-shells, and he could only hear them squeaking in the distance.

It was a very remote part of the town to which the old woman had led him, and he could scarcely find his way back through the narrow lanes. There was also a great crowd of people, and he thought to himself that there must be a dwarf to be seen somewhere near; everywhere he heard people cry: "Look at that ugly dwarf! Where does this dwarf come from? What a long nose he has, and how his head is buried in his shoulders, and the swarthy ugly hands!" At any other time he would have run with the rest, for he liked nothing so much in his life as to see giants and dwarfs, or quaint and outlandish dresses, but now he was obliged to make haste and get back to his mother.

His courage seemed to fail him as he reached the Market-place. His mother was still sitting there, and had a good deal of fruit left still in her baskets, so he could not have been asleep very long, yet even in the distance it seemed to him as though she was looking very sad; for she did not call to those passing to come and buy, but was leaning her head upon her hand, and as he approached he also thought she looked paler than usual. He hesitated as to what he should do; at last he summoned up courage, stole behind her, and putting his hand confidingly upon her shoulders, said: "Mother dear, what is the matter with you? Are you angry with me?"

The woman turned round to look at him, but started back with a cry of horror. "What do you want with me,

you ugly dwarf!" she cried. "Away, away, I cannot bear such stupid jokes." "But mother, what is the matter with you?" asked Jacob, quite alarmed. "Perhaps you are not well; why do you want to drive your son away from you?"

"I have already told you, go your way!" said Hannah angrily. "You will get no money from me with your tricks, hideous monster." "Really God has deprived her of her senses!" said the little boy sorrowfully to himself. "What shall I do to get her home? Mother dear, do be reasonable, do look at me properly; I am your son, your Jacob!" "No, this joking is too much for me," cried Hannah to her neighbour; "just look at that ugly dwarf, there he stands and drives away all my customers, and even dares to mock me in my misfortune. He tells me: I am your son, your Jacob—the impudent fellow!"

At this her neighbours got up and began to abuse him as much as possible—and market-women, as you know, understand how to do it—and scolded him for mocking at poor Hannah's misfortune for having had her handsome boy stolen seven years ago, and they threatened to fall upon him and tear him to pieces if he did not go away at once.

Poor Jacob did not know what to think of all this. He had gone as he believed early this morning as usual with his mother to the Market-place, had helped her to set out her fruit, had afterwards gone to the old woman's house, eaten a little soup, slept a little, and now he was back again; and yet his mother and the neighbours were talking about seven years—and they called him a hideous dwarf! What had happened to him? When he saw that his mother would have nothing more to do with him tears came into his eyes, and he went sadly down the street towards the shop where his father mended shoes during the day-time. "I will just see," he said to himself, "whether he too will refuse to recognise me; I will stand at the door and talk to him."

When he had come to the cobbler's shop, he stood at the door and looked in. The cobbler was so busily engaged at his work that he did not see him at first; but on glancing accidentally at the door, he dropped a shoe,

thread, and awl on the floor, and cried with horror: "For Heaven's sake, what is that, what is that!"

"Good evening, master!" said the dwarf, as he entered the shop. "How are you?" "Not very, not very well, little gentleman!" replied his father, to Jacob's great surprise; for he too did not seem to know him. "I cannot work so well as I used to, for I am quite alone and am getting old, and cannot afford to keep a journeyman." "But have you not a son who might by-and-bye help you with your work?" enquired the dwarf. "I had one named Jacob, who ought to be now a tall and clever fellow of twenty, able to prop me firmly under my arms. Ah! that would indeed be a pleasant life; when he was only twelve years old he showed such aptitude, and cleverness, and understood many things about the trade even then, and was so handsome and pleasant as well; he would have procured me customers, so that I should soon have given up cobbling, and would only have undertaken orders for new things; but such are the ways of the world!"

"But where is your son?" asked Jacob of his father in a trembling voice. "God only knows," he replied; "seven years ago, yes, quite that, he was stolen from us, from the Market-place." "Seven years ago!" cried Jacob with horror.

"Yes, little man, seven years ago; I still remember it as if it were to-day, my wife coming home crying and sobbing and saying the child had not come back from an errand the whole day, and that she had enquired and searched for him everywhere, without being able to find him. I always thought and said that such would be the case some day; for Jacob was a pretty child, everybody said so, and my wife was proud of him, and liked to hear people praise him, and often sent him with vegetables and such like things to the grand houses. That was all very well; he was always handsomely rewarded; but, said I, take care! the town is large, many bad people live in it, take care of Jacob! And so it happened as I said. There comes one day an ugly old woman into the market, bargains for fruit and vegetables, and in the end buys so much that she is unable to carry them home. My wife, kind-hearted soul, sends the little boy with her, and from that hour she has never seen him again." "And that is

now seven years ago, you say?" "It will be seven years the coming spring. We had him cried, we went from house to house, and asked about him; many people who had known and liked the handsome boy, assisted us in our search, but all in vain. The woman too who had bought the vegetables, was a stranger to everyone; but a very old woman, more than ninety years of age, said it might perhaps have been the wicked fairy Krāuterweis, who visits the town once in every fifty years to buy all sorts of things." Thus spoke Jacob's father hammering his shoes vigorously, and drawing out the thread at full length with both his fists. By degrees it dawned upon the little boy what had happened to him, namely that he had not dreamed, but that he had served seven years with the wicked fairy as a squirrel. Anger and grief filled his heart to such an extent that it was almost ready to burst. Seven years of his youth the old woman had stolen from him, and what remuneration had he received for it? He could polish slippers of cocoa-nut shells, and could clean the glass floor of a room. He had learned from guinea-pigs all the mysteries of cooking. In this way he stood a good while meditating upon his fate, when at last his father asked him: "Can I serve you with some of my work, young gentleman, perhaps a new pair of slippers, or," he added smiling," perhaps a leathern case for your nose?"

"What is wrong with my nose?" asked Jacob; "why should I require a case for it?"

"Well," replied the cobbler, "everyone to his taste; but I must tell you, if I had such a frightful nose, I would have a case made to cover it of red morocco leather. Look here, I have a nice little piece handy; an ell at least would be necessary for it. What a protection it would be for you, little man! At present I am sure you knock against every doorpost, and every cart you would like to avoid." The little fellow stood dumb with terror; he felt his nose, it was thick, and at least two hands long! thus the old woman had changed his form; and that was the reason his mother did not know him, and why everybody called him an ugly dwarf! "Master," he said, half crying, to the cobbler, "have you not a looking-glass handy, in which I could look at myself?"

"Young gentleman," replied his father seriously, "your figure is not exactly such a one of which you might be vain, and there is no reason for looking at yourself every minute in the glass. Do not accustom yourself to it, and in your case especially it is a silly habit."

"But do let me look into the glass," cried the little man, "it is certainly not from vanity."

"Leave me alone, I do not possess one, my wife has a little one, but I do not know where she has put it. But if you must really look at yourself in the glass, the barber Urban across the road has a glass twice the size of your head; go look into it. Now let me wish you good morning."

With these words his father pushed him very gently out of his shop, locked the door behind him, and resumed his work. The little man, however, feeling very miserable, went across the road to Urban the barber whom he had known perfectly well, in times gone by. "Good morning, Urban," said he to him, "I have come to ask a favour of you; be so kind as to allow me to look a moment in your looking-glass."

"With pleasure, there it is," cried the barber, laughing, and the customers waiting to be shaved joined heartily in his laughter. "You are a pretty little fellow, slender and graceful, with a little neck like a swan, little hands like a queen, and a little pug nose nowhere to be surpassed. You seem to be a little proud of it, it appears to me; but have a good look at yourself, it shall not be said of me I refused you permission to look into my looking-glass out of jealousy." Thus spoke the barber, and roars of laughter resounded in the barber's shop. The little man however had stepped before the looking-glass meanwhile to look at himself. Tears came into his eyes. "Indeed, no wonder you were unable to recognise your Jacob again, dear mother," he said to himself; "he did not look like this in those days of joy, when you were so proud of him before the people!" His eyes had become as small as pigs' eyes, his nose was enormous, and hung down over his mouth and chin; his neck seemed to have disappeared altogether, for his head was deeply stuck on his shoulders, and it was with the utmost pain he could turn it to right or left; his

body was the same size as seven years ago when he was twelve years of age, but while others grew in height from twelve to twenty, he had grown in breadth, his back and chest were broad and expanded, and looked like a little but well-stuffed sack; this enormous upper part of his body was supported by his little thin legs, which did not seem to be suitable for such a burden, but his arms were all the longer, hanging down at his sides, for they were the size of those of a full-grown man; his hands were coarse and of a brownish yellow, his fingers long and spider-like, and whenever he stretched them out at full length, he could touch the ground without bending. This was how little Jacob looked. He had changed into a deformed dwarf.

He now also remembered that morning on which the old woman had come to look into his mother's baskets. Everything he had then turned into ridicule in her, her long nose, her ugly fingers, all this she had now given to him except the long trembling neck.

"Well, have you looked at yourself long enough now, my prince?" said the barber, approaching him and looking at him laughing. "Indeed, if a man should attempt to dream such things he could never imagine such comical things. But I will make you a proposal little man. My barber's shop is much frequented, but not so much of late as I should like. The reason is, my neighbour Schaum the barber has picked up a giant somewhere who draws customers. Now, there is no great skill required to become a giant, but a little man such as you are, that is a different thing. Enter my service, little man, you shall have all you want, lodging, eating, drinking and clothes; in return for that, I shall want you to stand at my door every morning, and invite people to come in; make the lather, hand towels to the customers, and I can assure you both of us will profit by it; I shall get more customers than the other barber with the giant, and you will get also, I am sure, a gratuity from everybody."

The little fellow was inwardly enraged at the proposal to act as the barber's decoy-bird. But was he not obliged to tolerate this insult? He told the barber, therefore, quite gently, that he had no desire for such employment, and walked out of the shop.

Though the wicked old woman had transformed his figure, yet he felt that she had not affected his mind; for he thought and felt no longer as he did seven years ago; no, he believed he had become much wiser and more intelligent, during this interval; he did not mourn for his lost beauty, or at this ugly form, but it was only because he had been driven off like a dog from his father's door. He therefore resolved to make one more trial with his mother.

He went to her in the Market-place, and begged her to listen to him patiently. He reminded her of the day on which he had gone away with the old woman, he recalled to her mind little incidents of his childhood, and then told her that he had served seven years as a squirrel with the fairy, and how she had transformed him, because he had once insulted her. The cobbler's wife did not know what to think. All corresponded with what he had told her about his childhood; but when he told her the story of his having been a squirrel for seven years, she then said, "It is impossible, there are no fairies," and whenever she looked at him she was disgusted with the ugly dwarf, and could not believe this was her son. At last she considered it best to speak to her husband about it. She collected her baskets together, and told him to go with her. They went to the cobbler's shop together.

"Look here," she said to her husband, "this fellow pretends to be our lost Jacob. He has told me everything; how he was stolen from us seven years ago, and how he has been bewitched by a fairy."

"Indeed?" interrupted the cobbler angrily; "has he been telling you this? Just wait, you rascal! I told him all this only an hour ago, and now he goes and makes a fool of you! Have you been bewitched, my little son? Just wait a moment I will disenchant you."

So saying he laid hold of a bundle of straps which he had just cut, stepped towards the little man, and beat him over his hunch-back and long arms, till the little fellow shrieked with pain and ran off crying.

In this town, as elsewhere, there are few compassionate souls who aid an unfortunate being who has a ridiculous appearance at the same time. It happened, therefore,

that the unhappy dwarf passed the whole day, without eating or drinking, and at night was obliged to choose the cold hard steps of a church for his night's repose.

But when on the following morning the early beams of the sun awoke him he thought seriously as to how he should gain his livelihood since his father and mother had cast him off. He was too proud to serve as the barber's signboard, and was unwilling to allow himself to be hired as a clown, and to be exhibited for money; what was he to do? It occurred to him that he had made great progress in the art of cooking when he was a squirrel; he rightly believed and ventured to hope that he could hold his own against many a cook; and forthwith he resolved to employ his art.

As soon therefore as the streets assumed a more animated appearance, and it was quite daylight, he first entered the church and performed his devotions. Then he started on his journey. The duke, the ruler of the country, was a well-known wine-bibber, and fond of a good table, searching for cooks in all parts of the world. It was to his palace the little man wended his way. On reaching the outer gate, the sentries asked him his business, and made fun of him; he however desired to see the chief cook. They laughingly led him through the courtyard, and wherever he went, the servants stood still, stared after him, laughed immoderately and followed; so that by degrees an immense procession of servants of all ranks mounted with him the palace stairs; the ostlers threw away their curry-combs, the runners ran as fast as they could, the carpet-cleaners forgot to beat their carpets, all scrambled and pushed, and such a turmoil arose as if an enemy were at the gates, and the cry, "A dwarf, a dwarf! Have you seen the dwarf?" filled the air.

At this moment the steward of the palace appeared at the door looking fierce, and with a huge whip in his hand. "For heaven's sake, you hounds, why all this noise! Are you not aware that His Highness is still asleep?" And slashing his whip he brought it down heavily on the backs of some of the grooms and sentries.

"Oh, sir!" they cried. "don't you see? We have

brought you in a dwarf—a dwarf, such as you have never seen before."

The steward of the palace had some difficulty in suppressing loud laughter when he saw the little man, for he feared that by laughing he might lower his dignity. He therefore drove away with his whip the remaining servants, led the little man into the palace, and asked him what he wanted. On being told that he desired to see the chief cook, he replied: "You have made a mistake, my little boy, you want to see me, the steward of the palace: I suppose you want to be made the Duke's private dwarf, is not that so?"

"No, sir!" replied the dwarf. "I am a skilful cook and experienced in all sorts of rare dishes; will you take me to the chief cook if you please; perhaps he may be able to make use of my talents."

"Every one to his liking, little man; but you are a foolish fellow. What, in the kitchen! As the Duke's private dwarf, you would have had no work to do, but plenty to eat and drink and handsome clothes. However, we shall see; your skill in cooking will hardly amount to what his Highness's cook requires, and you are too good to be kitchen boy." With these words the steward of the palace took him by the hand, and led him to the apartments of the chief cook.

"Worthy master!" the dwarf said to the latter, making such a low bow that he touched the carpet with his nose. "Do you require a skilful cook?"

The chief cook looked at him from head to foot, and bursting into a loud laugh, said, "What? You a cook? do you suppose that our fireplaces are so low that a fellow like you could look into them without standing on tip-toe, and stretching your head right out of your shoulders? Oh, dear little man! whoever has sent you to me to offer your services as cook has made a fool of you." So spoke the chief cook with a hearty laugh, in which the steward of the palace and all the servants who were in the room joined.

The dwarf however was not so easily shaken in his determination. "What matters an egg or two, a little syrup and wine, flour and spices in a house where there is

plenty of it," he said. "Order me to make any dainty dish, procure for me what things I require, and I will prepare it for you immediately before your eyes, and you will be obliged to say: he is a cook not to be surpassed." Such and similar arguments were used by the little man, and it was wonderful how his little eyes sparkled, how his long nose wriggled to and fro, and how his spider fingers emphasised his speech.

"Very well!" exclaimed the head cook, taking the steward of the palace by the arm. "Very well, it shall be so for the sake of the joke; let us go into the kitchen." They went through several halls and passages and reached the kitchen at last. It was a large spacious building, splendidly fitted up; on twenty hearths fires were burning continually; a stream of clear water, which served at the same time for a fish-pond, ran right through it. The provisions which were in constant use were stored in a cupboard made of marble and costly wood, and to the right and left were ten rooms which contained all the delicacies and dainties for the palate from all the countries of the Franks, and even from the East. Kitchen servants of all kinds ran hither and thither, rattling and handling pots and pans, forks and skimmers. When the chief cook however came into the kitchen, everyone stood motionless, the fire only was heard crackling, and the little stream rippling.

"What has his Highness ordered for breakfast to-day?" asked the head cook of the senior breakfast cook, an old man.

"His Highness has ordered Danish soup, with red Hamburg rissoles." "All right," continued the head cook; "did you hear what his Highness wishes to eat? would you undertake to prepare such difficult dishes? The rissoles you will never be able to make, for it is a secret."

"Nothing easier than this," replied the dwarf to everybody's surprise; for he had made these dishes frequently when he was a squirrel; "nothing easier, let me have for this soup such and such herbs, such and such spices, lard of some wild boar, some roots and eggs; for the rissoles however," he said quietly, so that only the chief cook and breakfast maker could hear it, "require four kinds of

meat, some wines, some ducks' fat, some ginger, and a certain herb called mint."

"Ha! by St. Benedict! what soothsayer has taught you?" cried the cook in surprise. "He has said everything to a hair, and the herb 'mint' we did not know of even ourselves. Yes, that must certainly improve it. Oh, you wonder of a cook!"

"I should not have thought of it," said the head cook. "Let us try his skill; give him the things he requires, utensils and everything else, and let him prepare the breakfast."

The servants did as he ordered, and everything was arranged on the hearth; it was found, however, that the dwarf could scarcely reach with his nose up to the fireplace. A couple of chairs therefore were placed side by side, a marble slab over them, and the little prodigy was invited to begin his performance. In a wide circle were standing round about the cooks, scullions, servants and all sorts of people, watching and wondering how he accomplished everything so quickly and nimbly, how he prepared everything so cleanly and elegantly. When he had finished his preliminary arrangements, he ordered both pots to be placed on the fire, and they were to boil until he called out; he then commenced to count, one, two, three, and so on, and when he had counted exactly up to five hundred, he called out: "Stop." The pots were removed from the fire, and the little man invited the head cook to taste.

The head cook ordered a scullion to bring him a golden spoon, and washing it in the stream, handed it over to the chief cook; the latter advanced with a solemn air towards the fireplace, took a little of the soup, tasted it, shut his eyes, and smacked his lips with delight, and then said: "Delicious, by the life of the Duke, delicious! Would you not like to take a little spoon, steward of the palace?" The latter bowed, took the spoon, tasted it, and was beside himself with delight and pleasure. "With all due respect to your skill, my dear breakfast-cook, you are an experienced cook, but you have never yet been able to make either such splendid soup, or such Hamburg rissoles as these!" The cook too tasted, shook the dwarf reverently

by the hand and said: "Little man! you are a master in the art. Yes, the herb 'mint' does indeed give everything quite a peculiar flavour."

At this moment the Duke's equerry came into the kitchen and announced that his Highness desired his breakfast. The eatables were then put upon silver dishes, and sent up to the Duke; the head cook however took the little man into his room and talked to him. They had scarcely been there half as long as one says the Pater Noster (for this is the prayer of the Franks, "Our Father," and does not last half so long as the believer's prayer), when already a messenger came, summoning the chief cook into his Highness's presence. He quickly donned his gala dress, and followed the messenger.

The Duke looked very cheerful. He had eaten all that had been sent up on the silver plates, and was just wiping his beard when the chief cook entered. "Look here, chief cook," he said, "hitherto I have always been very well satisfied with your cooks; but tell me who it was who cooked my breakfast this morning? It was never so delicious since I have sat upon the throne of my ancestors; tell me the name of the cook, that I may make him a present of a few ducats."

"My lord! it is a wonderful story," replied the chief cook, and related how early that morning a dwarf had been brought to him, who insisted upon becoming cook, and all that had taken place. The Duke was much surprised, sent for the dwarf, asked him who he was, and whence he came. Of course poor Jacob could not tell him, that he had been bewitched and that he had formerly served as a squirrel. Still he adhered to the truth, in telling him that he was now without father or mother, and that he had learned cooking from an old woman. The Duke asked no further questions, but was amused at the extraordinary figure of his new cook.

"If you wish to remain in my service," he said, "I will give you fifty ducats a year, a gala dress, and in addition to this two pairs of trousers. In return for this, you will have to prepare my breakfast every day yourself, must order how my dinner shall be prepared, and take charge of my kitchen altogether. As everyone in my palace

receives his proper name from me, your name shall be Long Nose, and you shall hold the position of second cook."

The dwarf Long Nose fell at the feet of the mighty Duke of Franksland, kissed his feet, and promised to serve him faithfully.

Thus the little man was provided for, for the present, and he did honour to his post. For one might say that the Duke had become quite a different man during the stay of the dwarf Long Nose in his house. Formerly, he had often delighted in throwing the plates and dishes which were brought to him, at his cooks' heads; nay, one day in a rage he even threw a cooked calf's foot, which was not done enough, so violently at the chief cook's head, that he fell down and was obliged to stay in bed for three days. The Duke, it is true, made amends for what he had done in his rage, by giving him some handfuls of ducats, but, notwithstanding, never had a cook brought him his viands without trembling and with fear; but since the dwarf came to the house, all seemed changed as if by magic. His Highness ate now five meals a day instead of three, in order to thoroughly appreciate the skill of his little servant, and never showed the least sign of ill-humour. No, he found everything new and excellent, was affable and pleasant, and grew stouter every day.

Often during dinner-time he would send for the chief cook, and the dwarf Long Nose, would place the one on his right, and the other on his left, and would put with his own fingers some morsels of the delicious viands into their mouths, a favour which both of them knew fully how to value.

The dwarf was the wonder of the town. People earnestly requested permission from the chief cook to see the dwarf cooking, and some of the most distinguished men were so greatly favoured by the Duke, that he allowed their servants to take lessons of the dwarf in cooking, which brought him in no small amount of money; for each one paid half a ducat daily; and in order to keep the other cooks in good humour, and prevent them from becoming jealous of him, Long Nose gave them all the money which the gentlemen paid him for instructing their cooks.

In this way Long Nose lived for nearly two years, in the greatest comfort and honour; and only the thought of his parents distressed him. Thus he lived, without hearing anything remarkable, until the following event happened. The dwarf Long Nose was exceedingly clever and fortunate in his purchases. He went therefore, as often as time permitted him alone, to the market in order to buy poultry and fruit. One morning he went as usual to the goose market and made enquiries for heavy fat geese, such as his Highness liked. He had walked up and down already several times inspecting the geese. His figure provoked no jeers, no mockery now, but inspired reverence, for he was known as the Duke's celebrated cook, and every woman selling geese considered herself lucky if he turned his nose towards her. At last he noticed at the extreme end of a row, a woman sitting in a corner, who had also geese for sale, but who did not commend her goods like the others, or called out for customers. He went towards her, examined and weighed her geese. They proved to be such as he wanted, and buying three together with the basket, he hoisted them upon his broad shoulders, and returned to the palace. He thought it very strange that only two of these geese gabbled and screamed as geese always do, the third, however, sat perfectly still and absorbed, heaving a sigh, and groaning like a human being. "She is not well," he said to himself, "I must make haste to kill and dress it." The goose, however, answered quite distinctly and audibly :—

"If you knife me
I will bite thee;
If you twist my neck off now,
An early grave is yours, I vow."

Quite terrified, the dwarf Long Nose put down his cage, and the goose looked at him with beautiful, intelligent eyes, and sighed. "Well, I never!" exclaimed Long Nose. "So you can talk, Miss Goose? I should not have thought it. Well, do not be frightened! I know what it is to live, and would not harm such a rare bird. But I will lay a wager you have not always worn feathers. I myself was at one time a vile squirrel."

"You are right," replied the Goose, "in saying that I was not born in such a degrading guise. Alas! it was not sung to me at my cradle, that Mimi, the daughter of the Great Wetterbock, was to be killed in a Duke's kitchen!"

"Do set your mind at rest, dear Miss Mimi," said the dwarf in a consoling manner. "So sure as I am an honest fellow, and second cook to his Highness, no one shall do you the least injury. I will find a coop for you in my own apartments, and give you as much food as you want, and I shall devote my leisure time to your conversation, and shall tell the rest of my fellow cooks that I am fattening a goose for the Duke with all sorts of rare herbs, and as soon as I find an opportunity I will set you at liberty."

The goose thanked him with tears in her eyes, and the dwarf did as he had promised; he killed the two other geese, but for Mimi he built a private coop, under the pretext of fattening her in a special manner for the Duke.

He also did not give her the usual food for geese, but supplied her with pastry and sweetmeats. Whenever he had any spare time he went to speak to and console her. They told each other their stories, and in this way Long Nose heard that the goose was a daughter of the magician Wetterbock, who lived on the island of Gothland. He had quarrelled with an old fairy who by intrigues and cunning had outwitted him, and out of revenge had changed her into a goose, and brought her far away from her home to this place. When the dwarf Long Nose had also told her his story, she said: "I am not inexperienced in such matters. My father gave me and my sisters some instruction, as much as he was allowed to disclose about it. The story as regards your quarrel over the herb-basket, your sudden transformation on smelling that herb, and the few words of the old woman which you tell me, prove to me that you are enchanted by some herb, and if you are able to find the herb which the fairy thought of at your enchantment, you can be released." This was some comfort for the little man; but where should he find the herb? Notwithstanding, he thanked her and entertained some hope.

About this time the Duke received a visit from a

neighbouring prince, his friend. He therefore sent for his dwarf Long Nose and said to him: "The time has arrived now, when you must show whether you have served me faithfully, and are master of your art. This prince, who is my guest now, keeps the best table of anyone besides myself, and is a great connoisseur of good cooking, and a wise man. Take care, therefore, that my table is supplied every day with such viands that his surprise may increase more and more. At the same time, as long as he is my guest, you must not, under fear of my displeasure, serve up the same dish twice. You can obtain from my treasurer whatever money you may require; even if you want to fry gold and diamonds in lard, do it. I would rather become a poor man than blush before my guest."

Thus spoke the Duke. The dwarf, however, answered, whilst making a respectful bow: "It shall be done as you say, my lord! and, please God, I shall do all in my power to suit the palate of this prince of epicures."

The little cook now used his skill to the utmost. He was not sparing with his Master's treasures, and still less so to himself. All day long he was seen enveloped in a cloud of steam and flame, and his voice ringing continually through the arches of the kitchen, for he commanded the scullions and under-cooks like a ruler. I might do just as the camel drivers of Aleppo, when they let people dine splendidly in their stories which they relate to the travellers. For a whole hour they enumerate all the dishes which were served up, and excite thereby great longing, and still greater hunger in their hearers so that the latter involuntarily open the store of their provisions, make a meal and distribute lavishly to the camel drivers; but not so with me.

The foreign prince had already been a fortnight with the Duke, living in great style and pleasure. They did not have meals less than five times a day, and the Duke was satisfied with the dwarf's skill; for he noticed contentment on his guest's brow. On the fifteenth day, however, it happened that the Duke sent for the dwarf, presented him to the prince his guest, whom he asked whether he was satisfied with the dwarf as a cook?

"You are a wonderful cook," answered the foreign

prince, "and know what good living means. During the whole time I have been here, you have not served up one single dish twice, and everything has been excellent. But do tell me why do you delay so long in bringing us that queen of delicacies, the pie Souzeraine?"

The dwarf was very much startled, for he had never heard of this pastry queen, but he soon recovered his self-possession and answered: "My lord! I was in hopes that your countenance would light upon this court for some time yet, and therefore I delayed this dish. For with what else should the cook take leave of you on the day of your departure except with the queen of pastry?"

"Indeed!" replied the Duke, laughing, "And in my case I suppose you are going to wait until I die, to honour me, for you have not as yet placed that pie before me. Think, however, of some other farewell greeting, for to-morrow you must serve up this pie for us."

"I will do as you say, my lord!" answered the dwarf, and withdrew. But he did not go in high spirits, for the day of his exposure and misfortune had come. He did not know how to make the pie. He went, therefore, to his room, weeping over his fate. Mimi the goose, which was allowed to run about in his room, now came to him and asked him the cause of his grief. "Dry your tears," she said, on having heard about the pie Souzeraine. "This dish has often been put on my father's table, and I know almost all that is required for it. Take this and that, so much of each, and even supposing these are not quite all the ingredients necessary for it, the gentlemen are not such epicures." Thus spoke Mimi. The dwarf sprung up with joy, blessed the day on which he had bought the goose, and set to work to make the queen of pies. He at first made a little experiment, and behold, it tasted excellent, and the chief cook, to whom he gave a little to taste, again praised his renowned skill.

The next day he made the pie of larger size, and sent it warm from the oven, after having decorated it with wreaths of flowers, to the Duke's table. He himself donned his best gala dress, and went into the dining hall. When he entered, the head carver was just occupied with cutting up the pie and handing it to the Duke and his

guest upon a little silver plate. The Duke ate heartily of it, casting his eyes up to the ceiling, and saying after swallowing it: "Ah! ah! ah! this is justly called the queen of pies; and my dwarf is also king of all cooks, do you not think so, my friend?"

His guest also took a little piece on his plate, tasted and examined it carefully, and smiling at the same time scornfully and mysteriously. "The thing has been made very well," he answered, whilst pushing away his plate, "but it is not quite the Souzeraine after all, and I expected as much." The Duke wrinkled his forehead with displeasure, and blushed with shame. "You dog of a dwarf!" he exclaimed. "How dare you do this to your master? Shall I order your big head to be cut off as a punishment for your bad cooking."

"Alas, my lord! I vow by heaven I cooked the dish according to the rules of art, it must be perfect?" Thus spoke the dwarf, trembling.

"It is a falsehood, you rascal!" replied the Duke, kicking him away. "My guest would not say it was deficient. I will have you chopped to pieces and baked in a pie yourself!"

"Have pity on me!" exclaimed the little man, going forward on his knees towards the guest, whose feet he embraced. "Tell me what is wanting in this pie, that it does not suit your palate? Do not let me die on account of a handful of meat and flour."

"That will not help you much, my dear Long Nose," answered the stranger, with a laugh; "I thought all yesterday that you would not be able to make this dish like my cook. Know then, it needs a herb that is entirely unknown in this country, the herb Sneeze-with-pleasure; without this the pie remains unflavoured, and your master will never enjoy it as I do." The ruler of Franksland burst into a rage. "And yet I shall eat it," he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling; "for I swear by my princely honour, that I shall either show you the pie to-morrow, as you wish it, or the head of this fellow shall be spiked upon the gate of my palace. Be off, you hound, once more; I grant you four-and-twenty hours' grace!"

Thus cried the Duke. The dwarf, however, went again

into his little room, and complained to the goose of his fate, and that he had to die, for he had never heard of the herb. "Is that all?" she said. "Then I think I can help you, for my father taught me to know all the herbs. At any other time your death would have been certain, but fortunately it is just new moon, and it is at this time that the herb is in flower; but tell me, are there any old chestnut trees near the palace?"

"Oh yes!" replied Long Nose, with a lighter heart; "near the lake, two hundred paces from the house is a whole group of them; but why chestnut trees?"

"Only at the foot of an old chestnut does this herb flower," said Mimi. "Let us lose no time, therefore, but look for what you want; take me under your arm and set me down in the open air; I will help you to look for it."

He did as she told him, and went with her to the gate of the palace. Here, however, the sentinel held out his musket, and said: "My good Long Nose, your days are numbered, you are not allowed outside the house, I have received the strictest orders about it."

"But surely I may go into the garden?" replied the dwarf. "Be so good as to send one of your comrades to the steward of the palace, and ask him whether I may not be allowed to go into the garden and look for herbs." The sentinel did so, and permission was given; for the garden had a high wall, and to escape from it was quite out of the question. When, however, Long Nose had come with the goose Mimi into the open air, he carefully put her down, and she ran quickly forward before him towards the lake, where the chestnut trees stood. He followed her with a heavy heart, for it was indeed his last and only hope; if she failed to find the herb his resolution was fixed, rather to throw himself into the lake than submit to being decapitated. The goose, however, sought in vain; she wandered about under all the chestnut trees, she turned over every blade of grass with her bill, but she discovered nothing, and began to cry with compassion and fear, for the evening was growing darker, and the objects around difficult to distinguish. Suddenly the dwarf turned his eyes across the lake, and he exclaimed: "See, see yonder, on the other side of the lake, there is

still a large old tree, let us go there and search; perhaps my 'fortune' blossoms there." The goose hopped and flew forward, and he ran behind as quickly as his little legs would carry him. The chestnut tree threw a vast shade, and all was so dark round about, that scarcely anything could be discerned; but suddenly the goose stopped, clapped her wings with joy, thrust her head quickly into the long grass and plucked out something, which she neatly gave in her bill to the astonished Long Nose, saying: "This is the herb, and a great deal of it grows here, so that you will always have a good supply of it."

The dwarf looked at the herb in deep thought, a sweet scent streamed from it towards him, which reminded him involuntarily of the scene of his transformation; the stalks and leaves were of a bluish-green, and they supported a crimson flower edged with yellow.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed at last. "What a miracle! Know, then, I believe it is the same herb which changed me from a squirrel into this hideous form; shall I make the trial?"

"Not yet," begged the goose. "Take a handful of this herb with you; let us go to your room, collect your money and what else you have, and then we will try the power of this herb."

They did so, and returned to his room, the dwarf's heart beating audibly from expectation. After having collected about fifty or sixty ducats, which he had saved, and some clothes and shoes tied together in a bundle, he said: "If God will, I shall rid myself of this burden," thrusting his nose deep into the herbs and sniffing in their fragrance.

Immediately all his limbs began to twitch and crack, he felt his head rising from his shoulders, he squinted down upon his nose, and saw it was growing smaller and smaller, his back and chest began to straighten, and his legs became longer.

The goose looked on at all this with surprise. "Ah, how tall, how handsome you are!" she cried. "Thanks be to God, there is now nothing left of what you were before!" Jacob was extremely glad, he folded his hands and prayed. His joy, however, did not make him forget

what thanks he owed to the goose Mimi; although his heart urged him to go to his parents, yet from gratitude he suppressed this wish, and said: "Whom but you have I to thank for my becoming once more myself? Without you I should never have found this herb, I should have been compelled to remain in my guise for ever, or, perhaps, should have even died under the executioner's axe. Well, I will reward you for it. I will take you to your father, whose experience in magic will easily effect your disenchantment."

The goose shed tears of joy, and accepted his offer. Jacob passed safely, and without being recognised, with the goose out of the palace, and wended his way towards the sea-shore, to find Mimi's home.

What more shall I say except that they reached the end of their journey safely, that Wetterbock disenchanted his daughter, and dismissed Jacob loaded with presents; that he returned to his native town, and his parents recognised with delight in the handsome young man their lost son; that he bought a shop with the presents he had brought with him from Wetterbock, and that he became rich and happy. I must add, however, that after his disappearance from the Duke's palace a great commotion arose, for when on the following day the Duke desired to fulfil his oath, and decapitate the dwarf for not having found the herbs, he was nowhere to be found; the prince, however, alleged that the duke had allowed him to escape secretly, in order to avoid depriving himself of his best cook, and accused him of not having kept his word. Through this a great war between the two princes broke out, which is well known in history by the name of "Herb War." Many battles were fought, but in the end peace was made, and this peace was called in our country the "Pastry Peace," because at the feast of reconciliation the prince's cook made the Souzeraine, the queen of pies, to which his Highness the Duke did ample justice.

Thus the smallest causes often lead to great results; and this, O master, is the story of the Long-nosed Dwarf.

Thus related the slave from Franksland, and when he had finished, Sheik Ali Banu ordered that fruits should be given him and the other slaves to refresh themselves, and whilst they were eating he conversed with his friends. The young men, however, whom the old man had introduced were loud in their praises of the Sheik, his house, and all his arrangements. "Indeed," said the young scribe, "there is not a more pleasant way of whiling away the time than to listen to stories. I could sit in this way for whole days together, with crossed legs, one arm resting on a pillow and the head supported by the hand, and if it were possible, the Sheik's long water-pipe in my hand, and to listen to stories. This is how I almost picture to myself the life in the Gardens of Mahomed."

"As long as you are young and able to work," said the old man, "such an idol wish cannot be meant by you. But I agree with you, that there lies a peculiar charm in listening to anyone relating a story. In spite of my age, and although I am in my seventy-seventh year, and have heard numerous stories in my life, yet I do not object, if there sits at the corner of the street a man telling stories, and having a great circle of listeners around him, to sit down as well and listen. People dream themselves, as it were, into events which are being related, one lives with these men, these wonderful spirits, fairies and such like people, which do not happen to us every day; and afterwards, if one feels lonely, one has plenty of material to repeat everything to oneself, like the traveller, who is well supplied with everything when he travels through the desert."

"I have never thought about it in that way," replied another one of the young men, "wherein the charm of such stories really lies. But it is with me just the same as with you. Even as a child, and when I grew impatient, people could quiet me by telling me a story. At first it did not matter to me what that story was about, if I only heard something related in which something happened; how often have I listened, without getting fatigued, to those fables which were invented by wise men, and in which they had put the pith of their wisdom,

about the fox and the foolish raven, about the fox and the wolf, many dozens of stories about the lion and other animals. As I grew older, and came more into contact with men, these short stories no longer satisfied me; they had to be much longer, and had to treat about men and their wonderful adventures."

"Yes, I remember still perfectly well that time," interrupted one of his friends. "It was you who instilled into us this longing for stories of all kinds. One of your slaves knew how to relate as much as a camel-driver talks on his way from Mecca to Medina; after he had done his work he had to sit down by the side of us on the grass in front of the house, when we entreated him so long until he commenced to relate, and this went on and on until nightfall."

"And was there not revealed to us?" said the scribe, "was there not revealed to us then a new, unknown empire, the land of genii and fairies, planted with every wonder of the vegetable kingdom, with costly palaces built of emeralds and rubies, inhabited by gigantic slaves, who appeared on a ring being turned, or the wonderful lamp being rubbed, or the word of Solomon pronounced, and bringing splendid viands in golden dishes. Unconsciously we felt as if transported to that country; we accompanied Sinbad on his wonderful journey; we took a walk in the evening with Harun al Raschid the wise ruler of the faithful; we knew Giaffar, his Vazier as well as ourselves; in short, we had our being in those stories, just in the same way as one lives in dreams at night, and there was not a more beautiful time for us than the evening when we met on the grass-plot, and when the old slave related something to us. But do tell us, old man, how was it that we were so fond of listening to stories formerly, and that even at the present time there is no greater amusement for us?"

The movement which arose in the room, and the request to pay attention, which the overseer of the slaves made, prevented the old man from replying. The young men did not know whether they should rejoice in being allowed to hear another story, or be displeased at their having been disturbed in their interesting conversation

with the old man. A second slave, however, had already risen and began:

Abner, the Jew who saw nothing.

Sir, I come from Mogador, situated on the shores of the great ocean, and when his imperial Highness the Emperor Muley Ismael ruled over Fez and Morocco, the following affair occurred, which I dare say you would like to hear. It is the story of

ABNER, THE JEW WHO SAW NOTHING.

Jews, as you are well aware, are everywhere, and they act as Jews too—cunning, with falcon eye and greedy for the smallest gain, shrewd; the shrewder, the more they are ill-treated; fully aware of their craftiness and somewhat proud of it. But that a Jew sometimes comes to grief through his cunning was proved by Abner, who was one evening taking a walk outside the gate of Morocco. He struts about, a peaked-cap on his head, enveloped in his modest but not over-clean cloak, taking from time to time a sly pinch of snuff from his golden snuff-box, which he does not like to expose to view, strokes his moustache, despite his rolling eyes, which eternal fear and anxiety, and the longing to spy out something which might be turned to advantage, does not rest a moment, yet contentment is apparent in his active features; he must have transacted some good business to-day, and so it is. He is physician, merchant, in fact everything by which money can be made; to-day he has disposed of a slave with a secret fault, purchased at a bargain a camel load of gum, and dispensed to a rich but sickly man his last medicine, not to effect his recovery, but prior to his death.

He had just stepped out of a little wood of palms and dates, when he heard a loud cry of people running up behind him; it was a crowd of imperial ostlers, the master of the horse in front, casting anxious looks in all directions, like men eagerly seeking something that they have lost.

"Philistine," the master of the horse called out to him, panting: "did you not see an imperial horse running past with saddle and trappings?"

Abner replied: "The best runner there is has a pretty little hoof, its shoes are made of fourteen carat silver, its mane shines like gold, like the great Sabbath candlestick in the synagogue, he is fifteen hands high, his tail is three and a half-feet long, and the bridle-bit is of twenty-three carat gold."

"That is the one!" cried the master of the horse. "That is the one!" exclaimed the whole gang of grooms: "It is the Emir," cried an old horseman. "I told the prince Abdallah ten times he should ride the Emir in the snaffle. I know the Emir, and I knew beforehand he would throw him, and even if I were to pay for the pains in his back with my head, I said it beforehand. But do tell me quickly where has he run?"

"I have seen no horse at all," replied Abner smiling, "how can I tell where the Emperor's horse has run?"

Surprised at this contradiction, the gentlemen grooms were just about to press him further, when another event happened.

By a remarkable coincidence, of which there are so many, it occurred just at this time, that the Empress's lap-dog had also run away. A crowd of black slaves came running up, and they cried already at a distance: "Did you not see the Empress's lap-dog?"

"It is not a dog that you seek, gentlemen," said Abner, "it is a bitch."

"Certainly," cried the chief eunuch, greatly delighted. "Aline, where are you?"

"A little spaniel," continued Abner, "who has recently had puppies, with a long hairy coat, feathery tail, limping on the right fore-foot."

"That is she in flesh and bone!" cried all the blacks. "It is Aline; the Empress went into hysterics, as soon as she was missed; Aline, where are you? what will become of us, if we return to the harem without you? tell us quickly, where did you see her run?"

"I have not seen a dog at all, and I do not even know that the Empress, whom may God preserve! possesses a spaniel."

The men from the stable and harem then became angry at Abner's impudence, to joke at the imperial property

as they called it, and did not doubt for one moment, however improbable this might be, that he had stolen both dog and horse. Whilst the others continued their inquiries, the master of the horse and the chief eunuch seized the Jew and brought the cunning one, smiling somewhat timidly, before the Emperor.

Enraged, Muley Ismael summoned the common council of the palace. After having heard the matter, and considering the importance of it, he himself acted as president. At the commencement of the proceedings the accused was adjudicated to receive fifty lashes upon the soles of his feet. In spite of Abner's crying and whining, or protesting his innocence, or promising to relate everything how it had happened, or quoting passages from the Bible or the Talmud, such as: "The injustice of the king is like the roaring of a young lion, but his mercy is like the dew upon the grass!" or: "Let not thy hand be closed although your eyes and ears are closed," Muley Ismael beckoned, and swore by the beard of the Prophet and his own, that the Philistine must pay with his head for the pains of the Prince Abdallah, and the hysterics of the Empress, if the fugitives were not recovered.

The palace of the Emperor of Morocco was still resounding with the cries of anguish of the sufferer, when the news arrived that both dog and horse had been found again. Aline was surprised in the company of some mastiffs, very respectable people, but which were not quite suitable for her, as a lady of the court; and Emir, after having tired himself by running, found the sweet grass upon the green meadows by the brook Tara more to his taste than the Imperial oats; just as the fatigued princely hunter who has lost his way whilst hunting forgets all dainties of his table while he is eating black bread and butter in the peasant's cottage.

Muley Ismael now demanded from Abner an explanation of his conduct, and the latter was now able, although somewhat late, to justify himself, which he did, after having touched the ground before his Highness' throne with his forehead, in the following words: "Most mighty Emperor, King of kings, ruler of the West, star of justice,

mirror of Truth, depth of wisdom, glittering like gold, and sparkling like the diamond, hard as iron, listen to me while your slave is permitted to lift up his voice before your beaming countenance. I swear by the gods of my ancestors, by Moses and the Prophets, that I have not seen with my eyes, either your blessed horse, or, the Gracious Empress's amiable dog. But listen how the matter occurred.

"I was walking, in order to refresh myself after the day's toil and labour, thinking of nothing, in the little wood where I had the honour to meet his Excellency the matser of the horse, and his Vigilance the black overseer of thy blessed harem; I then perceived in the soft sand amongst the palm trees the impressions of an animal's foot; I, to whom the foot-prints of animals are very well known, immediately recognised them to be those of a little dog; fine long extended furrows ran over the little mounds of the sandy ground amongst the foot-prints; it is a bitch, I said to myself, and has tits hanging down; and had puppies not long ago; other traces near the fore-feet, where the sand appears to have been drifted slightly, showed me that the animal had long, handsome drooping ears; and as I noticed how in longer spaces the sand had been thrown up, I thought the little bitch has a beautiful long-haired tail, which must look like a plume, and it has pleased her to beat the sand with it at times, I also did not fail to notice, that one paw was always making a less deep impression in the sand: it was obvious therefore to me, that the bitch of the most Gracious Lady, if I am permitted to say so, limps a little.

"As regards your Highness's horse, let me tell you that my attention was called to the marks of a horse's hoof, as I was walking on one of the pathways of the wood. No sooner had I noticed the elegant little hoof, the faint and yet bright glitter, I said within myself: A horse must have been here from Ischenner's breed, which is the noblest breed of all. It is hardly four months ago, that my Most Gracious Emperor sold to a Prince in Franksland a whole herd of this breed, and my brother Reuben was present when they struck the bargain, and my Most Gracious Emperor gained by it so and so much. And when I saw

that the marks were so far and at such an equal distance from each other, I could not help thinking it gallops very splendidly, and only my Emperor is worthy to possess such an animal, and I thought of the war-horse, of which it is written in the book of Job: 'It stamps upon the ground, rejoices in its strength, and goes to meet the warrior; it mocks at fear and is not terrified or flees before the sword, although the quiver resounds, and both spear and lance glitter.' I stooped, as I saw something glittering on the ground, as I always do, and behold, it was a pebble, on which the shoe of the racing horse had marked a line, and I recognised that it must have shoes made of fourteen carat silver; I know the mark of any metal, be it genuine or base. The avenue of trees through which I walked was seven feet wide, and here and there I saw the dust brushed off the palm leaves; 'The horse has fought with his tail,' I said, 'and it is three and a half feet in length;' underneath the trees, the tops of which were about five feet from the ground, I saw fresh leaves knocked off, which must have been rubbed off by his back in passing swiftly; that would be a horse of fifteen hands in height; and behold, there were under the same trees little tufts of hair, glittering like gold, and therefore it was a yellow-dun horse! just as I stepped out of the bushes I noticed a mark of gold on a rock; 'this mark,' I said to myself, 'I ought to know,' and what do you think it was? A flint-stone was pressed into the rock, and a gold mark as fine as a hair was upon it, such a one as the little man with the bundle of files on the foxes of the seven United Provinces of Holland is unable to draw finer or clearer. This mark must have been made by the bridle-bit of the runaway horse, which it rubbed against this rock in bounding past. Your sublime love of splendour is well known, King of kings, and it is equally well known that the least valuable of your horses would be ashamed to bite any other bit than a golden one. Thus the affair had happened, and if——"

"Well, by Mecca and Medina!" exclaimed Muley Ishmael, "that is what I call eyes; and such eyes would not hurt you, Master of the hounds, for they would save you a pack of bloodhounds; you, chief of the police, would

be able to see farther with them than all your sergeants and spies! Well, Philistine, we will treat you leniently in consideration of your great acuteness, which has pleased us so well; the fifty strokes, which you have received in full, are worth fifty sequins, for they save you fifty; for you have only to pay now for fifty more. Take out your purse, and refrain for the future from mocking our imperial property; you may, however, count upon our goodwill."

The whole Court admired Abner's sagacity, for his Majesty had sworn that he was a clever fellow; but this did not pay him for his sufferings, nor console him for his precious sequins. Whilst he was taking one after the other in a groaning and sighing manner out of his purse, and weighing every one on his finger ends before he parted with it, he was further mocked by Schnuri, the Imperial Jester, who asked him whether all his sequins had proved genuine on the flintstone on which the yellow dun horse of the Prince Abdallah had tried its bit. "Your wisdom has reaped renown to-day," he said; "but I would lay a wager for another fifty sequins you would have much preferred to have kept quiet. But what says the Prophet? No carriage overtakes a word once uttered, although it were harnessed with four fleet horses. Also no greyhound overtakes it, Mr. Abner, even when it does not limp."

Not long after this painful occurrence Abner was again taking a walk one day in one of the green valleys amongst the slopes of Atlas. It happened just as before that he was overtaken by a troop of armed men, and the captain called out to him: "Ha! my good friend, did you not see Goro, the Emperor's black body-guardsman, run past? He has escaped, and must have gone this way to get amongst the mountains."

"I regret I have not seen him, General," replied Abner.

"Ah! are you not the cunning Jew who did not see the horse or dog? Do not make any excuses; the slave must have come this way; can you not yet smell the odour of his perspiration in the air? Do you not see the traces of the fugitive's feet in the long grass? Tell me; we must catch that slave; he is quite an expert in shooting

sparrows with the pea-shooter, and this is his Majesty's favourite occupation for whiling away his time. Speak! or I shall have you immediately put in irons."

"It is impossible for me to say that I have seen a thing when I have not."

"Jew, for the last time I ask you: where has the slave gone? Think of the soles of your feet; think of your sequins!"

"Oh, dear me! Well, if you insist that I must have seen the sparrow-shooter, run yonder; and if he is not there you will find him elsewhere."

"Then you have seen him?" roared the soldier.

"Very well, then, Mr. Officer. Yes, I have seen him, if you will have it so."

The soldiers hastily pursued the direction pointed out to them. Abner, however, delighted at his artfulness, went home. Scarcely however had he become four-and-twenty hours older when a troop of the sentries of the palace came into his house and defiled it, for it was the Sabbath-day, and dragged him into the presence of the Emperor of Morocco.

"Dog of a Jew," growled the Emperor at him, "do you dare to send on a wrong track into the mountains imperial servants who are in pursuit of a fugitive slave, whilst the fugitive hastens to the sea-shore, and nearly escapes on a Spanish ship? Seize him, soldiers! give him a hundred lashes upon the soles of his feet, and let him pay a hundred sequins; and the more the soles swell from the blows, the more his purse shall suffer for it!"

You are aware, O Master, that in the Empire of Fez and Morocco people execute justice quickly, and therefore poor Abner was beaten and fined, without his consent being asked first. He however cursed his fate, which had condemned him to this, that the soles of his feet and his purse had to suffer as often as his Majesty had lost something. When he limped out of the hall, muttering and sighing, amid the laughter of the rude palace people, the Jester Schnuri said to him: "Be satisfied, Abner, ungrateful Abner; do you not consider it a great honour that every loss our gracious Emperor, whom may God preserve, suffers, also causes you deep pain? But if you

promise me a substantial gratuity, I shall come every time, an hour before the Ruler of the West loses something, to your shop in the Jews' Lane, and say: "Do not leave your house, Abner; you know why already; lock yourself in your little room until sunset, under lock and key."

This, O Master, is The Story of Abner who Saw Nothing.

When the slave had finished, and silence prevailed again in the hall, the young scribe reminded the old man that the thread of their conversation had been broken, and requested him to explain to them in what the really great charm of a fairy-tale lay.

"I will tell you that now," replied the old man. "The human mind is much lighter and flows more easily than water, which makes all sorts of windings, and perforates gradually the densest objects. It is as light and free as the air, and becomes, like the latter, lighter and clearer the higher it rises from the earth. There is therefore a craving in every man to rise above the commonplace, and to move more lightly and freely in the regions above, even if only in dreams. You yourself said, my young friend, we lived in those stories, we thought and felt with those men; and thence emanates the charm which they had for you. Whilst you were listening to the slaves' stories, which were only fables, invented at a former time by someone else, you identified yourself with them; your mind did not remain with the objects around you, or think your usual thoughts. No, you experienced all as if it were to yourself that these wonderful things had happened—so great was the interest you took in the man about whom the story was told. In this way your mind rose on the thread of such a story beyond the present time, which did not seem so beautiful or so attractive to you; in this way your mind moved more freely and unrestrainedly in strange and upper regions; the tale became to you a reality, or, if you prefer it, the reality turned into a tale, because your thoughts and being were bound up with it."

"I do not quite understand you," replied the young

merchant; "but you are right in saying that we lived in legends, and the legends in us. I still remember that delightful time. In our leisure we dreamed awake; we imagined ourselves to have been cast upon some desert and uninhabitable island; we consulted what we should do to preserve our existence; we often built huts in the thick willow-plot, and made a scanty meal of poor fruits, although we might have had the very best of everything at home, only at a distance of a hundred paces. Ay, there were times when we waited for the appearance of some good fairy, or some wonderful dwarf, who would come to us and say: 'The earth will soon open; and in that case will you kindly descend into my palace made of rock crystal, and content yourselves with what my servants, the long-tailed monkeys, place before you.'"

The young men laughed, but admitted to their friend that what he had said was true. "Even at the present time," continued another, "this magic power influences me every now and again. I should not be a little annoyed, for example, at the stupid fable, if my brother were to rush in at the door and say: 'Have you heard of our neighbour the fat baker's misfortune; he has been quarrelling with a magician, and the latter, to revenge himself on him, changed him into a bear, and he now lies in his room, howling terribly.' I should be annoyed, and call him a liar. But how different it would be if I heard that the fat neighbour had undertaken a long journey to a far and unknown country, and had fallen there into the hands of a magician, who changed him into a bear. By-and-by I should feel myself transported into that story, would travel with the fat neighbour, would experience wonderful things; and I should not be very much surprised if he were clothed in a bear-skin and be obliged to walk on all fours."

"And yet," said the old man, "there are a number of delightful stories in which neither fairies nor magicians appear, no castle made of crystal, no genii who procure rare dishes, no bird like the roc, no magic horse—in fact a different kind from those which are usually called fairy tales."

"What are we to understand by that? Explain to us

more plainly what you mean. A different kind than the fairy tale?" said the young men.

"I think a certain distinction should be made between fairly tales and narrations which are commonly termed stories. If I tell you I am going to relate a fairy tale, you will think beforehand that it is an adventure which digresses from the usual path of life, and refers to regions which are no longer of a terrestrial nature. Or, to be more explicit, you will probably expect in a fairy tale the appearance of other beings besides mortal men; with the fate of the person of which the fairy tale treats it connects strange beings, such as fairies and magicians, genii and demons; the whole account assumes an extraordinary and wonderful form; it resembles the weaving of our carpets, and many pictures of our best masters, which the Franks term arabesques. The true Mussulman is forbidden to paint man, Allah's creature, in a sinful way, in colours and pictures. That is the reason one sees on those textures strangely intertwined trees and branches with human heads; men finishing off as fishes or shrubs; in short, figures which remind one of ordinary every-day life, and yet are most unnatural. You understand me, eh?"

"I think I can guess what you mean," said the scribe; "but do continue."

"Such is the character of the fairy tale—fabulous, extraordinary, and surprising. Because it is strange to ordinary life, the scene is often laid in foreign countries, or in remote and long bygone times. Every country, every people has such fairy tales—the Turks as well as the Persians, the Chinese as well as the Mongols; even in the land of the Frank there are said to be many; at least a learned giaour once told me about them. But they are not so beautiful as ours; for instead of lovely fairies who live in magnificent palaces, they have magic women called witches—malicious, ugly people, who live in wretched huts; and instead of riding through the blue air in a carriage made of a shell drawn by griffins, they ride on a broomstick through the mist. They have also gnomes and elves, which are diminutive, deformed little fellows, carrying on all sorts of pranks.

Such are fairy tales. But it is quite different with narrations usually called stories. These remain quite true to nature upon earth, happen in the usual course of life; and the most wonderful thing in them is merely the concatenation of the fates of one man, who, not by magic enchantment or fairy spells as in fairy tales, but by his own acts, or the extraordinary turn of circumstances, has become rich or poor, happy or unhappy."

"True!" replied one of the young men. "Such natural stories are also to be found amongst the excellent narrations of Scheherazade, called the Thousand and One Nights. Most of the adventures of the King Harun Al Raschid and his Viziers are of such a nature. They go out disguised, and witness some very peculiar event, which develops itself afterwards in quite a natural manner."

"And yet you must confess," continued the old man, "that those stories are not the worst part of the Arabian Nights. How greatly do they differ in their origin, in their course, in their whole tenour from the fairy tales of the Prince Biribinker, or those of the three dervishes with one eye, or the fisherman who draws out of the sea the box sealed with Solomon's seal! But there is after all a common source which lends its charm to both, namely, the fact that we experience something surprising and uncommon. With the fairy tale this singularity lies in that mixture of a fabulous magic power with the ordinary life of men, whereas with the stories something takes place in accordance with natural laws, but in a surprising and unusual manner."

"Strange!" exclaimed the scribe. "It is strange that this natural course of events attracts us as much as the supernatural in the fairy tales. What may be the cause of this?"

"That lies in the description of one individual," replied the old man. "In the fairy tale the wonderful part increases to such an extent, and man acts so little from his own impulse, that individual figures and their characters can only be depicted in a hasty manner. It is quite different however with the ordinary story, where the manner in which everyone, in accordance with his character, speaks and acts, forms the principal interest and the most attractive part."

"Indeed, you are right," replied the young merchant. "I have never taken the time to meditate properly about these things. I have merely regarded them in a casual manner; I have found pleasure in one, and tedium in the other, without really knowing why. You are giving us now, however, the key with which to unlock this mystery; a touchstone with which we can make a trial, to enable us to judge aright."

"Always do that," replied the old man. "And your enjoyment will increase when you learn to meditate upon that which you have heard. But look, yonder rises another one to relate a story."

So it was, and another slave began—

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

Sir! I am a German by birth and have only lived a short time in your country, so I cannot tell a Persian fairy tale or some other delightful story about Sultans and Viziers. You must permit me therefore to relate to you something of my native land, which may perhaps also give you some pleasure. Unfortunately our stories are not always so sublime as yours. That is to say, they do not treat about Sultans or our Kings, nor about Viziers and Pashas, who are called in our country Ministers of Justice and Finance, also Privy Councillors and the like; but they originate, if they do not refer to soldiers, as a rule very modestly among the citizens.

In the southern part of Germany lies the little town of Grünwiesel, where I was born and educated. It is a little town, like the majority of them. In the centre is a small market-place with a well, and by the side of it a small old town-hall; round about the market-place are the houses of the justices of the peace and the most esteemed merchants, and in a few narrow streets live the rest of the inhabitants. They all know one another; everybody knows what occurs everywhere; and whenever the rector or the burgomaster or the doctor has an extra dish served up, the whole town knows it at dinner-time. In the afternoon the women pay each other visits, and it is said they converse over the strong coffee and sweet cakes

about this great event, and the conclusion is, that the rector has probably played in the lottery and won a great deal, that the burgomaster has allowed himself to be bribed, or that the doctor has received some gold pieces from the apothecary in order to prescribe very expensive medicines. You may easily imagine, Sir, how unpleasant it must have been for such a well-ordered town as Grünwiesel when a man took up his residence there of whom no one knew whence he came, what he wanted, or how he lived. Although the burgomaster had seen his passport, a paper which everyone in our country must have——

"Is it then so unsafe in the streets," interrupted the Sheik, "that you must have a firman of your Sultan in order to enforce proper respect from the robbers?"

"No, Sir," replied the former, "these papers do not preserve us from thieves, but it is only for the sake of order, so that one knows everywhere with whom one has to deal. Well, the burgomaster had examined the passport, and said in a coffee-club of doctors that the passport had been very properly *viséed* from Berlin to Grünwiesel, but yet there was something wrong about it, for the man had a somewhat suspicious appearance. The burgomaster commanded the greatest respect in the town, and no wonder that the stranger was henceforth looked upon as a suspicious individual, and his mode of living could not change the opinion of my countrymen. The stranger hired for himself a whole house which had hitherto been empty, for a few gold pieces, had a whole vanful of quaint furniture, such as stoves, roasting-jacks, large saucepans and the like put into it, and henceforth lived entirely by himself. Nay, he even was his own cook, and not a human being entered his house except an old man from Grünwiesel, who had to buy his bread, meat and vegetables for him. And he was only allowed to come into the porch of the house, where the stranger received the purchased articles.

I was a boy ten years old when the man came to live in my native town, and I can even remember to-day, as if it had happened only yesterday, the disturbance this man caused in the little town. He did not come in the after-

noon to the skittle-ground like other men, or into the public-house at night like the others in order to discuss the newspaper and a pipe of tobacco. In vain did the burgomaster, the justice of the peace, the doctor and the rector invite him in turn to dinner or a cup of coffee—he always excused himself. Some therefore considered him a madman, others a Jew, a third party strongly maintained that he was a magician or wizard. I grew to be eighteen, twenty, and yet the man in the town was still called the strange gentleman.

It happened however one day that people with wild animals entered the town. These are a vagrant rabble, having a camel which can bow, a bear that can dance, some dogs and monkeys who look very comical in men's clothes, and perform all sorts of tricks. Such people generally travel through the town, halt at cross roads and squares, make discordant music upon a little drum and pipe, make their troop dance and jump, and then collect money from the houses. The troop however which made its appearance this time in Grünwiesel was distinguished by a tremendous orang-outang, who was almost as tall as a man, walked upon two legs, and could perform all sorts of clever tricks. This dog and monkey show also came before the house of the strange gentleman. When the drum and pipe sounded he made his appearance, unwillingly at first, behind the dark windows dim with age. But soon, however, he became more cheerful, looked out of the window to everybody's surprise, and laughed heartily at the tricks of the orang-outang. Nay, he even gave for the fun such a large silver piece that the whole town talked about it.

On the following morning the wild beast show went on its way. The camel had to carry many paniers, in which dogs and monkeys sat very comfortably; the animal drivers and the great monkey walked behind the camel. Scarcely had they gone a few hours' distance outside the town gate when the strange gentleman sent to the post-office, and demanded, to the great surprise of the post-master, a carriage and extra horses, and went out of the same gate and on the same road the animals had taken. The whole town was wroth that it could not be ascertained

whither he had travelled. Night had already set in when the strange gentleman again reached, in his carriage, the gate of the town. There was, however, another person in the carriage with him, having a hat drawn over his face, and a silk scarf tied over his mouth and ears. The toll-receiver considered it his duty to address the other stranger and ask him for his passport; the latter, however, answered very rudely, whilst muttering something in quite an unknown language.

"He is my nephew," said the strange gentleman to the toll-receiver in a friendly manner, whilst putting into his hand some silver coins; "he is my nephew, and understands at present only a little German. He has just been uttering oaths in his vernacular, for having been stopped here."

"Well, if it is your nephew," replied the toll-receiver, "he may enter without a passport. Undoubtedly he is going to live with you; is he not?"

"Certainly!" said the stranger; "and is likely to remain here for some time."

The toll-receiver offered no further objection, and the strange gentleman together with his nephew drove into the little town. The burgomaster as well as the whole town expressed their disapproval of the toll-receiver's conduct. He ought at any rate to have taken notice of some words of the nephew's language, from which one might have easily recognised what countrymen he and his uncle were. The toll-receiver however asserted that it was neither French nor Italian, but that it had sounded as broad as English; and, if he mistook not, the young gentleman had said "Confound it!" In this way the toll-receiver extricated himself from his difficulty and the young man received a name, for the people in the little town never talked about anything else now than the young Englishman.

But the young Englishman did not put in an appearance, either in the skittle-ground or beer-cellar; yet he caused the people a great deal of trouble in a different way. It very frequently happened that in the usually quiet house of the stranger a terrible crying and noise arose, so that the people congregated in crowds before the

house and looked up. The young Englishman was seen attired in a scarlet frock-coat and green trousers, his hair dishevelled, and a fearful mien, running as quick as lightning past the windows and about all the rooms; the old stranger pursued him in his scarlet dressing-gown, a hunting-whip in his hand, often missed him, but sometimes it appeared to the crowd outside that he must have struck the young fellow, for innumerable plaintive sounds of anguish and the cracking blows with the whip were heard. The women of the little town took such a lively interest in the cruel treatment of the strange young man that they at last induced the burgomaster to investigate the matter. He wrote a note to the strange gentleman, in which he reproached him, in somewhat severe terms, for his harsh treatment of his nephew, and threatened him that if such scenes were to occur again he would take the young man under his special protection.

But who was more astonished than the burgomaster himself on seeing the stranger enter his house for the first time in ten years. The old gentleman apologised for his treatment, which was by the special orders of the young man's parents, who had entrusted him to his care to be educated; he was anxious to teach his nephew to speak German fluently, in order to take the liberty of introducing him afterwards into society in Grünwiesel, and as he had the greatest difficulty in making him understand the language, he could do nothing better than whip him thoroughly. The burgomaster expressed his entire approval of this communication, advised the old gentleman to act with less severity, and related at night in the beer-cellar that he had seldom met with such a well-informed and polite man as the stranger. "It is a great pity," he added, "that he comes so little into society; but I think as soon as his nephew can speak a little German he will attend my gatherings oftener."

Through this single occurrence the opinion of the small town had completely changed. The stranger was considered a polite man, people were eager to become intimate with him, and thought it quite proper if now and again a terrible howling was heard in the deserted house. "He is giving his nephew lessons in the German

language," said the inhabitants of Grünwiesel, and no longer collected outside his house. After the lapse of nearly three months, instruction in the German language seemed to have been finished; for the old man now went a step further. There lived an old infirm Frenchman in the town, who gave young men instruction in dancing; the stranger sent for him, and told him that he was desirous of letting his nephew have lessons in dancing. He gave him to understand that although his nephew was very docile, yet as regards dancing he was somewhat obstinate; he had formerly learned dancing of some other master, and that after such a peculiar fashion that he could not figure properly when in society. His nephew however considered himself on that very account a fine dancer, although his dancing had not the slightest resemblance to a waltz or galop (dances which are danced in my native land), not even a resemblance to Scotch or French dances. He promised him a dollar an hour, and the dancing-master undertook with pleasure to instruct the obstinate pupil.

There was, as the Frenchman told me privately, nothing more peculiar in the world than these dancing lessons. The nephew, a tolerably tall slim young man, whose legs were somewhat short, appeared in a scarlet frock-coat, wide green trousers and kid gloves, and with his hair neatly done. He spoke little and with a foreign accent, was at first very polite and clever, but often however he suddenly made comical jumps, and danced in the wildest fashion, so that the dancing-master almost lost his senses: whenever he wanted to point out to him his mistakes, the nephew would take off his elegant dancing shoes, throw them at the Frenchman's head, and then caper about the room on all fours. At this noise the old gentleman, in a loose scarlet dressing-gown, a gold-paper cap on his head, would then rush out of his room, and let the hunting-whip fall somewhat roughly upon his nephew's back. The nephew then began to howl terribly, jumped upon tables and a high chest of drawers, nay even up to the cross bars of the window, and spoke in a foreign and strange language. The old man in his scarlet dressing-gown, however, did

not allow himself to lose his self-possession, seized him by the leg, pulled him down, thrashed him, and by means of a buckle drew his necktie more tightly, after which he always became polite and orderly, and the dancing lesson continued without interruption.

When, however, the dancing-master had so far succeeded with his pupil that music might accompany the lesson, the nephew became thoroughly changed. A town musician was hired, who had to sit on the table in the hall of the lonely house. The dancing-master then represented the lady-partner, whilst the old gentleman allowed him to put on a woman's silk dress and an East Indian shawl. The nephew now invited him, and commenced to dance and waltz. He was however an unwearіable, mad dancer; he did not relax his hold of the master with his long arms, and even if he groaned or cried out he was obliged to dance until he fell down quite exhausted, or until the town musician's arm became stiff on his violin.

These dancing-lessons almost killed the dancing-master; but the dollar, which he duly received every time, and the good wine which the old gentleman gave him encouraged him to come again, even if he had determined the day before not to enter the deserted house again.

The inhabitants of Grünwiesel however regarded the matter in quite another light than the Frenchman. They discovered that the young man possessed great aptitude for social life, and the young ladies in the small town rejoiced, owing to the great scarcity of gentlemen, in acquiring such an expert dancer for the coming winter.

One morning the servants returning from the market related to their masters and mistresses an extraordinary event. They had seen in front of the deserted house a splendid glass carriage drawn by magnificent horses, and the servant in rich livery holding the carriage door open. Suddenly the door of the deserted house had opened, and two handsomely dressed gentlemen had stepped out, one of whom was the old stranger, and the other probably the young gentleman who had such great difficulty in learning German, and who danced so madly.

Both of them had entered the carriage, the servant had jumped up behind, and the carriage to everybody's surprise had taken the direction straight towards the burgomaster's house.

As soon as the ladies had heard such news as this from their servants they quickly tore off their cooking-aprons and their somewhat soiled caps, and donned their best clothes.

"There is nothing more certain," they said to their families, whilst everybody was running about to put things straight in the drawing-rooms, which served also at the same time for any other purpose; "there is nothing more certain than that the stranger is going to introduce his nephew into society. The old fool has not been so polite for ten years as to enter our house, but we must forgive him for that on account of his nephew, who is said to be a charming young man." Thus they spoke, and admonished their sons and daughters to appear well-behaved, and if the strangers should come, to assume a dignified air and to use more refined language than usual.

The shrewd women in the little town had guessed aright; for the old gentleman drove about from house to house, in order to introduce himself and his nephew to the favour of the families.

The people were everywhere delighted with the two strangers, and regretted not having made their pleasant acquaintance before. The old gentleman proved himself to be a very wealthy, intelligent man, who smiled a little at everything he said, so that one was not certain as to whether he was in earnest or not. He spoke about the weather, the country, about the summer pleasures, the beer-cellar by the hill, in so clever and thoughtful a manner that everyone was charmed by it. But the nephew! He enchanted everybody and gained all hearts for himself. As regards his exterior, it could not be said he was very handsome. The lower part of his face, especially his chin, was too prominent, and his complexion was of a dark colour; he also made at times all sorts of peculiar grimaces, shut his eyes, and showed his teeth, but still people found the cut of his features very interesting. There could be nothing more agile or graceful than his figure. Although his clothes hung down in a somewhat peculiar manner

from his body, yet all suited him excellently. He walked about the room with great vivacity, threw himself now upon a sofa, now into an armchair, and stretched out his legs; but what people would have considered very rude and unsuitable in any other young man was looked upon in the nephew as geniality. "He is an Englishman," people said, "and they are all like that; an Englishman may lie down upon the sofa and sleep, while there is no room for ten ladies, who are obliged to stand: such things cannot be thought amiss in an Englishman." Towards the old gentleman, his uncle, he was very obedient; for whenever he commenced to hop about in the room, or when he wished to put his feet on the armchair, a serious look was sufficient to bring him to order. And how was it possible to take offence at him, considering his uncle told every lady of the house: "My nephew is still somewhat rough and uneducated, but I hope a great deal from society, which will polish and educate him properly; and to you I recommend him most warmly."

Thus the nephew had been introduced into society, and the whole town of Grünwiesel talked about nothing else on this day and the following except this event. The old gentleman, however, did not stop here; he appeared to have completely changed his mode of thinking and living. In the afternoon he went with his nephew to the beer-cellar near the hill, where the most respected gentlemen of Grünwiesel drank beer and enjoyed themselves in playing at skittles. The nephew here showed himself a master in the art; for he never knocked down less than five or six. But every now and again a peculiar idea seemed to possess him. Sometimes he would take it into his mind to throw the ball amongst the skittles with the quickness of an arrow, causing all sorts of mad freaks; or whenever he had knocked down a great number, or the king, he would suddenly stand on his nicely brushed head and stretch his leg in the air; or if a carriage drove past, he would mount on the top of it before anyone was aware of it, make grimaces to the people below, ride along with it a short way, and then come running back into society.

The old gentleman then used to beg pardon of the

burgomaster and the other gentlemen, whenever such scenes occurred, for his nephew's rudeness. They however laughed, ascribed it to his youth, and said that at his age they had been just as wild, and loved the young "Springall," as they called him, very much.

There were times, however, when they were not a little annoyed at him, and yet dared not say anything, because the young Englishman was looked upon generally as a pattern of education and common sense. The old gentleman now also came with his nephew at night into the Golden Stag, the public-house of the little town. Although the nephew was as yet quite a young man, yet he acted like an elderly one; he sat down behind his tankard, put on an immense pair of spectacles, took out an enormous pipe, lighted it, and puffed more vigorously than anyone else. Whenever they argued about the newspaper, war or peace, and the doctor expressed this opinion and the burgomaster that,—most of the other gentlemen were quite astonished at their profound knowledge of politics,—it would suddenly occur to the nephew to entertain quite a different opinion. He would then strike the table with his hand, from which he never removed his gloves, and tell the burgomaster and the doctor in no unmistakable language that they had but a superficial knowledge of all this, and that he had heard a different account about these things and had a profounder knowledge of them. He would then express his opinion in very peculiar broken German, which all found very excellent, to the great annoyance of the burgomaster; for the nephew being an Englishman must of course know more about it.

If the burgomaster and the doctor then sat down in a rage, to which they were not allowed to give vent, in order to have a game at chess, the nephew would move towards them, look over the burgomaster's shoulder with his enormous spectacles, finding fault with this or that move, telling the doctor to move in such and such a way, so that both men became very wroth inwardly; and if the burgomaster offered to play with him, in order to thoroughly checkmate him—for he considered himself a second Philidor—the old gentleman would draw the

nephew's necktie tighter, upon which he became very polite and orderly, and checkmated the burgomaster.

The people of Grünwiesel had hitherto played cards almost every evening for half a kreutzer; this the nephew considered pitiful; he staked dollars and ducats, and said no one could play as well as he did, but he usually reconciled the offended gentlemen again by losing enormous sums of money to them. They did not scruple too to deprive him of large sums of money, for "he is an Englishman, and is rolling in wealth," they said, putting the ducats into their pockets.

In this way the nephew of the strange gentleman soon commanded great respect in the town and neighbourhood. No one within the memory of man could recollect ever to have seen a young man of this kind in Grünwiesel, and it was the most extraordinary appearance one had ever noticed. It could not be said that the nephew had learned anything except a little dancing, for Latin and Greek were to him, as the saying is, "Bohemian villages." One day when playing in company at the burgomaster's house he had to write something, and it was discovered that he could not even write his own name; in geography he made the most flagrant blunders; for he was not at all particular in placing a German town in France, or a Danish one in Poland; he had read nothing, studied nothing, and the rector often shook his head at the dense ignorance of the young man; and yet all he did and said was approved of; he was so impudent that he would always have it that he was in the right, and he ended every remark by saying: "I know better than that!"

Winter now approached, and then the nephew came out in still greater glory. Society was found very monotonous in which he did not make his appearance; people yawned when some intelligent man said something; but when the nephew, though it might be the greatest rubbish, said something in bad German, all paid the greatest attention. It was now first discovered that the excellent young man was also a poet, for not an evening passed on which he did not pull some pieces of paper out of his pocket, and read some sonnets to the company. There were indeed some people who maintained that parts of these

poems were poor and without sense, and that they had read other parts already in print somewhere; but the nephew did not allow himself to be abashed by it, he kept on reading, called attention each time to the beauty of his verses, and every time immense applause followed.

His triumphs however were at the balls of Grünwiesel. No one was able to dance with more perseverance and celerity than he, no one made so bold and unusually graceful movements as he. On such occasions his uncle had him dressed always in the most splendid fashion, after the latest style; and although his clothes did not fit him very well, yet everyone said that all suited him excellently, although the men felt somewhat annoyed at these dances by the new style in which he appeared. At other times the burgomaster himself had always opened the ball; the most distinguished young men had the right to arrange the other dances; but since the foreign young gentleman had appeared, all this was changed. Without much asking, he took the nearest lady by the hand, took the lead with her, did exactly as he liked, and was lord and master, as well as the ball-king. But because the ladies found his manners very excellent and pleasant, the gentlemen were not allowed to offer any objections, and the nephew remained in possession of his assumed dignity.

Such a ball seemed to afford the greatest pleasure to the old gentleman: he did not take his eyes off his nephew, always smiled to himself, and when everybody hastened towards him in order to express their praises of the polite and well-educated youth, he was almost beside himself with joy, burst into a merry laughter, and acted as if he were a fool; the inhabitants of Grünwiesel ascribed these peculiar outbursts of joy to his great love for his nephew, and considered it quite the thing. But every now and again he had to enforce his paternal authority towards his nephew; for it would occur to the young man amidst the most elegant dances, to jump with a bold bound on the platform where the town musicians were sitting, wrench the double-bass out of the hand of the musician, and rasp upon it terribly; or he would suddenly

change and dance upon his hands, whilst stretching his legs in the air. On such occasions the uncle would take him aside, lecture him severely, and pull his necktie tighter until he became quite orderly again.

In such a manner the nephew conducted himself in society and at balls. But, as is the usual case with manners, the bad ones always spread faster than the good ones; and a new peculiar fashion, although it may be ridiculous, yet has always something contagious in it for young people, who have not as yet thought for themselves or others. So was it too in Grünwiesel with the nephew and his extraordinary manners; for when the young people saw how he, with his awkward manners, his vulgar laughter and talking, and his rude answers to elderly people, was rather praised than blamed, and that all this was even considered very clever, they thought to themselves, "it is an easy matter for me too to be a rough genius of that sort." They were otherwise industrious and clever young men; now, however, they thought: "What is the use of learning, if one succeeds better with ignorance?" They neglected their books and strolled about everywhere in the squares and streets. Formerly they had been kind and polite towards everybody, waited till they were asked, and answered in a becoming and modest manner; they now put themselves on equal terms with grown-up people, joined them in their conversations, maintained their opinions, and even laughed the burgomaster in the face when he made any remark, and pretended to know better about everything.

At one time the young folk of Grünwiesel had detested rude and low manners. Now they sang all sorts of common songs, smoked tobacco out of enormous pipes, and frequented low public houses; they also purchased, although they could see very well, large eye-glasses, put them on their noses, and imagined themselves now to be made men; for they resembled the celebrated nephew. At home, or when on a visit, they would stretch themselves with boots and spurs upon the couches, rock on chairs in polite society, or rest their cheeks on both fists with their elbows upon the table, which was now looked upon as the height of elegance. In vain did their mothers and friends

tell them how silly, how ill-mannered all this was, they appealed to the noble example of the nephew. In vain people represented to them that one had to excuse in the nephew, being a young Englishman, a certain national rudeness, but the young people of Grünwiesel claimed to be as much entitled as the best Englishman to show their ill-manners in a genius-like way; in short, it was a pity that through the evil example of the nephew the good manners and habits of Grünwiesel entirely disappeared.

But the joy of the young men at their ill-mannered and unrestrained life did not last long; for the following occurrence suddenly changed the whole scene. The pleasures of winter were to conclude with a grand concert, which was to be carried out partly by the town musicians, partly by skilled amateur musicians of Grünwiesel. The burgomaster played the violoncello, the doctor the bassoon in first-rate style, the apothecary, although he had no great talent for it, played the flute; some young ladies of Grünwiesel had practised some songs, and all was excellently arranged. The strange old gentleman expressed his opinion that although the concert if carried out in this way, would be a grand success, yet a duet was undoubtedly wanting, and a duet ought necessarily to be sung at any proper concert. This remark caused some perplexity, for although the burgomaster's daughter sang like a nightingale, yet where could they find a gentleman to sing a duet with her? People at last hit upon the old organist who had at one time sung an excellent bass; the stranger however said that all this was unnecessary, for his nephew could sing quite extraordinarily. No little surprise was expressed at this new excellent quality of the young man. He had to sing something for a trial, and saving some very extraordinary manners which were looked upon as being English, he sang like an angel. The duet was hastily practised, and the evening at last arrived on which the ears of the inhabitants of Grünwiesel were to be delighted by the concert.

The old stranger was unfortunately prevented from witnessing his nephew's triumph, owing to illness; he gave, however, to the burgomaster, who visited him an hour before, some instruction as to his nephew.

"My nephew is a good soul," he said, "but every now and again he takes it into his head to commit all sorts of peculiar freaks and follies; on that account I regret to be unable to be present at the concert; he has the utmost respect for me, and he indeed knows why. I must say it, however, to his honour, that this is not from mental wantonness, but it is physical, it lies in his whole nature; should he think, Mr. burgomaster, of sitting upon a music-desk, or should he wish to play the double bass or such like thing, will you be good enough then to loosen his high cravat a little, or if that has not the desired effect, take it off altogether, and you will see how polite and well-mannered he will become."

The burgomaster thanked the patient for his confidence, and promised in case of necessity to do all he advised him.

The concert-room was densely crowded; for the whole town of Grünwiesel and the neighbourhood had come. All the squires, parsons, magistrates, gentlemen-farmers and others, from a distance of three leagues, had come, accompanied by their numerous families, in order to share such a rare treat together with the inhabitants of Grünwiesel. The town musicians played excellently; after them appeared the burgomaster playing the violoncello, accompanied by the apothecary with the flute; after this the organist sang a bass solo and was greatly applauded, and the doctor too was not a little clapped when he began to play on the bassoon.

The first part of the concert was over, and everybody was eager for the second, in which the young stranger and the burgomaster's daughter were to sing a duet. The nephew had made his appearance in a splendid suit of clothes, and had already attracted the attention of all present for some time. He had taken possession with little ceremony of the magnificent armchair which had been put there for the Countess from the neighbourhood; he stretched out his legs, looked at everybody through his enormous opera-glasses, which he had also brought with him besides his big eye-glasses, played with a big butcher's dog which, although it was forbidden to bring in dogs, he had introduced with him into the company.

The Countess for whom the armchair had been reserved made her appearance, but the nephew made no sign of getting up and offering her the place. On the contrary, he made himself even still more comfortable in it, and no one dared to say anything about it to the young man. The distinguished lady therefore had to sit on quite an ordinary straw chair amongst the other ladies of the little town, and is said to have been not a little annoyed at it.

Whilst the burgomaster was playing splendidly and the organist singing his solo, nay, even whilst the doctor was playing on the bassoon, and all holding their breath and listening, the nephew made the dog fetch his handkerchief, or talked quite audibly with his neighbour, so that everybody who did not know him expressed surprise at the rude manners of the young gentleman.

No wonder therefore, that everybody was eager to see how he would sing in the duet. The second part had commenced; the town musicians had played an air or two, when the burgomaster with his daughter went up to the young man, and giving him his piece of music said—"Monsieur, will you now have the kindness to sing the duet?" The young man laughed, showed his teeth, jumped up, and the two followed him to the music-desk, the whole company being full of expectation. The organist began to beat time and beckoned to the nephew to begin. The latter looked through his large eye-glasses on the notes, and uttered terrible and plaintive sounds. The organist cried out to him—"two notes lower, my dear sir; you must sing C!"

But instead of singing C, the nephew took off one of his shoes and hurled it at the organist's head, so that the powder flew about in all directions. When the burgomaster saw this he thought—"Ha! he is having one of his physical fits again," hastened up, seized him by the throat, and loosened his necktie a little, but this had only the effect of making the young man still worse. He no longer spoke German, but a totally different language, which no one understood, and bounded about the room in gigantic jumps. The burgomaster was in despair at this unpleasant interruption, and he therefore resolved, presuming that something of a very grave nature must have

happened to the young man, to undo his neck-tie altogether. But no sooner had he done this, than he stopped thunderstruck with terror, for inst ad of having a human skin and colour the young man's neck was clothed in a dark brown hide, and he immediately jumped higher, and in a more peculiar manner still, ruffled his hair with his kid gloves, pulled it off, and, O wonder! this beautiful hair was nothing but a wig, which he threw in the burgomaster's face; and now his head too seemed covered with the same dark skin.

He jumped over tables and benches, turned over the music-desks, broke the violins and clarinette, and behaved like a madman. "Catch him, catch him," exclaimed the burgomaster, quite beside himself, "he is mad, catch him!" This was however a difficult matter, for he had taken off his gloves, and showed sharp nails on his hands, which he thrust into the people's faces and scratched them terribly. At last a courageous huntsman succeeded in capturing him. He pressed his long arms tightly together, so that he could only move his legs, and laugh and shriek in a hollow voice. The people collected around him, and looked at the strange youth, who no longer presented the appearance of a man. A learned gentleman however from the neighbourhood, who owned a large museum, and had all sorts of stuffed animals, approached, looked at him carefully, and then said full of surprise: "Gracious goodness, ladies and gentlemen, how can you bring such an animal into polite society? Why, this is the monkey *Homo Troglodytes Linnaei*, for which I offer you six dollars ready money if you will sell him to me, and I shall skin him for my museum."

Who can describe the surprise of the people of Grünwiesel when they heard this! What, a monkey, an orang-outang in our company! The young stranger quite a common monkey! they exclaimed, and looked at one another in mute surprise. People would not believe it, they would not hear of it; the men examined the animal more closely, but it was, and remained quite a natural monkey.

"But how is this possible?" exclaimed the burgomaster's wife. "Has he not often read poems to me? Did he not dine with us just like any other human being?"

"What?" argued the doctor's wife. "How? Did he not frequently drink a cup of coffee at my house, and a great deal too, and speak and smoke in a rational manner with my husband?"

"How is it possible?" exclaimed the men. "Did he not play at skittles with us in the beer-cellar, and dispute about politics just like one of us?"

"And what's more," they all lamented, "did he not even take the lead at our balls? A monkey! A monkey! It is a marvel, it is witchcraft!"

"Yes, indeed it is witchcraft and the devil's work," said the burgomaster, whilst producing the nephew's or rather the monkey's necktie. "Look! in this necktie lay hidden the whole magic, which made him so amiable in our eyes. Here is a broad band of flexible parchment, and all sorts of peculiar marks are written on it. I believe it is Latin; is there anyone who can read it?"

The rector a clever man, who had often been check-mated by the monkey at chess, came forward, looked at the parchment and said: "Not at all! They are merely Latin characters, and read as follows:

"The monkey is a comical brute,
When he eats an apple or other fruit."

Yes, yes," he continued, "it is a cruel deception, a kind of witchcraft which deserves a most exemplary punishment."

The burgomaster was of the same opinion, and he immediately set out for the house of the stranger, who must be undoubtedly a magician. Six soldiers carried the monkey, and the stranger was to be examined at once. They reached the lonely house accompanied by an enormous number of people, for everybody was anxious to know the result of the affair. People knocked at the door, rang the bell, but all in vain, no one appeared. The burgomaster, enraged, had the door battered in, and went into the stranger's apartments. But nothing was to be seen in them except all sorts of old household furniture. The strange gentleman was nowhere to be found. On his work-table however lay a large-sealed letter addressed to the burgomaster, who immediately opened it and read as follows:—

"My dear people of Grünwiesel.

When you read this I shall be no longer in your little town, and you will by that time have undoubtedly learned who and of what country my dear nephew is. Take the joke, which I took the liberty of playing upon you, as a useful warning not to force into your society, a stranger who is desirous of living by himself. I felt myself too good to share your everlasting gossip, your vulgar customs and your ridiculous manners. For this reason I brought up a young orang-outang, which you seem to have become so fond of, as my representative. Farewell, profit by this lesson as much as lies in your power."

The inhabitants of Grünwiesel were thoroughly ashamed of themselves before the whole country. Their only consolation was that all this had happened in such a supernatural way; but most of all were the young men of Grünwiesel ashamed of themselves, because they had imitated the vulgar habits and customs of the monkey. Henceforth they no longer planted their elbows upon the tables, or rocked themselves in arm-chairs: they did not speak until they were questioned, they discarded eye-glasses, and were as polite and well-mannered as in former times; and if any one ever afterwards relapsed into such vulgar and ridiculous manners, the inhabitants of Grünwiesel would say, "He is a monkey."

The monkey, however, who had so long played the role of a young gentleman, was handed over to the learned man who had a museum. He allows him to run about in his yard, feeds him, and exhibits him to strangers as a curiosity, and he may be seen even at the present day."

Laughter arose in the hall when the slave had concluded, and the young men laughed too. "There must be some peculiar people amongst these Franks. Upon my word I would much rather be with the Sheik or Mufti, in Alexandria than in the company of the rector or the burgomaster, and their foolish women in Grünwiesel!"

"You have spoken wisely," replied the young merchant. I should not like to be dead and buried in Frankistan, for the Franks are a rude, wild, and barbarous

nation, and it must be terrible for an educated Turk or Persian to live there."

"You will soon hear something about that," said the old man. "Judging from what the overseer of the slaves told me, that handsome young man yonder is going to relate many things about Frankistan, for he has lived there a long time, and yet is a Mussulman by birth."

"What, the one who sits last in the row? Really it is a sin for the Sheik to grant him his liberty! He is the handsomest slave in the whole country. Just look at his bold features, his fiery eyes, and his noble stature. He might easily employ him with some light work. He might appoint him to drive away the flies or to carry his pipe. It is great fun to be appointed to such an office, and indeed such a slave is the ornament of a whole household. He has only been here three days, and yet he gives him his liberty! It is folly, it is a sin."

"Do not blame him who is wiser than anyone in the whole of Egypt," said the old man, with emphasis. "Have I not told you already that he sets him free because he thinks to obtain thereby Allah's blessing. You say he is handsome and well-built, which is quite true. But the Sheik's son, whom may the Prophet bring back into his paternal home, the Sheik's son too was a handsome boy, and must be quite grown up now and well-formed. Is he therefore to save his money and set a cheap, deformed slave at liberty, in the hope of getting his own son for him? Whosoever desires to do something in the world, let him do it properly or not at all!"

"Just look! the Sheik's eyes are always fixed upon this slave. I have noticed it the whole evening. During the recital of the stories, his looks often turned that way, and rested on the noble features of the one about to be liberated. I am sure he must feel a little sorry to give him his liberty."

"Do not imagine that of the man! Do you think he would feel the loss of a thousand tomans, he who receives three times as much a day?" said the old man. "But when he looks upon the young man sorrowfully, he recalls his own son, who is languishing in a foreign country; he is thinking whether there might not dwell

there some kind-hearted man who would ransom him and send him back to his father."

"I dare say you are right," replied the young merchant. "And I am ashamed of myself for always thinking about people in a common and unjust manner, whilst you prefer to impute to them high motives. And yet men as a rule are bad; is that not your experience too, old man?"

"Just because I have not experienced this, I like to think good of men," he answered. "It was just the same with me as it was with you. I lived thoughtlessly, heard many bad things about men, experienced many bad things myself, and began to consider all men as worthless creatures. But all of a sudden I remembered that Allah, who is as just as he is wise, could not bear that such a vile race should live upon this beautiful earth. I meditated upon that which I had seen and experienced, and behold I had only counted the evil things, and omitted the good ones. I had paid no attention when anyone performed a kind-hearted action, I had taken it as a matter of course when whole families lived virtuously and honestly. But as often as I heard of some evil or bad thing, I immediately took notice of it. Then I began to look around with totally different eyes. I was glad to see the good things growing not so sparingly, as I thought at first; I saw less of evil things, or I paid no attention to them, and thus I learned to love men, and think good of them; and I have been less mistaken for many years when speaking good things of men than when I considered them avaricious, or vulgar, or godless."

The old man, whilst saying these words, was interrupted by the overseer of the slaves, who came towards him and said: "Sir, the Sheik of Alexandria, Ali Banu, has noticed with pleasure your presence in the hall, and he invites you to come near him and to sit down by his side."

The young men were not a little surprised at the honour which was to be paid to the old man whom they had taken for a beggar, and after he had gone to sit down by the side of the Sheik, they detained the overseer

of the slaves, and the Scrivener asked him: "By the beard of the Prophet, I adjure you to tell us who this old man is, with whom we were speaking, and who is so greatly honoured by the Sheik?"

"What?" cried the overseer of the slaves, clapping his hands in surprise. "Do you not know this man?"

"No, we do not know who he is."

"But I have seen you talking with him several times in the street, and my master, the Sheik, has also noticed this, and only lately remarked: "Those must be clever young men whom this man favours with his conversation."

"But do tell us who he is!" cried the young merchant with the greatest impatience.

"Go away, you only want to make a fool of me," replied the overseer of the slaves. "As a rule no one is allowed to enter this room unless he is expressly invited, and to-day the old man sent to the Sheik asking for permission to bring some young men with him into the hall. Ali Banu sent word to him to say that his whole house was at his command!"

"Do not leave us any longer in uncertainty. As true as I live, I do not know who that man is. We made his acquaintance quite accidentally and conversed with him!"

"Well, you may consider yourselves very fortunate, for you have conversed with a learned and celebrated man, and all here present honour and admire you on that account. It is no one else than Mustapha, the learned dervish."

"Mustapha! the wise Mustapha, who educated the Sheik's son and who wrote so many learned books, and has made such great journeys in all parts of the world? We have spoken with Mustapha? And spoken to him, just as if he were like one of us, and that without the slightest reverence?"

The young men were still engaged in conversation about these tales and about the old man, the dervish Mustapha. They felt themselves not a little honoured, that so

old and celebrated a man should have favoured them with his attention, and had even spoken and argued with them on several occasions. Suddenly the overseer of the slaves approached, and invited them to go with him to the Sheik who desired to speak to them. The hearts of the young men throbbed. Never before had they spoken with so distinguished a man, no not even in private, much less in so grand an assembly. They soon, however, recovered self-possession in order not to appear as fools, and went with the overseer of the slaves to the Sheik. Ali Banu was sitting upon a richly embroidered cushion and drinking sherbet. On his right sat the old man, his plain dress lay upon the splendid cushions, his poor sandals he had laid on a magnificent carpet of Persian manufacture, but his fine head, his eye full of dignity and wisdom, indicated that he was worthy to sit by the side of such a man as the Sheik.

The Sheik looked very grave, and the old man appeared to be consoling and encouraging him. The young men thought that they discovered, in having been called to the presence of the Sheik, some ruse of the old man, who was probably anxious to distract the mourning father by a conversation with them.

"Be welcome, young men," said the Sheik. "Be welcome to Ali Banu's house. My old friend here has earned my thanks by introducing you; I am nevertheless somewhat angry at his not having introduced me to you before. Who amongst you is the young scribe?

"I am he, my lord, and at your service!" said the young scribe, whilst crossing his arms across his breast and making a deep bow.

"Is it you who are so fond of listening to stories, and delight in reading books containing beautiful verses and maxims?"

The young man blushed and said: "My lord, it is true; as far as I am concerned there is no more pleasant occupation for me than to spend the whole day in such things. They improve the mind and while away the time. But everyone to his liking, and I certainly do not blame any one who does not——"

"All right, all right," interrupted the Sheik laughing,

and beckoned the second to approach, "Who are you?" he asked him.

"Sir, my profession is that of an assistant to a physician, and I have also already healed some sick people myself." "Just so," replied the Sheik, "and it is you who are so fond of good living; you would like to dine with some merry friends now and again, and be of good cheer? Is that not so? Have I not guessed it?"

The young man was ashamed; he felt he was betrayed, and that the old man must also have spoken to the Sheik about him. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession and said: "Quite true, O master, I count it amongst the blessings of life to enjoy myself every now and again with some good friends. My means are limited to buying for my friends only water-melons, and such like cheap things with which to regale them; but still even then we are cheerful, and it may be easily imagined we should be more so, if I were richer."

The Sheik was delighted at this candid answer, and could not refrain from laughing at it. "Who, then, is the young merchant?" he asked further.

The young merchant bowed before the Sheik with an easy grace, for he was a young man of good education. The Sheik however said: "Well, and you? you delight in music and dancing? You are fond of listening to clever artists when they play or sing something, or watching dancers performing some clever dances?"

The young merchant answered: "I perceive, O Master, that that old man yonder, in order to amuse you, has betrayed all our foolishnesses. If he has succeeded in cheering you up by it, I am glad I have amused you. But as to music and dancing, I must confess there is nothing which rejoices my heart more. But you must not imagine however that I blame you on that account, my lord, if you do not as well——"

"That will do, no more!" cried the Sheik, smiling, motioning him off with his hand. Every one to his liking, you were going to say I suppose; but I see one more standing there; I dare say that is the one who would like to travel! Who are you, young man?"

"I am a painter, my lord," replied the young man; "I

paint landscapes on the ceilings of halls and also on canvas. To see foreign countries is certainly my desire, for one sees there all sorts of pretty scenes which can be turned to advantage again: and what one sees and draws is as a rule much more beautiful than what he invents himself."

The Sheik now looked at the handsome young men, and his eye became grave and gloomy. "Once upon a time I too had a beloved son," he said, "and he would be by this time almost as tall as you. You would be his comrades and companions, and every one of your wishes would be gratified. With one he would read, with the other listen to music, and with the other he would invite pleasant friends, and be cheerful and in high spirits, and with the painter I should allow him to travel in beautiful countries, and would have the assurance that he would always return to me. Allah, however, has not decreed it so, and I submit to his will without murmuring. But still, it is in my power to fulfil your wishes after all, and you shall depart from Ali Banu with a glad heart."

"You, my learned friend," he continued, whilst turning to the Scribe, "take up your abode henceforth at my house, and act as my librarian. You may buy any books you like and which you consider instructive, and your only occupation shall be, after having read some beautiful story, to relate it to me. You, who are fond of a good table amongst friends, shall be appointed overseer of my pleasures. Although I myself live in a secluded and sad manner, yet it is my duty, and my position requires it, to invite many guests now and again. You shall look after everything instead of me, and be permitted to invite as many of your friends as you like; of course to something better than water-melons. As regards the young merchant I must not take him away from his business, which procures for him money and honour; but every evening, my young friend, dancers, singers, and musicians are at your service as much as you like. Let them play to you, and dance to your heart's content. And you," he said to the painter, "you shall travel in foreign countries, and improve your talent by experience. My treasurer will give you a thousand gold pieces for your first journey, so that you may start to-morrow, together with two horses

and a slave. Travel wherever your heart desires, and whenever you see anything beautiful, paint it for me."

The young men were beside themselves with surprise, and speechless with joy and thanks. They were about to kiss the earth at the feet of the kind man, but he prevented them. "If your thanks are due to anyone," he said, "it is to this wise man here, who spoke to me about you. He has also caused me great pleasure by having procured me the acquaintance of four such bright young men as you are."

The dervish Mustapha, however, declined the thanks of the young men. "Behold," he said, "how one ought never to judge hastily; did I tell you too much about this generous man?" "Let us listen to the story of one more slave who is to be set at liberty to-day;" interrupted Ali Banu, and the young men went back to their places.

That young slave who had in such a high degree attracted the attention of everyone by his stature, his beauty, and his bold look, now arose, bowed to the Sheik, and commenced in a clear voice to relate:

THE STORY OF ALMANSOR.

My Lord! the men who have spoken before me have related many wonderful stories, which they had heard in foreign countries; I regret to have to confess that I do not know one single story which is worthy of your attention. If I do not weary you however, I will relate to you the wonderful adventures of one of my friends.

Upon that Algerian corsair boat, from which your kind hand has liberated me, was a young man of my age, who did not seem to have been born for the slave's dress which he wore. The other unfortunate ones on the ship were either coarse men, with whom I did not care to live, or people whose language I did not understand; and, therefore, whenever we had an hour to spare I liked to be with this young man. He called himself Almansor, and to judge from his pronunciation he was an Egyptian. We conversed with each other in a most pleasant manner, and one day it occurred to us to relate the story of our lives to

one another, on which occasion my friend's was certainly far more wonderful than mine.

Almansor's father was a distinguished man in an Egyptian town, the name of which he did not tell me. He spent the days of his childhood in a pleasant and cheerful manner, surrounded by all the splendour and comfort on earth. In spite of all this, however, he was not brought up in an effeminate manner, but his mind was early developed; for his father was a wise man, who taught him lessons of virtue, and besides he had a teacher who was a celebrated learned man, who instructed him in everything that a young man should know. Almansor was about ten years of age when the Franks came across the seas into the country, and began to wage war with its people.

The boy's father, however, could not have been very favourably disposed towards the Franks; for one day just as he was about to go to morning prayers, they came to his house demanding at first his wife as a hostage to prove his good intentions towards the Frankish people, and on his refusal, they dragged his son by force into their camp.

When the young slave had related this, the Sheik covered his face, and a murmur of displeasure arose in the hall. "How can that young man act so foolishly," cried the Sheik's friends, "and tear open Ali Banu's wounds by such stories, instead of healing them? How can he renew his grief instead of distracting it?" The overseer of the slaves himself was full of anger at the young man's impudence, and ordered him to hold his tongue. The young slave, however, was very much surprised at all this, and asked the Sheik whether there was anything in his story which had given him displeasure. On hearing this the Sheik rose and said: "Calm yourselves, my good friends; how can this young man know anything about my sore distress, considering he has only been three days under my roof? Is it not possible that with the cruelties which the Franks commit there may not be a story similar to mine? Can it not possibly be that even this Alamansor—but never mind, go on with your story, my young friend." The young slave bowed, and continued: The young Almansor was thus

carried into the camp of the Franks. On the whole he fared very well, for one of the generals permitted him to come into his tent, being delighted at the boy's answers, which a dragoman had to interpret for him; he took care to see that he was well provided for as regards food and clothing, but the longing for his father and mother made the boy very unhappy. He cried for many days, but his tears did not move these men. The camp was broken up, and Almansor now thought he would be allowed to return home. But such was not the case. The army moved hither and thither, waged war with the Mamelukes, and always dragged the young Almansor with them. When on such occasions he entreated the captains and the generals to allow him to return home, they refused, and said that he was to be a security for his father's fidelity. In this way he had been many days on the march.

All of a sudden, however, a commotion arose in the army, which the boy did not fail to notice. They spoke about packing, retreating, embarking, and Almansor was beside himself with joy; for now if the Franks returned to their country, he would again be free. They went with horses and carriages towards the shore, and they had gone so far that they could see before them ships lying at anchor. The soldiers embarked, but night set in when only a small part had been put on board. However anxious Almansor was to have kept awake, for he believed that at any moment he might be set at liberty, yet he fell at last into a deep sleep; and he believed that the Franks had mixed something with the water in order to make him sleepy; for when he awoke, broad daylight shone into a little room in which he had not been when he fell asleep. He jumped up from his couch, but on touching the ground he fell down, for the floor swayed to and fro—everything seemed to be in motion and to dance round him in a circle. He rose and held himself up by the walls in order to escape from the room in which he was.

There was a strange buzzing and hissing all round him; he did not know whether he was dreaming or awake, for he had never seen or heard such things before. At last he

reached a small staircase; he mounted it with difficulty. How great was the terror that seized him! There was nothing but sky and sea round him, and he found himself on a ship. He now began to weep bitterly. He asked to be taken back; he was about to throw himself into the sea, in order to swim homewards; but the Franks laid hold of him, and one of the commanders ordered him to be brought before him, promised him that if he were obedient he should soon return home again, and represented to him that it would not have been any longer possible to send him home by land, for if they had left him behind he would have perished miserably.

But the Franks did not keep their word; for the ship continued to sail for many more days, and when it reached land at last they were not on the Egyptian coast, but in Frankistan. Almansor had during the long journey and even in the camp learned to understand and speak some of the language of the Franks, which profited him a great deal in this country, where no one knew his language. For many days he was taken about in the interior of the country, and everywhere people hastened in crowds to see him; for his companions alleged that he was the son of the king of Egypt, who had sent him to Frankistan to be educated.

This, however, the soldiers merely said in order to make the people believe that they had conquered Egypt and were on the most peaceful terms with this country. After the journey on land had lasted many days they reached a large town, the end of their journey. He was there entrusted to a doctor, who took him into his house, and instructed him in all the manners and customs of the country.

First of all he had to put on Frankish clothes, which were very tight and short, and not so handsome by far as his Egyptian. He was no longer permitted to make his bow with crossed arms, but if he desired to pay his respects to anyone he had to take off his head with one hand an enormous cap of black felt, which all the men wore, and which had also been put on his head; and the other hand he had to keep by his side, and scrape with the right foot. He was also forbidden any longer

to sit with crossed legs, as is customary in the East, but he had to sit on high-legged chairs and let his legs hang down upon the ground. The way in which he had to eat caused him also the greatest difficulty, for everything which he wished to convey to his mouth he was obliged to put first upon a fork made of iron.

The doctor, however, was a very severe and passionate man, and tormented the boy; for whenever he made a mistake and said to a visitor "Selam aleicum!" he beat him with a stick; for he was told to say "Votre serviteur." Moreover, he was no longer allowed to think, speak or write in his language, except to dream in it; and he would have probably entirely forgotten his language had it not been for a man who lived in that town, and who was very useful to him.

This was an old but very learned man, who understood many Eastern languages—Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and even Chinese; a little of each. He was considered in that country a wonder of learning, and people paid him a great deal of money for teaching them these languages. This man told the young Almansor to come and see him several times during the week, regaled him with rare fruits and such like, and on such occasions the young man felt as if he were at home. The old gentleman was a very peculiar man. He had ordered clothes for Almansor such as distinguished men wear in Egypt. These clothes he kept in his house in a special room. When Almansor came, he sent him with a servant into the room and had him dressed after the fashion of his country. Thence they proceeded to the so-called "Asia Minor," a hall which was in the learned man's house.

This hall was decorated with all sorts of artificially reared trees, such as palms, bamboos, young cedars, and such like, and flowers which only grow in the East. The floor was covered with Persian carpets, along the walls were cushions, and nowhere was a Frankish chair or table to be seen. Upon one of these cushions sat the old professor. His dress was, however, totally different from his usual attire. Around his head he wore a turban twisted from one of the finest Turkish shawls, he had put on a grey beard which reached down to his girdle,

and looked like the real and venerable beard of some important man. In addition to this he wore a gown which he had ordered to be made of a brocaded dressing-gown, wide Turkish trousers, yellow slippers; and however peaceful he was at other times, yet on these days he girded on a Turkish scimitar, and in his girdle was stuck a dagger studded with false stones. He also smoked out of a pipe two yards in length, was attended by his servants, who also wore Persian dresses, and half of them had their faces and hands painted black.

At first all this appeared very strange to the young Almansor; but he soon perceived that such hours, if he fell in with the old man's views, might prove very advantageous to him. If at the doctor's house he was not allowed to utter an Egyptian word, so here he was forbidden to speak in the Frankish language. Almansor on entering had to say the salaam, to which the old Persian replied in a very solemn manner. He then beckoned to the young man to take a seat by his side, and began to mix up Persian, Arabic, Coptic and other languages, and this he called an intellectual Eastern entertainment. By his side was a servant, or what they represented on this day, a slave, holding a great book, which was a dictionary; and whenever the old man was at a loss for a word he beckoned to the slave, quickly opened the book, found what he wanted to say, and then continued to talk.

The slaves brought sherbet and such-like drinks in Turkish vessels, and if Almansor desired to rejoice the old man's heart, he had only to say that everything was as well arranged at his house as in the East. Almansor read Persian very well, which was the chief advantage for the old man. He had numerous Persian manuscripts, from which the young man had to read to him; he read carefully after him, and in this way took notice of the proper pronunciation.

These were poor Almansor's days of joy, for the old Professor never dismissed him without giving him something; and he carried away on many occasions even great sums of money, or linen, or other necessary things which the doctor would not give him. In this way Almansor lived for some years in the capital of Frankistan, but his longing

for home never abated. When he was, however, about fifteen years of age, a circumstance occurred which had a great influence upon his destiny.

The Franks elected for their king and ruler, their chief general, with whom Almansor had spoken so often in Egypt. Although Almansor was aware, and recognised by the great festivities that something of the kind had taken place in this great town, yet he could not think that the king was the same whom he had seen in Egypt, for that general was still a very young man. One day, however, as Almansor was crossing one of those bridges over the wide river running through the town, he perceived a man in soldier's attire leaning against the balustrade and looking down into the waves. The man's features attracted his attention, and he remembered having seen him before. He quickly passed through the chambers of his memory, and on reaching the door of the chamber of Egypt, it suddenly dawned upon him that this man was the general of the Franks with whom he had spoken so frequently in the camp, and who had always been so kind to him. He did not quite remember his proper name, but he took courage, stepped towards him, called him by the name the soldiers called him amongst themselves, and said, whilst crossing his arms across his breast according to the custom of his country: "Selam aleicum, Little Corporal."

The man turned round surprised, looked at the young man with searching eyes, considered him, and then said: "Heavens, is it possible! You here, Almansor? How is your father? How are things in Egypt? What has brought you here to us?"

Whereupon Almansor gave way and commenced to weep bitterly, and told the man: "So do you not know what the dogs, your countrymen, have done to us, Little Corporal? Are you not aware that I have not seen the land of my ancestors for many years?"

"I hope," said the man, as his brow became gloomy; "I hope they did not carry you away with them."

"Alas! they did," answered Almansor. "The day on which your soldiers embarked, I beheld my native land for the last time. They took me away with them, and a

captain, who was moved by my misery, paid for my board and lodging at the house of a cursed doctor who beats me and almost starves me to death. But listen, Little Corporal," he continued quite frankly; "it is a good thing I met you here, and you must help me."

The man to whom he said this smiled, and asked in what way he should help him.

"Well," said Almansor, "it would be unreasonable if I were to ask anything from you, for you have always been so kind to me, and I know you too are a poor fellow, and even when you were a general you never dressed so well as others, and even at the present time, to judge by your coat and hat, you do not seem to be very well off. But lately I dare say you have heard that the Franks have elected a Sultan, and without doubt you know some people who are allowed to approach him, perhaps his Janitscharenaga, or the Reis-Effendi or his Kapudan Pasha; do you not?"

"Well, and if I do," replied the man, "what then?"

"You might say a good word for me, Little Corporal, to these people to request the Sultan of the Franks to grant me my liberty. I should only want then a little money for the journey across the sea; but above all you must promise me not to say a word about it either to the doctor or the Arabian professor."

"Who is then the Arabian professor?" asked the former.

"Well, he is an extraordinary man; but I will tell you something about him some other time. If the two were to hear of it they would certainly prevent my leaving Frankistan. But do tell me, would you be so kind as to speak to the Aga for me?"

"Come with me," said the man; "perhaps I may be able to be of service to you now."

"Now?" cried the young man with terror. "Not at any price, for the doctor would beat me; I must hasten home."

"But what are you carrying in that basket?" asked the other, detaining him.

Almansor blushed and refused to show it at first, but at last he said: "Look, Little Corporal, I must perform

duties here like the lowest of my father's slaves. The doctor is a miser who sends me every day to the vegetable and fish market, which is an hour's distance from our house. I am compelled to buy there of the dirty market-women, because things cost a few copper coins less there than in our part of the town. Just look! for the sake of this wretched herring, for this handful of salad, and this little piece of butter, I am obliged to walk two hours every day. Alas! if my father knew it."

The man to whom Almansor spoke thus was moved at the boy's distress, and answered: "Come with me, and be of good cheer; the doctor shall not hurt you to-day even if he does not eat either herring or salad. Be of good cheer and come with me."

In saying these words he took Almansor by the hand and took him with him; and although Almansor's heart beat when he thought of the doctor, yet he placed so much confidence in the man's words and looks that he resolved to follow him. He thus went along with the soldier, his basket on his arm, through many streets, and it seemed strange to him that all took off their hats to them, stopped and looked after them. He remarked this to his companion, who merely laughed and made no reply.

They came at length to a magnificent palace, which the man entered.

"Do you live here, Little Corporal?" asked Almansor.

"This is my house," replied the other, "and I am going to introduce you to my wife."

"Well, you have a nice house indeed," continued Almansor. "Very likely the Sultan has given you this house rent free?"

"You are right; the Emperor has given me this house," replied his companion, and led him into the palace. They there mounted a wide staircase, and having reached a magnificent hall he told him to put down his basket. He then went with him into a splendid apartment where a lady was sitting upon a divan. The man said something to her in a foreign language, whereupon both of them laughed a great deal, and the lady then asked Almansor many things in the Frankish language about Egypt. At last the Little Corporal said to the young man: "Listen;

the best thing I can do is to take you direct to the Emperor and speak to him on your behalf."

Almansor was very much terrified, but he thought of his misery and his home. "To the unfortunate one," he said to both of them—"to the unfortunate one Allah gives great courage in the hour of danger, and He, I am sure, will not forsake me, a poor boy. I agree to it; I will go with you to him. But tell me, Corporal, must I prostrate myself before him; must I touch the ground with my forehead, or what must I do?"

Both laughed again, and assured him that all this was superfluous.

"Has he a terrible or a majestic appearance?" he enquired further. "Has he a long beard? Has he fiery eyes? Tell me how he looks?"

His companion again laughed, and then said: "I would much rather not describe him to you at all, Almansor; you shall guess yourself who it is. I will give you, however, one token of recognition. All those who are in the emperor's saloon when he is present take off their hats reverently, but he who keeps the hat on his head that is the emperor. In saying these words he took him by the hand and went with him towards the emperor's saloon. The nearer he came the faster his heart beat, and his knees began to tremble when they approached the door. A servant opened it, and there stood in a semicircle at least thirty men all splendidly dressed, covered with gold and stars as it is customary in the land of the Franks by the most distinguished agas and the king's pashas; and Almansor thought that his companion, who was so plainly dressed, must be the lowest in rank of all there. They had all uncovered, and Almansor now began to look out for the one who kept his hat on his head; for this was said to be the emperor. But all his searchings were useless. They had all their hats in their hands, and therefore the emperor could not be amongst them; when suddenly he chanced to look at his companion, and behold—he it was who had his hat on his head.

The young man was struck with amazement. He looked at his companion for a long time, and then said, whilst taking off his own hat: "Selam aliecum, Little Corporal.

I know this much that I am not the Sultan of the Franks, therefore it would ill become me were I to keep my hat on; but it is you who have the hat on, Little Corporal; are you the emperor?"

"You have guessed it," replied the other; "and besides this, I am also your friend. Do not ascribe your misfortune to me, but to an unfortunate confusion of circumstances. Rest assured that you shall sail home in the first ship. Now go back again to my wife and tell her about the Arabian professor and anything else you know. I shall send the herrings and the salad to the doctor; you, however, shall make your stay at my palace."

Thus spoke the man, who was the emperor. Almansor, however, prostrated himself before him, kissed his hand, and begged his pardon for not having recognised him, for he had certainly not the appearance of an emperor.

"You are right," replied the other laughing; "when one has only been emperor for a few days it is difficult to have it written on one's forehead." He thus spoke, and beckoned him to go.

After that day Almansor lived happily and joyfully. He was allowed to visit the Arabian professor, of whom he had told the emperor, several times, but he never saw the doctor again. After the lapse of a few weeks the emperor sent for him, and told him that a ship lay at anchor in which he would send him to Egypt. Almansor was beside himself with joy. A few days were sufficient to fit him out, and with a grateful heart, and richly laden with treasures and presents, he took leave of the emperor at the seashore and embarked.

Allah, however, would try him still more, steel his courage in his misfortune still longer, and not yet permit him to see the shore of his paternal home. Another Frankish people, the English, were then at war with the emperor at sea. They deprived him of all his ships which they were able to conquer, and thus it happened that on the sixth day of their journey the ship in which Almansor was was surrounded and bombarded by English ships. They had to surrender, and the whole crew was taken into a smaller ship, which sailed along with the rest. But on the sea it is no less unsafe than in the desert, where

robbers attack the caravans unawares and kill and plunder them. A corsair from Tunis attacked the little vessel, which the storm had separated from the greater ships; it was captured, and the whole crew taken to Algiers and sold.

Almansor's slavery was not so cruel as that of the Christians, because he was a true Mussulman. Notwithstanding, however, all hope of seeing his home and his father again had vanished. He lived there for five years with a rich man, watering his flowers and cultivating his garden, when suddenly the rich man died without heirs, his property was divided, his slaves scattered, and Almansor fell into the hands of a slave-dealer. The latter was at this time fitting out a ship in order to dispose of his slaves elsewhere at a higher price. I chanced to be one of this dealer's slaves, and was taken upon the same ship where Almansor was. We there became acquainted, and he there related to me his wonderful adventures. But when we landed, I was a witness of Allah's most wonderful dispensation. It was the shore of his native land where we landed from the ship; it was the market-place of his paternal town where we were sold publicly; and O Master! in short it was his own, his beloved father who bought him!

The Sheik Ali Banu had sunk into deep thought at this story; it had involuntarily carried him away from himself; his breast heaved, his eye glowed, and he was often about to interrupt the young slave. The conclusion of the story, however, did not seem to satisfy him.

"He might be now about twenty-one years old, did you say?" he thus commenced to ask.

"Master, he is my age; from one to two-and-twenty years old."

"And what was the name of the town he said was his native town, which you have not told us yet?"

"If I mistake not," replied the other, "it was Alexandria."

"Alexandria!" exclaimed the Sheik; "it is my son! what has become of him? Did you not say his name was Kairam? Has he dark eyes and brown hair?"

"He has; and in familiar hours he called himself Kairam and not Almansor."

"But, Allah! Allah! did you tell me his father bought him in your presence? Did he assure you that it was his father? Well, then, it cannot be my son after all."

The slave answered: "He said to me. 'Allah be praised: after such a protracted misfortune; this is the market-place of my native town.' A few moments later, however, a distinguished man came round the corner, when he cried: 'Oh, what a precious gift of heaven are the eyes! Once more I see again my venerable father!' The man, however, approached us, looked at one, looked at another, and bought at last the one to whom all this has happened. He then called on Allah, uttered an ardent prayer of thanksgiving, and whispered to me: 'I now enter again the gates of my fortune, for it is my own father who has bought me.'"

"Then it is not my son, my Kairam!" said the Sheik, moved with pain.

The young man thereupon was no longer able to restrain himself. Tears of joy rolled from his eyes, he prostrated himself before the Sheik, and exclaimed: "And yet it is your son, Kairam Almansor; for it is you who have bought him."

"Allah, Allah! a miracle, a great miracle!" exclaimed those present, and hastened up.

The Sheik, however, stood speechless, and looked in surprise, at the young man who lifted up his handsome face to him. "My friend Mustapha!" said the Sheik to the old dervish; "a veil of tears is drawn across my eyes, which prevents me from seeing whether the features of his mother, which my Kairam bore, are engraven on his face; come here and look at him."

The old man approached, looked at him for a long time, put his hand upon the young man's forehead, and said: "Kairam, what was the maxim which I told you on the day of your misfortune when you were taken into the camp of the Franks?"

"My dear teacher," replied the young man, whilst drawing the old man's hands to his lips, "it was: If any-

one loves Allah and has a good conscience, he is never alone in the desert of misfortune, for he has two companions who walk by his side and comfort him."

The old man thereupon lifted up his eyes towards heaven in a thankful manner, drew the young man up to his breast and gave him to the Sheik, saying: "Take him; for as surely as you have mourned for him ten years, so surely is he your son Kairam."

The Sheik was beside himself with joy and delight; he again and again gazed on the features of him who had been found again, and unmistakably he recognised his son's image such as he had lost him. All present shared his joy, for they loved the Sheik, and every one amongst them felt as if a son had been born to him that day.

Song and merriment now again resounded in his hall just as in the days of fortune and joy. Once more had the young man to relate his story, but more fully; and all praised the Arabian professor and the emperor and all those who had interested themselves on Kairam's behalf. All remained together until late at night, and when they left, the Sheik loaded every one of his friends richly with gifts, that he might always remember this day of rejoicing.

The four young men, however, were introduced to his son, who invited them to always visit him; and it was a settled thing that he was to read with the scribe, undertake little journeys with the painter, to share song and dance with the merchant, and the other was to cater for their amusements. They too were richly loaded with gifts, and cheerfully left the Sheik's house.

"To whom do we owe all this," they said amongst themselves; "to whom else than the old man? Who would have thought this at the time when we stood before this house and found fault with the Sheik?"

"And how easily it might have occurred to us to disregard the teachings of the old man," said another, "or perhaps mock him, for he looked very ragged and poor; and who would have thought that this was the wise Mustapha?"

"And how wonderful! Was it not here where we

expressed our wishes," said the scribe, "when one wanted to travel, another to sing and dance, the third to enjoy good company, and I to read and hear stories; and have not all our wishes been fulfilled? Am I not allowed now to read all the Sheik's books and buy what I like?"

"And am I not permitted to order his table and cater for all his greatest pleasures and be present as well?" said the other.

"And I? As often as my heart desires, to hear song and music, or to have a dance, can I not indulge myself, and ask for his slaves?"

"And I!" exclaimed the painter; "until this day I was poor, and was unable to leave the town, but now I may travel wherever I like."

"Yes," they all said, "it was after all a good thing we followed the old man; for who knows what would have become of us?"

Thus they spoke, and cheerfully and happily departed to their homes.

THE INN IN THE SPESSART.

THE INN IN THE SPESSART.*

MANY years ago when the roads in the Spessart were still bad and not so much frequented by carriages as now-a-days, two young fellows were travelling through this forest. The one might be eighteen years old, and was a compass-maker; the other, a goldsmith, to judge from his appearance could scarcely be sixteen years old, and was doubtless now making his first journey into the world.

Evening had already set in, and the shadows of the gigantic pines and beeches darkened the narrow road upon which the two were travelling. The compass-maker trudged on stoutly and whistled a tune, spoke too at times to his dog, Brisk, and appeared to be quite unconcerned that night was not far off but the nearest inn certainly was. Felix, the goldsmith, however, often turned round timidly. Whenever the wind rustled through the trees, he fancied he heard footsteps behind him. Whenever the shrubs along the road bent to and fro and opened out, he believed he saw faces peering behind the bushes.

The young goldsmith was not at other times either superstitious or timid. In Würzburg, where he had served his apprenticeship, he passed amongst his comrades for a dauntless fellow who had his heart in the right place; to-day, however, he felt very strange. People had told him so many things about the Spessart. A great band of robbers was said to infest it; many travellers had been plundered during the last few weeks; indeed, people talked about some dreadful stories of murder which

* The name of a forest in the N.W. of Bavaria.

had taken place there not long since. He now became really alarmed for his life, seeing they were only two, and could do but little against armed robbers. He often repented having followed the compass-maker to go on another stage, instead of remaining overnight at the entrance of the forest.

"If I am killed to-night, and lose my life and all I have with me, it is all your fault, compass-maker, for you have talked me into the terrible forest."

"Do not be a coward!" replied the other. "A proper apprentice lad ought really not to be afraid at all. What are you thinking of? Do you suppose the gentlemen robbers in the Spessart will do us the honour to attack and kill us? Why should they take that trouble? On account of my Sunday coat, perhaps, which I have in my knapsack, or for the dollar, my travelling allowance? Indeed one must drive in a carriage-and-four and be dressed in gold and silk for them to find it worth their while to kill one."

'Stop! don't you hear something whistling in the forest?" said Felix timidly.

"That was the wind whistling through the trees; go on briskly ahead, it cannot last much longer.

"Ay, it is all very well for you to talk about being killed," continued the goldsmith. "They will ask you what you have, search you, and perhaps take away your Sunday coat, your florin and thirty kreutzers. But as for me, they will kill me at once, just because I have gold and jewels about me."

"Pray, why should they kill you on that account? If four or five now were to come out of the forest, with loaded guns and point them at us, and ask us very politely—'Gentlemen, what have you about you?' or, 'Make yourselves easy, we will help you to carry it,' and such like pleasing remarks;—why, you would not be a fool, you would open your little knapsack, would put out the yellow waistcoat, the blue coat, the two shirts, and all your necklaces, bracelets, combs, and whatever else you might have, politely on the ground, and would thank them for your life that they made you a present of."

"You think then," replied Felix very hotly, "I should

give up the trinkets I have for the good countess, my godmother? My life sooner; sooner be cut into little pieces. Has she not taken a mother's place, and had me brought up since my tenth year? Has she not paid for my apprenticeship, my clothes and all? And now, when I am allowed to visit her, and bring with me some of my own work which she ordered of my master; now that I can show her my beautiful goldsmith work, and what I have learned, should I now give up all this, and the yellow waistcoat too which I also had from her? No, I would sooner die than give my godmother's jewels to these bad fellows!"

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed the compass-maker. "If they do kill you, the countess will not get her jewels after all. Therefore it is better for you to give them up, and save your life."

Felix made no reply. Evening had now quite set in, and by the dim light of the new moon, one could hardly see five paces in front. He even became more timid; kept closer to his comrade, and was uncertain whether he should credit his sayings and arguments or not. They had gone on in this way for nearly another league, when they perceived a light in the distance. The young goldsmith thought, however, it could not be trusted to; it might, perhaps, be a house of robbers; but the compass-maker told him, robbers had their houses or caves under ground, and that this must be the inn which a man at the entrance of the forest had described to them.

It was a long, but low house; a cart stood before it, and close by, horses were heard neighing in a stable. The compass-maker beckoned his companion to a window, the shutters of which were open. They could, by standing on tiptoe, overlook the room. Near the fire-place, in an arm-chair, slept a man, who, to judge by his clothes, might be a carrier, and doubtless, too, the owner of the cart before the door. On the opposite side of the fireplace sat a woman and a girl spinning. At the table near the wall sat a man, a glass of wine before him, his head resting in his hands, so that they could not see his face. But the compass-maker thought he could tell from his clothes that he must be a distinguished gentleman.

Whilst they were still watching, a dog barked inside the house. The compass maker's dog, Brisk, answered, and the servant maid appeared at the door, and looked out at the strangers.

They were assured they could be supplied with supper and beds. They entered, put their heavy bundles, sticks and hats in a corner, and sat down near the gentleman at the table. The latter rose on being greeted by them, and they saw before them a handsome young man, who thanked them kindly for their salutation.

"You are late on the road," said he. "Were you not afraid to travel on so dark a night through the Spessart? I, for my part, preferred to put up my horse at this inn, instead of riding on another league."

"You were certainly quite right there, sir!" replied the compass-maker. "The sound of a good horse's hoof is music to the ears of this rabble, and draws them from over a mile off. But when a couple of poor fellows like us steal through the forest, people who might even look out for a present from the robbers themselves, then they do not stir."

"That is true indeed," said the carrier, who, roused by the arrival of the strangers, had also moved towards the table; "they cannot have much against a poor man for the sake of his money. There are examples, though, of their having cut down poor people out of sheer bloodthirstiness, or forced them to join their gang, and serve as robbers."

"Well, if that is the way of these fellows in the forest," remarked the young goldsmith, "this house will assure us little protection indeed. We are only four, and with the ostler five; if they should take it into their heads, ten of them, to attack us, what resistance could we offer? And besides," added he, whispering softly, "who will be our surety that the inn people are honest?"

"There is no fear of that," replied the carrier. "I have known this inn for more than ten years, and have never noticed anything wrong about it. The landlord is seldom at home; they say he is a wine merchant; but his wife is a quiet woman, who means no harm to anyone. No, you wrong her, sir!"

"And yet," broke in the young gentleman, "after all, I would not altogether put aside what he has said. Remember the rumours about those people who have all of a sudden disappeared in this forest without leaving a trace. Several of them had said they would remain over-night at this inn. And when, after the lapse of two or three weeks, nothing was heard of them, and their track was followed up, and inquiries were made in this inn, yet not one of them was ever seen; it is, after all, suspicious."

"By heavens!" exclaimed the compass-maker, "if that is so, we should act more prudently to take up our quarters for the night under the nearest tree, than here within these four walls, where escape is out of the question, if once the door is held against us, for the windows are barred."

They had become thoughtful whilst talking. It did not seem at all unlikely, that this forest inn, willingly or unwillingly, was in league with the robbers. Night to them therefore seemed dangerous; how many tales they had heard of travellers being attacked and murdered in their sleep; and even if their lives were not in danger, yet, so poorly off were some of the guests of the forest that a robbery of even part of their belongings would have been keenly felt. They gazed sadly and gloomily into their glasses. The young gentleman wished he were trotting upon his horse through a safe and wide valley; the compass-maker wished for twelve of his sturdy comrades armed with sticks as body-guards; Felix, the goldsmith, was more afraid for the ornaments of his benefactress than for his life; the carrier, however, who had several times blown away reflectively the smoke of his pipe, quietly said, "Gentlemen, they shall not surprise us at any rate in our sleep. I for my part will remain awake all night, if only one of you will keep me company."

"So will I." "I too," exclaimed the other three; "I should not be able to sleep, after all," added the young gentleman.

"Well, let us do something to keep us awake," said the carrier; "I think as there are just four of us we might play at cards; that keeps us awake, and whiles away the time."

"I never play cards," replied the young gentleman; "so that I at least cannot join you."

"And I know nothing about cards," added Felix.

"What can we do if we do not play?" said the compass-maker. "Sing? that will not do, and would only attract those scoundrels; ask each other riddles and conundrums? that too does not last long. I will tell you what; how would it be to tell stories? Amusing or serious, true or feigned, it will at any rate keep us awake, and while away the time as well as playing at cards."

"I agree to it if you will begin," said the young gentleman, smiling. "You men of business travel into all lands, and can surely tell something, for each town has its own legends and stories."

"Ay, ay, one hears many things," replied the compass-maker; "as a set-off against that, gentlemen like you study diligently in books, where all sorts of wonderful stories are written; surely you know some cleverer and finer tale to tell, than a plain apprentice lad such as one of us. I must be very much mistaken if you are not a student and a learned man."

"Not a learned man," smiled the young gentleman, "but a student, and am on my way homewards for my holidays; but what is written in our books is less suitable for story-telling than what you hear here and there. So do you begin, if those over there are willing to listen."

"I prize a fine story more than a game at cards," replied the carrier. "Often have I preferred driving along at a wretched pace, in order to listen to a fellow at my side telling me a nice story; many a man have I taken up in my cart in bad weather on condition he would tell me a story; and I believe I only like one of my comrades because he knows stories which last seven hours and longer."

"It is just the same with me," added the young goldsmith. "I like nothing better for the life of me than to hear a good story, and my master in Würzburg had to forbid me books outright, lest I should read too many stories, and neglect my work in consequence. So let us have some of your fine stories, compass-maker; I know you could go on telling them from now till daybreak, without

your stock being exhausted." The compass-maker took a draught to strengthen himself for his story, and then commenced as follows.

THE STORY OF THE FLORIN.*

In Upper Suabia stand, even in these days, the ruins of a castle, formerly the most stately of the neighbourhood—Hohenzollern. It rises on a round steep hill, from whose rugged height one gets a wide view of the country. The brave race of Zollern was feared as far and even further than this castle could be seen from the country around, and their name known and honoured in all German lands. Now, many centuries ago, I believe when gunpowder was just invented, there lived in this stronghold a Zollern who was by nature an extraordinary individual. It could not be said that he cruelly oppressed his subjects, or that he had lived at enmity with his neighbours, but still no one dared approach him, owing to his gloomy looks, his knitted brow, and his laconic surly manner. There were few people besides those belonging to the castle who had ever heard him speak civilly, like other men; for, whenever he rode through the valley, if any one met him and took off his hat quickly, stopped, and said: "Good evening, Count, it is fine weather to-day," he would reply: "Stupid nonsense!" or "I know that!" But if any one had not done his work properly for the Count, or had neglected his horses—or if a peasant with his cart met him in the narrow part of the road, so that he could not pass quickly enough on his horse—then his rage would burst out in a thunder of oaths; it has, however, never been reported that on such occasions he had ill-treated a peasant. In the neighbourhood he was called the "Thunder-Storm von Zollern."

Thunder-Storm von Zollern had a wife, who was quite the reverse of him, and as mild and friendly as a day in May. She had frequently reconciled, by her kind words and pleasant looks, people whom her husband had offended by

* *Hirschgulden*, an obsolete silver coin impressed with the figure of a stag (*Hirsch*).

his ferocity; but to the poor, she showed what kindness she could, and did not hesitate either in hot summer or in the most terrible snowstorm to go down the steep hill and visit the poor or sick children. When she met the Count on these journeys he would say morosely: "I know! Stupid nonsense!" and ride on.

These surly manners would have frightened or intimidated any other woman; one perhaps might have thought, "What are the poor to me, if my husband considers them as nonsense?" Another perhaps might have, through pride, or disdain, allowed her love to grow cold towards such a sullen husband; but not so with Lady Hedwig von Zollern. She loved him as much as ever; endeavoured with her beautiful white hands to smooth the wrinkles of his dark brow, and honoured him. When, after a very long time, Heaven presented them with a young count, her love for her husband did not diminish, whilst she lavished on her little son all the tender duties of a mother. Three years passed away, during which time the Count von Zollern only saw his son on Sundays, after dinner, when he was brought to him by the nurse. He would then stare at him; mutter something in his beard, and return him to his nurse. When, however, the little one was able to say "Father," the Count presented the nurse with a florin; but he did not make a more cheerful face to the child.

When three years old, the Count had his son dressed in his first little breeches, and splendidly arrayed in velvet and silk; he then ordered his own horse, and another beautiful one to be brought, and taking the little one in his arms, descended with rattling spurs the spiral staircase.

Lady Hedwig was surprised at seeing this. She was not accustomed to ask at any other time, "Where are you going, and when will you come back again?" when he rode out; but on this occasion anxiety for her child made her speak.

"Are you going for a ride, Count?" said she. He made no reply. "Why have you got the little one?" she continued. "Cuno will go for a walk with me."

"I know!" replied the Thunder-Storm von Zollern, and went on; and when he reached the courtyard, he took

the boy by one of his little feet, raised him quickly up into the saddle, tied him on firmly with his scarf, flung himself on his steed, and trotted out of the castle gate, taking the reins of his little son's horse in his hand.

At first it seemed to give great pleasure to the little one to ride down the hill with his father. He clapped his hands, laughed, and pulled his little horse by the mane in order to make it go faster; so that the Count was delighted with him, and said several times, "You are likely to become a brave fellow."

But when they reached the plain, and the Count changed his pace to a canter, the little fellow was terrified. He at first begged his father quite gently not to ride so fast; but when he went on faster and faster, and the strong wind nearly took away poor Cuno's breath, he then began to cry silently, grew still more impatient, and cried at last as loud as he could.

"I know! Stupid nonsense!" now began his father. "The youngster crying at his first ride. Be quiet or——"

However, just at the moment he was going to cheer up his little boy with an oath, his horse shied; the reins of the other one slipped from his hand; he tried hard to master his own, and when he had quieted it, he turned round anxiously to look for his child, but he saw his horse bare, and galloping without the little rider up to the castle.

However hard-hearted and gloomy the Count of Zollern was on any other occasion, yet this sight overcame his feelings. He thought nothing less than that his child lay mangled on the road; he pulled his beard and lamented. Nowhere, however, as far as he rode back, could he see a trace of the boy; he made sure that the runaway horse had thrown him into a ditch beside the road. Then he heard behind him a child's voice calling him by name, and turning quickly round—behold! there sat an old woman under a tree not far from the road, rocking the child on her knees.

"Where did you find the boy, you old witch?" cried the Count in a great rage. "Bring him to me at once."

"Not so fast, not so fast, your grace," laughed the ugly old woman, "or else you might come to grief on your proud horse! Did you ask me where I found the young nobleman? Well, his horse bolted, and he was only tied on by one of his little feet, his hair trailing almost on the ground when I caught him in my apron."

"All right!" cried the Count von Zollern ill-humouredly. "Give him to me directly; I cannot dismount very well, for my horse is restless and might kick him."

"Give me a florin?" replied the woman, begging humbly.

"Stupid nonsense!" cried the Count, throwing her a few coppers under the tree.

"No! I would much rather have a florin," she continued.

"What, a florin! You are not worth so much yourself," said the Count angrily. "Give up the child at once, or I shall set my dogs at you!"

"Indeed! am I not worth a florin?" replied the old woman with a scornful smile. "Well, we shall see how much of your property will be worth a florin; but these coppers you had better keep." Whilst saying this she threw the three coppers towards the Count, and so well could the old woman aim that all three fell exactly into the small leather purse which the Count was still holding in his hand.

The Count was unable to utter a word for several minutes, from surprise at this extraordinary dexterity. At length, however, his surprise changed into anger. He caught hold of his gun, cocked it, and then levelled it at the old woman. She embraced and fondled the little Count with great composure, holding him in front of her, so that the bullet would have struck him first. "You are a good pious boy," said she. "Only remain so and you will prosper." She then let him go, threatening the Count with her finger. "Zollern, Zollern, you remain indebted to me for the florin!" she cried, and stole away into the forest, leaning on a little stick of boxwood, indifferent to the insulting words of the Count.

Conrad, however, the Count's groom, dismounted, trembling, from his horse, and lifting the young noble

into the saddle, mounted behind him, and rode after his master up the hill of the castle.

This was the first and last time that Thunder-Storm von Zollern took his little son with him for a ride; for he considered him, because he had cried and shrieked when the horse cantered, an effeminate youngster, who would not come to much good. He now regarded him with displeasure, and whenever the boy, who loved his father dearly, came to his knees wishing to be caressed, he would motion him away, crying: "I know! Stupid nonsense!"

Lady Hedwig had borne willingly all her husband's ill-humour, but this unkind treatment towards the innocent child mortified her deeply. She fell ill several times from fear when the gloomy Count had punished the little one severely for some trifling fault, and died at last in the prime of life, lamented by her household and the whole neighbourhood, but most deeply by her son.

From this time the Count's feelings became still more estranged from the little one; he entrusted him to his nurse and the castle chaplain to be educated, and took but very little notice of him, especially as he soon afterwards married a rich young lady, who, after the lapse of twelve months, presented him with twins, two little counts.

Cuno's favourite walk was to the little old woman's house, who had once saved his life. She always told him many things about his deceased mother, and how kind she had been to her. The men and maid servants often warned him against going so frequently to the house of Frau Feldheimer, this was her name, as she was said to be neither more nor less than a witch; but the little one was not afraid, for the castle chaplain had taught him that there were no witches, and the tradition, that certain women had magic powers, and could ride on broomsticks through the air to the Brocken * was all false. True he saw all sorts of things at the house of Frau Feldheimer which he could not comprehend; he still remembered very well the little trick with the three coppers, which

* The highest peak in the Harz Mountains; where, according to popular legend, witches held revel on *Walpurgisnacht*, the night before St. Walpurgis' day, May 1.

she had thrown so cleverly into his father's purse. Besides, she could compound all kinds of peculiar ointments and potions, with which she healed man and beast; but it was not true what people said about her, that she had a weather glass, and whenever she suspended it over the fire, a terrible thunderstorm would ensue.

She taught the little count many things useful to him; for instance, all sorts of remedies for sick horses, a potion against hydrophobia, a bait for fish, and many other useful things. Frau Feldheimer soon became his only companion, for his nurse died, and his stepmother did not trouble herself much about him.

As his brothers were gradually growing up, Cuno led a still more unhappy life than before, for they had the good fortune not to fall from their horses on their first ride, and Thunder-Storm von Zollern deemed them, therefore, very clever and proper lads; loved only them; rode out with them every day, and taught them everything he knew himself. But from him they did not learn much to profit them; for he himself could neither read nor write, and his two excellent sons were not to waste their time over it; but before they were ten years old they could swear as frightfully as their father, and pick a quarrel with everybody; they led a cat and dog life between themselves, and only when they were going to play Cuno a trick did they unite and become friends.

All this was but of slight concern to their mother, for she thought it healthy and strengthening for the boys to fight; but one day a servant spoke to the old Count about it, and although he replied, "I know! Stupid nonsense!" he nevertheless resolved to devise some means for the future, to prevent his sons killing each other; for the threat of Frau Feldheimer, whom he believed in his heart to be a thorough witch, "Well, we shall see how much of your property will be worth a florin," was still on his mind.

One day, when hunting in the neighbourhood of his castle, his eye lighted upon two mountains, which on account of their shape seemed to have been expressly made for castles, and he immediately determined to build on them. He built on one the castle of Schalksberg, which he named after the younger of the twins, who had

already been called by him "Little *Schalk*," on account of all sorts of knavish tricks: the other castle which he built he had first intended to call Hirschguldenberg, in order to scoff at the witch, because she did not consider his inheritance worth even a florin; but he rested content by simply calling it Hirschberg, and thus both these mountains are called to this day, and any one travelling through the mountains can have them pointed out to him.

Thunder-Storm von Zollern had at first intended to bequeath to the eldest son the castle of Zollern, to Little Rogue the castle of Schalksberg, and Hirschberg to the younger, but his wife did not rest until he had changed his plans.

"That stupid Cuno"—so she termed the poor boy, because he was not as wild and boisterous as her sons—"stupid Cuno is rich enough through the property he has inherited from his mother, and is he also to have the wealthy and beautiful Zollern Castle? And my sons shall have nothing but a castle each, to which nothing else but forest belongs."

In vain the Count represented to her that Cuno could not justly be deprived of his birthright; she cried and scolded so long, that Thunder-Storm, usually obdurate, yielded for the sake of peace, and devised in his will the Castle of Schalksberg to Little Rogue, Zollern to Wolf, the elder of the twins, and the Castle of Hirschberg, with the little town of Balingen, to Cuno.

Soon afterwards, having thus settled matters, he fell dangerously ill. To the doctor, who told him that he must die, he said, "I know!" and to the castle chaplain, who admonished him to prepare himself for the last solemn moment, he answered, "Stupid nonsense!" continued to curse and swear, and died as he had lived, a brutal man, and a great sinner.

Scarcely had his body been laid in earth, when the Countess came with the will, and mockingly said to her stepson, Cuno, he might now show his learning and read for himself what the will contained, namely that he had nothing more to do with the Castle of Zollern, and she rejoiced with her sons over their great fortune, and the two castles of which they had deprived the eldest.

Cuno acquiesced in the will of the deceased without

murmur, but with tears in his eyes he took leave of the castle where he was born, where his good mother lay buried, and where the good castle chaplain, and close by his only old friend Frau Feldheimer lived. Although the Castle of Hirschberg was a beautiful and magnificent building, yet it was too monotonous and lonely for him there, and he almost fell ill through longing for the Castle of Hohenzollern.

The Countess, and the twin brothers, now eighteen years old, were sitting one evening in the turret of the castle looking down the mountain side, when they saw a stately knight approaching on horseback, followed by several attendants, with a magnificent sedan chair borne by two mules. For a long time they guessed first one way and then the other, as to who it might be, when at last the Little Rogue called out, "Why that is no one else than our brother from the Castle of Hirschberg."

"That stupid Cuno?" said the Countess amazed; "why he must be going to do us the honour of inviting us to pay him a visit, and the beautiful sedan chair he has brought for me, to take me to the Castle of Hirschberg; really, so much kindness and good breeding I should not have given my son the stupid Cuno credit for. One act of politeness deserves another, let us go down as far as the castle gate to receive him; assume a cheerful face, perhaps he will give us something from his castle Hirschberg, you a horse, you a suit of armour, while I may get his mother's jewels, which I have long desired."

"I won't have anything from that stupid Cuno," replied Wolf, "and I will not even make myself agreeable. So far as I am concerned he may soon follow our late father, as we should then inherit the Castle of Hirschberg with all its property, and we will then sell you the jewels, mother, at a moderate price."

"Indeed, you rascal," replied his mother angrily, "do you expect me to buy the jewels of you? Is that my thanks for having procured the Castle of Zollern for you? I shall get the jewels for nothing, shall I not, Little Rogue?"

"Death is the only thing to be had for nothing, mother," replied her son laughing. "And if it is true that the

jewels are worth as much as many a castle, we should not be such fools as to hang them round your neck for nothing. As soon as Cuno dies we will ride over to his castle, divide his property, and I shall sell my share of the diamonds. If you, mother, offer more than the Jew, why then you shall have them."

While thus talking they had reached the castle gate, and it was with difficulty the Countess endeavoured to suppress her anger about the jewels, for just then Count Cuno was riding over the drawbridge. On seeing his stepmother and his brothers, he stopped his horse, dismounted, and greeted them courteously. Although they had done him great injury, yet he remembered they were after all his brothers, and that his father had at one time loved this wicked woman.

"Well, I am glad that our son should come to see us," said the Countess in a sweet voice, and with a graceful smile. "How are you getting on at the Castle of Hirschberg? Have you grown accustomed to the place? I see you have even procured a sedan chair. Well, how nice! An Empress need not be ashamed of it! And now I suppose it will not be very long before you have a Countess to ride about the country in it?"

"I have not thought of that yet, dear mother," replied Cuno, "for which reason I desire to take other company to my house, and that is why I have come here with the sedan chair."

"Well, you are very kind and thoughtful," interrupted the Countess, bowing and smiling.

"He can no longer ride on horseback," continued Cuno, quite calmly; "it is Father Joseph, your court chaplain, of whom I speak. I am going to take him with me, for he was my old tutor, and we arranged it thus before I left Zollern. I intend taking with me old Frau Feldheimer, too, who lives at the foot of the mountain. Poor soul, she is now very old, and once saved my life, when I rode out for the first time with my late father. I have plenty of rooms in the Castle of Hirschberg, and there she shall spend her last days." So saying, he went through the courtyard to fetch the castle chaplain.

His brother Wolf, however, bit his lip in anger, and the Countess turned yellow with rage, but the Little Rogue burst out laughing: "How much are you going to give me for the horse which he is going to present to me?" said he. "Brother Wolf, give me in exchange your armour which he has given you. Ha! ha! ha! So he is going to take Father Joseph, and the old witch to his house! There is a fine pair; in the morning he can now learn Greek with the Chaplain, and in the afternoon take lessons in the art of witchcraft of Frau Feldheimer. I wonder what we shall find Stupid Cuno do next?"

"He is a very low fellow," replied the Countess, "and you ought not to laugh at it, Little Rogue; it is a disgrace to the whole family, and we shall one and all be ashamed of the whole neighbourhood, when it gets about that the Count von Zollern has carried the old witch, Frau Feldheimer, to his castle in a magnificent sedan chair, borne by mules, and allows her to live with him. He has inherited that from his mother, who was always so familiar with the sick and low rabble. Alas! his father would turn round in his coffin if he knew it."

"Yes," added Little Rogue, "father would say even in his grave: 'I know! Stupid nonsense!'"

"Really there he comes with the old man, and is not ashamed to take him by the arm himself," exclaimed the Countess with horror. "Come away, I will not meet him any more."

They went away, and Cuno conducted his old teacher as far as the bridge, and helped him into the sedan chair with his own hands; but at the foot of the mountain he stopped before the cottage of Frau Feldheimer, and found her already quite prepared to get in, having a bundle full of little glasses and pots, potions, and other things, as well as her box-wood stick.

Things did not happen, however, as the wicked Countess of Zollern had anticipated. The whole neighbourhood was not surprised at what Count Cuno had done. People thought it kind and praiseworthy of him to cheer up the last days of old Frau Feldheimer; people commended him as a pious master, because he had taken Father Joseph into his castle. The only persons annoyed with

him, and who blamed him, were his brothers and the Countess. But this was no gain to them, for every one took a dislike to such unnatural brothers as they; and, in retribution, the saying spread about that they lived on bad terms with their mother, and were always quarrelling and fighting and injuring each other. Count Cuno of Zollern-Hirschberg made several attempts to reconcile his brothers with him; for it was insupportable to him, whenever they rode past his castle but never spoke to him, whenever they met him in field or wood, and greeted him more coolly than a stranger. His attempts failed, and, besides this, he was mocked by them.

One day a plan suggested itself to him by which he might possibly gain their affections, knowing that they were both greedy and avaricious. There was a pond between the three castles, and almost in the centre, though it belonged to Cuno's domains. In this pond were the best pike and carp in the whole neighbourhood; and the brothers, who loved to fish, were not a little annoyed that their father had forgotten in his will to make the pond part of their inheritance. They were too proud to fish there without their brother's permission, and yet unwilling by courtesies, to obtain his consent. Cuno, however, knew his brothers' disposition, and that this pond lay near their hearts, and he therefore invited them one day to meet him there.

It was a beautiful spring morning when, nearly at the same moment, the three brothers from the three castles met there. "Well I never," exclaimed Little Rogue, "this is a lucky meeting! I rode away from the Castle of Schalksberg precisely at seven o'clock."

"So did I—and I," replied the brothers from Hirschberg and from Zollern.

"Fancy, the pond must be exactly in the centre," continued the Rogue; "it is a beautiful piece of water."

"Yes, that is the reason I have invited you here. I know both of you are very fond of fishing, and though I like sometimes myself to throw a fly, yet there is fish enough in the pond for three castles, and on its banks is plenty of room for us three, even if we all fish at the same time. So from to-day I want this water to be our

common property, and each of you shall have equal rights to it as myself."

"Indeed our brother is mightily condescending," said Little Rogue with a scornful smile, "for giving us six acres of water and some hundreds of little fish! Well—and what shall we be obliged to give him in return? the only thing one can have for nothing is death!"

"You shall have it for nothing," said Cuno; "I should only be too glad to see you here at times at this pond and speak to you. We are, after all, the sons of one father."

"No," replied the one from the Castle of Schalksberg, "that would not do, for there is nothing more silly than to fish in company, for the one always drives away the fish from the other. But let us fix days, say you, Cuno on Monday and Thursday, Wolf on Tuesday and Friday, and Wednesday and Saturday myself—that is the way I should like it."

"And even that does not suit me," cried the gloomy Wolf. "I won't have anything given to me, nor do I want to go shares with any one either—you are right, Cuno, in offering us the pond, for all three of us have properly speaking an equal claim to it; but let us throw dice for it whose it shall be in future; if I should be more fortunate than you, then you may ask my permission to fish."

"I never throw dice," replied Cuno, saddened at his brother's obduracy.

"Well, fancy!" laughed Little Rogue, "how very religious and pious our brother is to consider throwing dice a deadly sin. But I will propose something else to you, of which the most pious hermit ought not to be ashamed. Let us get our fishing-lines and hooks, and he who catches the most fish this morning before the clock strikes twelve in the castle of Zollern shall alone be owner of the pond."

"Really I am a fool," said Cuno, "to dispute for that which rightly belongs to me as heir. But, in order to show you that I am in earnest about sharing the pond, I will go and fetch my fishing-tackle."

They rode home each one to his castle. The twins sent out their servants in great haste, and had all the old stones uplifted, to find worms as bait for the fish in the

pond; Cuno, however, took his ordinary fishing-tackle, and the bait which Frau Feldheimer had once taught him to make, and was the first to be at the place again. He permitted the twins, when they arrived, to choose the best and most convenient places, and then threw out his own line. It seemed as if the fish recognised him as the owner of the pond. The whole shoals of carp and pike drew together, and swarmed round his hooks. The largest and strongest pushed the little ones away, and every moment he pulled out one, and no sooner had he thrown his hook into the water again than twenty or thirty opened their mouths to snap at the sharp hook.

Two hours had scarcely elapsed when the ground around him was covered with the finest fish. He then left off fishing, and went to his brothers to see how they were getting on. Little Rogue had caught one small carp, and two wretched bleak; Wolf three barbel and two little gudgeon. And both looked sadly into the pond, for they could see quite plainly from their places, the immense quantity which Cuno had caught. When Cuno approached his brother Wolf, the latter sprang up in a fury, tore the fishing line, broke the rod in pieces and threw it into the pond.

"I wish I were throwing in a thousand hooks instead of one, and that on each of them would wriggle one of these creatures," he cried; "but there is something wrong about it, it is enchantment and witchcraft, or how should you, Stupid Cuno, catch more fish in one hour than I in a year?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now," continued Little Rogue, "he learned to fish of that mean witch, Frau Feldheimer; and we were fools to go fishing with him. He will very soon become a sorcerer."

"You evil-disposed fellows!" replied Cuno, angrily. "This morning I have had ample opportunity to perceive your avarice, impudence, and rudeness. Be off, and never come here again; and believe me, it were better for your souls if you were only half as pious and good as that woman whom you call a witch."

"No, she is not a real witch," said Little Rogue, laughing mockingly. "Such women can prophesy; but Frau

Feldheimer is as likely to become a prophetess as a goose a swan. She told our father that one would be able to buy a good part of his inheritance for a florin; that is to say, he would become very poor, and yet at his death all the land that could be seen from the turret of the Castle of Zollern belonged to him. Go away! Frau Feldheimer is nothing but a silly old woman, and you, the Stupid Cuno."

After these words the little one ran off quickly, for he feared his brother's powerful arm; and Wolf followed him, uttering all the oaths which he had picked up from his father.

Deeply hurt in his inmost soul, Cuno returned homewards, for he now saw clearly that his brothers would never more be reconciled to him. He took their harsh words so much to heart, that he fell very ill on the following day, and only the consolations of the pious Father Joseph, and the strengthening little potions of Frau Feldheimer saved him from death.

But when his brothers heard that their brother Cuno was dangerously ill they held a merry banquet; and, flushed with wine, promised each other that when the Stupid Cuno should die, he who learned it first was to fire off all the guns to inform the other of it, and he who fired first was to have beforehand the best cask of wine in Cuno's cellar. From this time Wolf always kept a servant watching in the vicinity of the Castle of Hirschberg, and Little Rogue even bribed one of Cuno's servants with a great deal of money to let him know at once when his master lay at the point of death.

This servant, however, was more attached to his gentle and pious master than to the wicked Count of Schalksberg. One evening he asked Frau Feldheimer in a sympathising manner about the condition of his master, and on her telling him that he had almost recovered, he told her the plan of the two brothers, that they intended firing salvoes at Count Cuno's death. She was greatly incensed at this, and speedily reported it to the Count; but as he would not believe such a great want of love in his brothers, she advised him to make a trial and spread a rumour that he was dead, for then it would soon be heard whether they would cannonade or not. The

Count sent for the servant whom his brother had bribed, questioned him again, and ordered him to ride to the Castle of Schalksberg to announce his approaching end.

While the servant was hastily riding down the hill of Hirschberg, Count Wolf of Zollern's servant saw him, stopped him, and asked where he was riding in such haste.

"Alas!" said he, "my poor master will not outlive this night, they have all despaired of him."

"Indeed! Is that what is going to happen?" he exclaimed, running to his horse and swinging himself upon it, galloping so quickly up the hill of the Castle of Zollern that his horse fell down at the gate, and he himself was only just able to call out, "Count Cuno is dying!" before he fainted. Thereupon the cannons thundered from the Castle of Hohen Zollern. Count Wolf and his mother were delighted at the excellent cask of wine, the inheritance, the pond, the jewels, and the powerful echo which his cannons gave. But what he had taken to be the echo, were the cannons from the Castle of Schalksberg, and Wolf, smiling, said to his mother:

"So the little one has also had a spy, and we shall have to divide the wine in equal shares just as the rest of the inheritance."

He then got on horseback, for he suspected Little Rogue might forestall him by arriving there first, and perhaps take away some of the valuables of the deceased before he came.

The two brothers, however, met at the fish pond, and blushed on facing each other, for each had intended to reach the Castle of Hirschberg first. They did not say a word about Cuno, as they rode on, but held a brotherly council, what arrangement they should make for the future, and to whom the Castle of Hirschberg should belong. But as they rode across the drawbridge and entered the courtyard, they saw their brother looking out of the window hale and hearty; but wrath and indignation inflamed his countenance. His brothers were very much frightened at seeing him, and crossed themselves, for they thought at first he was a ghost; but when they saw he was still flesh and blood, Wolf exclaimed, "Well, I declare, how strange! Nonsense! I thought you were dead."

"Well, forbearance is no acquittance," said the little one, looking fiercely at his brother.

Cuno, however, said with a thundering voice: "From this hour all ties of relationship are broken between us. I heard plainly enough your salvoes: but look out, there are five field-pieces in my courtyard, and I have ordered them to be well loaded in honour of you. Make haste and get beyond the reach of my bullets, or you may be taught how we fire at the Castle of Hirschberg."

There was no necessity for them to be told twice, for they could see by his looks that he was in earnest; they spurred their horses and raced down the hill, while their brother sent a cannon-ball after them, whizzing over their heads, so that both together made a deep and polite bow; but he only wished to frighten them, and not wound them.

"Why did you fire?" asked Little Rogue angrily.

"You fool! I only fired because I heard you firing."

"If you do not believe me, go and ask mother!" replied Wolf; "it was you who fired first, and have brought this disgrace on us, Little Badger."

The little one was not slow in lavishing his choice epithets upon him, and when they had come to the fish-pond, they treated each other to the oaths they had learned from old Thunder-Storm von Zollern, and parted in hatred and anger.

On the following day, however, Cuno made his will, and Frau Feldheimer said to Father Joseph: "I would lay a wager he has not left much to the shooters." But curious though she was, and often as she coaxed her pet to tell her what he had written in the will, she never knew its contents; for a year later the good woman died. Her ointments and potions were of no use to her; she died in her ninety-eighth year, of no illness, but simply of old age, for that, too, at last brings a hale person to the grave. Count Cuno had her buried, not like a poor woman, but as if she had been his mother, and his castle became more lonely to him, especially as Father Joseph soon after followed Frau Feldheimer.

This loneliness, however, he did not feel very long; good Cuno died as early as his twenty-eighth year, poisoned, so some wicked people maintained, by Little Rogue.

Be that as it may, some hours after his death the thunder of the cannons again echoed, and from the castles of Zollern and Schalksberg twenty-five rounds were fired. "There is no mistake about it this time," said Rogue, when they met on the way to the castle.

"Yes," said Wolf, "and if he rises again, and mocks us at the window as he did before, I have a pistol with me which will make him polite and quiet."

As they rode up the hill of the castle, they were joined by a horseman and his suite, whom they did not know. They thought he might be a friend of their brother, who had come to be present at the funeral. They therefore assumed a sorrowful look, spoke loud in praise of the deceased, lamented his early departure, and Little Rogue even shed a few crocodile tears. The knight, however, gave no answer to it, but rode quietly and silently by their side up the hill to the Castle of Hirschberg. "Now we will make ourselves comfortable," cried Wolf, dismounting. "Bring us some of the best wine, butler!" They went up the spiral staircase and entered the hall, whither the mute rider also followed them; and after the twins had seated themselves quite comfortably at the table, he pulled out of his jacket a piece of silver, and throwing it upon the stone table so that it rolled about and jingled, he said: "Well, there is your inheritance, and the exact amount—a florin." The two brothers looked at each other in surprise, laughed, and asked what he meant by it.

The knight then produced a roll of parchment with numerous seals, in which the stupid Cuno had noted all the acts of enmity which his brothers had shown him in his lifetime; and at the end he had willed and decreed that his whole inheritance, goods and chattels, with the exception of his late mother's jewels, in case of his death were to be sold to Würtemberg, and that for a paltry florin! With the proceeds of the jewels, however, a house for the poor was to be built in the town of Balingen.

The brothers were startled again, but did not laugh this time; they gnashed their teeth, for they could do nothing against Würtemberg. And thus they had lost the beautiful estate, forest, and field, the town of Balingen, and even the fish-pond, and inherited nothing but a

miserable florin. This Wolf put haughtily into his jacket, and without saying a word, he threw his barret cap on his head, passed the commissioner of Würtemberg in a defiant manner, and without saluting him, jumped on his horse and rode to his Castle of Zollern.

But when, on the following morning his mother taunted him with reproaches that they had lost the estate and jewels through their joking, he rode over to Rogue to the Castle of Schalksberg: "Shall we spend our inheritance in gambling or drinking?" he asked him.

"To spend it in drinking is better," said Rogue, "for then both of us will profit by it. Let us ride to Balingen, and show ourselves there in defiance of the people, although we have shamefully lost the little town."

"At the Lamb Inn they sell red wine, an emperor does not drink better," added Wolf.

So they rode together to the Lamb Inn at Balingen, ordered a quart of red wine, and drank each other's health until the florin was spent. Wolf then got up, and pulling out of his jacket the silver piece with a bounding stag on it, threw it upon the table and said: "There is your florin, I dare say that is the amount."

The innkeeper took up the florin, and looking on both sides of it said with a smile: "Yes, but this is no longer worth a florin, for last night a messenger came from Stuttgart, and this morning it has been published by beat of drum in the name of the Count of Würtemberg, to whom the little town of Balingen now belongs, that those florins are now depreciated, so I must ask you to pay me in other coin.

The two brothers looked at each other, turning pale. "Pay up," said one of them. "Have you no change?" said the other; and in short they were obliged to owe the florin at the Lamb Inn in Balingen. They returned home quiet and thoughtful; but when they came to the cross roads, where the way to the right led to Zollern and to the left to Schalksberg, Rogue said: "Well now! We have inherited indeed less than nothing, and in addition to this the wine was bad."

"Yes, indeed," replied his brother. "But what Frau Feldheimer prophesied has come true after all; we

shall see how much of his inheritance will be worth a florin! And we have not been able to buy even a quart of wine with it."

"I know!" answered he of Schalksberg.

"Stupid nonsense!" said he of Zollern, and rode to his castle dissatisfied with himself and with the world.

"This is the story of the florin," concluded the compass-maker, "and it is said to be true. The landlord in Dürrwangen, which is not far from these three castles, related it to my good friend who often crossed the Suabian Alps as guide and always put up in Dürrwangen."

The guests applauded the compass-maker. "What extraordinary things one does hear in the world," exclaimed the carrier. "I am indeed heartily glad we did not waste our time playing cards; really this is much better, and I have paid such attention to this story, that I shall be able to relate it to-morrow to my comrades without missing a word."

"While you were telling your story, something occurred to me," said the student.—"Oh tell it, tell it!" begged the compass-maker and Felix.—"Well," replied the former, "whether it is my turn now or later makes no difference to me, for I shall be obliged to relate again all I have heard from others. What I am going to tell is said to have really occurred once upon a time."

He placed himself in a proper position, and was about to begin telling a story, when the landlady put the distaff aside and stepped towards the guests at the table. "Now, gentlemen," she said, "it is time to go to bed, the clock has struck nine, and there is another day to-morrow."

"Well, go to bed then," cried the student, "bring us another bottle of wine and we shall not keep you up any longer."—"Certainly not," she said, sulkily, "as long as there are still some guests in the tap-room, mistress and servant cannot go away. In short, gentlemen, make haste and get to your bedrooms; I am wearied, and after nine no more drink can be served in my house."

"What are you thinking about, hostess?" said the compass-maker surprised. "What harm can it do you,

whether we remain sitting here after you have gone to bed? We are honest people, and shall not carry anything away, or leave your house without paying. I will not put up with such treatment."

The woman turned her eyes on him angrily; "Do you suppose I should alter the rules of my house on account of every scamp of an artisan, or every road-tramper who brings me in twelve kreutzers. I tell you now for the last time I will not tolerate this nonsense."

The compass-maker was about to say something again, when the student looked at him significantly, and winked with his eyes to the others. "Well," he said, "if the hostess will not allow it, let us go to our bedrooms; but we should like to have some lights to find our way."

"I cannot supply you with them," she replied, gloomily; "the others will find their way in the dark, and as for you this little candle-end here is quite enough. I have no more in the house."

The young man took the light silently and got up. The others followed him, the travelling artisans taking their bundles, in order to put them near them in the bedroom. They followed the student, who lighted them upstairs.

After they had got upstairs, the student requested them to enter his room quietly, unlocked it, and beckoned them to come in. "There is no longer any doubt now," he said, "she will betray us; did you not notice how anxiously she endeavoured to see us off to bed, and how she deprived us of all means to remain awake together? She now probably thinks we are going to lie down, and then her task will be all the easier."

"But do you not think we might yet escape?" asked Felix. "It is easier to think of escaping in the forest than here in this room."—"The windows are also barred here!" exclaimed the student, whilst trying in vain to remove one of the iron bars of the railings. "There is only one outlet, if we mean to escape, namely by the front door; but I do not think they will let us go."

"That depends upon a trial," said the carrier. "I will just try if I can get into the yard. If this is possible, I shall return for you."

The others approved of this proposal; the carrier taking

off his shoes stole on tiptoe towards the staircase; his companions listened anxiously in the room above; he had already descended half the staircase safely and unperceived, but on turning round a pillar, a terrible dog suddenly jumped up before him, put its paws upon his shoulders, and showed him right in his face two rows of long and sharp teeth. He dared neither move forwards nor backwards; for at the slightest movement the terrible dog would jump up to his throat. At the same time it began to whine and bark, and immediately the ostler and hostess appeared with lights. "Where are you going? What do you want?" exclaimed the woman.—"I want to get something from my cart," answered the carrier, trembling all over; for when the door opened he perceived in the room several dark, suspicious-looking faces of men with guns in their hands.

"You might have done all that before," said the hostess, morosely. "Come here, Fassan! lock the yard-door, Jacob, and light the man to his cart." The dog withdrew his fierce nose and paws from the carrier's shoulders, and stretched himself again right across the staircase. The ostler, having locked the yard-door, lighted the carrier. Escape was out of the question. On thinking, however, what he might really fetch from his cart, he thought of a pound of wax candles, which he had to carry into the next town; "the little piece of candle upstairs cannot last for more than a quarter of an hour," he said to himself, "and in any case light we must have!" He therefore took two wax candles from his cart, hid them in his sleeves, and then pretended to fetch his cloak from his cart, with which, as he told the ostler, he was going to cover himself during the night.

He safely reached the room again, telling them about the big dog who was lying near the staircase as a guard, about the men whom he had casually seen, about all preparations which had been made to capture them, and concluded by saying sobbingly, "We shall not survive this night."

"That I do not believe," replied the student; "I do not consider these people so foolish as that they should kill four human beings for the sake of so little gain. We

must not, however, defend ourselves. I for my part shall probably lose most; my horse is already in their hands, I paid for it fifty ducats only a month ago; my purse, my clothes, I give up willingly, for after all I value my life more than all this."

"It is all very well for you to talk," replied the carrier, "such property as you may lose can be easily replaced; but as for me I am a carrier from Aschaffenburg, and have all sorts of goods on my cart, and two beautiful horses in the stable, my only wealth."

"I cannot possibly believe that they will do you any harm," remarked the goldsmith; "to rob a carrier would create a considerable amount of stir and alarm in the country. I quite agree with what that gentleman there says; I would rather give up at once all I have, and take an oath not to say anything or even complain, than to defend myself against people armed with rifles and pistols for the sake of my little property."

The carrier had taken out his wax candles in the course of these observations. He stuck them on the table, and lighted them. "Let us wait, for goodness sake, what will befall us," he said; "let us sit together again and ward off sleep by talking."

"So we will," answered the student; "and as it was my turn before, I will relate you something."

THE COLD HEART.

FIRST PART.

WHOEVER travels through Suabia should never forget also to peep a little into the Black Forest, not for the sake of the trees, although one does not find such a great number of splendidly shot-up pines everywhere, but rather for the sake of the people, who form a marked contrast to other people in the neighbourhood. They are taller than ordinary men, broad-shouldered, of mighty limbs, and it appears as if the strengthening fragrance which wafts through the pines in the morning, had given them from

youth up a freer breathing, a clearer eye, and a firmer if a somewhat ruder courage than the inhabitants of the river valleys and plains. They do differ greatly, not merely by their bearing and stature from those people living outside the forest, but also by their manners and attire. The inhabitants of the Black Forest near Baden dress in the prettiest manner; the men allow the beard to grow, just as nature has placed it around their chins; their black jackets, their tremendous closely pleated trousers, their red stockings, and their peaked hats with their broad brims, give them a strange but serious and dignified air. The people in these parts generally occupy themselves with making glass; they also make clocks, which they carry about for sale through half the world.

On the other side of the forest live some of the same race, but their occupations have given them different customs and habits from those of the glass-makers. They trade with their forest; they fell and hew their pines, float them on the Nagold into the Neckar, and from the Upper Neckar down the Rhine ever so far into Holland; and the long rafts of the Black Foresters are well known on the sea shore. They stop at every town, situated on the river, proudly awaiting whether people will buy their beams and boards. Their strongest and longest beams, however, they dispose of at a heavy sum to the Dutch, who build ships of them. These men are accustomed to a rough and wandering life. Their pleasure is in floating down the streams upon their rafts, sorrowfully to ascend again along the banks. It is thus that their gala-dress is so different from that of the glass-blowers in the other part of the Black Forest. They wear jackets of dark linen cloth, green braces of the width of a hand over the wide chest, breeches of black leather, from a pocket of which peeps out a foot rule, made of brass, like a token of dignity; their pride and delight however are their boots, the largest undoubtedly worn in any part of the world; for they can be drawn up fully two spans above the knee, and the raftsmen can walk about in them through water three feet deep without getting their feet wet.

A short time ago the inhabitants of this forest believed

in wood spirits; only and in recent times has it been possible to rid them of this foolish superstition. But it is strange that even the spirits which are said to dwell in the Black Forest are distinguished by these different costumes. It has been asserted that the Little Glass-man, a good little spirit, three and a half feet in height, never showed itself except in a little peaked hat with a broad brim, a jacket, little trousers, and little scarlet stockings. Dutch Michael, however, who haunts the other side of the forest, is said to be a very tall, broad-shouldered fellow, dressed as a raftsman; and several, having seen him, assert that they would not like to pay out of their purse for the calves, the skins of which were required to make his boots. "So large that an ordinary man could stand up to his throat in them," they said, and would have it that nothing was exaggerated.

With these wood spirits a young Black Forester is said to have had a peculiar adventure, which I will relate. There lived in the Black Forest a widow, Frau Barbara Munk; her husband had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death she trained her son, sixteen years old, gradually to the same kind of business.

Young Peter Munk, who was a cunning fellow, contented himself, because he had seen his father do nothing else, to sit throughout the whole week at the smoking kiln, black and sooty, an aversion to the people, and to drive down into the town to sell them his charcoal. A charcoal-burner, however, has plenty of time for reflection about himself and others, and whenever Peter Munk was sitting near his kiln, the dark trees around and the deep silence of the forest moved his heart to tears and unknown longings. There was something which troubled him, something which annoyed him, he did not know exactly what it was. At length he discovered what it was that annoyed him, namely his position. "A black, lonely charcoal-burner!" he said to himself; "it is a wretched life. How nice the glass-makers look, the clock-makers, even the musicians on Sunday evening! But if I, Peter Munk, go out washed clean and neatly dressed in father's Sunday jacket with silver buttons and bran-new stockings, and some one goes behind me and thinks: 'Who

may be that handsome fellow?' and admires my stockings and stately gait; if he passes and turns round, he is sure to say: 'Oh, it is only the charcoal-burner, Peter Munk.'"

The raftsmen also on the other side were objects of his jealousy. Whenever these forest giants came over in their splendid dresses, carrying half a hundredweight of silver upon their persons in buttons, buckles and chains; whenever, with outstretched legs and distinguished appearance, they watched the dance, swore in Dutch, and smoked like the grandest Mynheers out of Cologne pipes a yard in length, he then regarded such a raftsman as a perfect picture of a happy man. And whenever these fortunate beings dived into their pockets, bringing out whole handfuls of big dollars, throwing the dice for six-batzen-pieces, losing now five florins, winning again ten, he would go nearly mad, stealing away sadly to his hut, for on many a holiday evening he had seen one or another of these timber merchants lose more at play than poor father Munk earned in a year.

There were three of these men in particular of whom he did not know which to admire most. One was a stout tall man with a red face, and was considered the wealthiest man round about the country. He was called Fat Ezekiel. Twice a year he travelled with timber to Amsterdam, and had the good fortune always to sell it so much dearer than others, that, when the others returned home on foot, he could always drive back in grand style. The next was the tallest and thinnest in the whole forest, and he was called Schlurker Long-shanks, and this one was envied by Munk on account of his extraordinary impudence; he contradicted the most respected people; occupied, however crowded the inn might be, more room than four of the stoutest men—for he either rested his elbows on the table, or put one of his long legs beside him on the seat—and yet no one dared to gainsay him, because he was immensely rich. The third, however, was a handsome young man, who was the best dancer far and wide, and who was therefore called the Dance-room King. He had been a poor man and had acted as a servant to a timber merchant, when all of a sudden he became enor-

mously rich. Some said he had found a pot full of money under an old pine; others alleged he had fished up with the pole which the raftsmen occasionally thrust at fish, not far from Bingen on the Rhine, a parcel of gold pieces, and this parcel was said to belong to the treasure of the Nibelungen, which was buried there. In short he had become rich all at once, and was looked upon as a prince by young and old.

Many a time did Peter Munk think of these three men when he was sitting alone in the pine forest. All three had one great fault, which made them hated by the people; this was their inhuman avarice, their harshness towards debtors and the poor—for the Black Foresters are a good-hearted little people. But one knows what usually happens in such cases; and although they were hated for their avarice, yet they were greatly esteemed on account of their money, for who like them could afford to throw away dollars as if money were to be shaken off the pines.

"I cannot endure this any longer," said Peter one day to himself, deeply distressed; for the day before had been a holiday and many people were at the inn. "If I do not make my fortune soon I shall do myself some injury. If I were only so respected and rich as Fat Ezekiel, or so bold and powerful as Lanky Schlurker, or so celebrated as the Dance-room King, and be able to throw dollars to the musicians instead of kreutzers! Where did the fellow get the money from?"

He meditated upon all sorts of means as to how he might get money, but none would occur to him. At last he too remembered the legends about those people who had become wealthy in ancient times through the Dutch Michael and the Little Glass-man. During his father's lifetime, other poor people had often come to see him, and much was said then about wealthy men and how they became rich. On such occasions the Little Glass-man played a prominent figure; indeed, if he remembered rightly, he could almost recall to mind the little verse which it was necessary to say in the middle of the forest whenever it was to make its appearance. It commenced:

"Treasurer in the pine-wood green,
Many hundred years hast seen,
Where pine-trees grow thine is the ground—"

But strain his memory as he would, he could not recollect another single line. He often thought as to whether he should not ask this or that old man, how the verse ran; but a certain shyness always prevented him from betraying his thoughts, and concluded that the legend of the Little Glass-man was little known and the verse only familiar to a few; for there were not many rich people in the forest. But why had not his father and the other poor people tried their good fortune? At last one day he got his mother to talk about the little man; she told him what he knew already, remembering too merely the first line of the verse, and finally told him the little spirit only showed itself to people who were born on a Sunday between the hours of eleven and two. He would do excellently for that, if he only knew the little verse, for he had been born on a Sunday at twelve o'clock at noon.

When Charcoal-burner Peter heard this, he was almost beside himself with joy and eagerness to hazard this adventure. He was satisfied with knowing part of the little verse, and to have been born on a Sunday, to induce the Little Glass-man to come forth. One day, therefore, after having disposed of his charcoal, he did not light another new kiln, but donned his father's best coat and his new scarlet stockings, put on his Sunday hat, took his five-foot blackthorn stick in his hand, and bade farewell to his mother. "I must go into the town to the magistrate's office, for we shall have to draw lots soon who is to be a soldier, and therefore I wish to call his attention again that you are a widow and I your only son." His mother praised his resolution; he went his way however towards the pine thicket. The pine forest is situated on the highest top of the Black Forest, and at that time there was not a single village within two hours' walk, nay, not even a hut, for the superstitious people thought it was not safe there.

People were also unwilling to fell trees in that district, in spite of high and magnificent pines which were there; for many times when the wood-cutters worked there the

axe-head had sprung from the haft into the river, or the trees had fallen very quickly, carrying with them the men and injuring or even killing them. The finest trees there could only be used for fuel, and the raftsmen never took a single stem from the thicket on their floats, because it was said that both man and timber would meet with an accident if a tree from the forest were on it.

That was the reason why the trees in the thicket grew so thick and high; so that it was almost dark in broad daylight, and Peter Munk became perfectly terrified there, for no voice was heard, no footsteps except his own, and no sound of an axe. Even the birds appeared to avoid this dense darkness of pine.

The charcoal-burner, Peter Munk, had now reached the highest point of the forest, and was standing before a pine of enormous dimensions, for which a Dutch ship-builder would have given many hundred florins on the spot. "Here," he thought, "probably lives the Treasurer;" took off his big Sunday hat, made a deep bow before the tree, cleared his throat, and said in a trembling voice: "I wish you a very happy good evening, Mr. Glass-man." No answer however followed, and all round about was as quiet as before. "Perhaps I must say the little verse," he thought, and then he murmured:

> "Treasurer in the pine-wood green,
> Many hundred years hast seen,
> Where pine-trees grow thine is the ground—"

Whilst saying these words he saw, to his great terror, a very little, strange figure peeping out behind the thick pine; he fancied he saw the Little Glass-man as he had been described to him—the little black jacket, the little red stockings, the little hat, all exactly like it; even the pale but delicate clever little face, of which he had heard. But alas! just as quickly as the Little Glass-man had peeped out, just as quickly had it also disappeared again! "Mr. Glass-man," exclaimed Peter Munk, after some hesitation, "kindly do not take me for a fool, Mr. Glass-man; and if you think I did not see you, you are greatly mistaken, for I saw you distinctly peeping from behind the tree."

Still there was no answer, and only occasionally he believed he heard a low, hoarse giggling behind the tree. At last his impatience overcame his fear, which had kept him back until then. "Wait, you little fellow," he exclaimed; "I shall soon capture you;" bounded with one jump behind the pine; there was no Treasurer however in the green pine-wood, but a pretty little squirrel running up the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head; he perceived that he had carried the charm to a certain point, and that perhaps only one more rhyme was wanting to the little verse to induce the Little Glass-man to make his appearance; but thinking now one way and then another, all to no purpose.

The squirrel was seen on the lowest branches of the pine, and seemed to cheer him up, or to mock him. It cleaned itself, it curled its beautiful tail, it looked at him with its clever eyes; at last, however, he was almost afraid to be alone with this animal, for at one time the squirrel appeared to have a man's head, wearing a three-cornered hat, at other times it was exactly like any other squirrel, having only on its hind legs red stockings and black shoes. In short, it was a lively animal; but yet Charcoal Peter was afraid of it, for he thought that there was something wrong about it. With quicker steps than he had come, Peter went away again. The darkness of the pine-wood seemed to grow deeper and deeper; the trees to stand more closely together; and he was so much terrified that he ran off hastily on hearing dogs barking in the distance, but soon after, on seeing amongst the trees the smoke from the chimney of a cottage, he became calmer again. When, however, he approached and saw the dress of the cottage people, he discovered that in his fear he had taken exactly the opposite direction, and had come to the raftsmen instead of the glass men. The people who lived in the hut were wood-cutters; an old man, his son, the master of the house, and some grown-up grandchildren. They warmly received Charcoal Peter, who asked for a night's lodging; without asking his name or place of residence, they gave him some cider to drink; and in the evening a large woodcock, the best dish in the Black Forest, was served. After supper the

hostess and her daughters placed themselves at their distaffs round a large blaze, which was fed by the boys with choicest resin; the grandfather, the guest, and the host smoked and looked on at the women, the boys, however, were occupied in carving spoons and forks out of wood. Outside, in the forest, the storm was roaring and raging through the pines; heavy blows were heard everywhere, and it often seemed as if whole trees were bending and clashing together.

The fearless boys were anxious to run out into the wood to look at this terribly beautiful spectacle; their grandfather, however, restrained them with grave words and looks. "I would advise no one to venture out of doors at present," he called out to them; "believe me, he will never come back again, for Dutch Michael is felling a new raft-load in the forest to-night."

The boys stared at him; they had probably heard about Dutch Michael; now, however, they requested their grandfather to relate something interesting about him. Peter Munk, who had also heard about Dutch Michael on the other side of the forest merely in a vague manner, agreed to it, and asked the old man who and where he was. "He is the master of this forest, and judging from your not having heard about him at your age, you must either live on the other side of the forest, or else still further away. I will however relate to you what I know about Dutch Michael, and what is said about him. Nearly a hundred years ago—so at least my grandfather told me—there were far and wide no more honest people on earth than the Black Foresters. At the present time, since so much money is in the country, men have become dishonest and wicked. The young fellows dance and sing on a Sunday, and swear, so that it is fearful to hear them: at that time, however, it was different, and if he were to look in at the window now, I should say, and have often said, Dutch Michael was to blame for all this mischief.

"Well, there lived a hundred years ago or more a rich timber merchant, who had many servants; he carried on his trade far down the Rhine, and his business was blessed, for he was a pious man. One evening there came to his

door a man, such a one as he had never seen. His dress was like that of the young fellows of the Black Forest, but he was a full head taller than any of them, and people believed then that there could be no such giant. This man asked the timber merchant for work, and the timber merchant, looking at him, and seeing that he was strong and capable of carrying heavy loads, struck a bargain with him as to his wages, and they came to terms. Michael was a workman such as this timber merchant had never had before. In felling he was as good as three, and whenever six dragged at one end he alone lifted the other. After having felled trees for half a year he one day appeared before his master and said to him: 'I have now been here long enough hewing timber, and I should like to see also where my timber goes to, and how would it be if you were to allow me to go on the rafts for once?'

"The timber merchant replied: 'I will not stand in your way, Michael, if you are desirous of seeing a little of the world; although for the felling of trees I require muscular men like yourself, whereas on the rafts it is skill that is required; however, be it so for once.'

"And so it was; the raft with which he was to go, was divided into eight divisions, the last of which was laden with the largest beams. But what happened? On the evening before, the strong Michael brings eight more beams to the river side, thick and long as one had never seen before, and carried each one of them as easily on his shoulders as if it were a pole; every one being amazed at it. Where he felled them no one knows to this day. The timber merchant's heart leapt for joy on seeing this, for he calculated what these beams might be sold for; Michael, however, said: 'Well, these are for me to travel on, but I cannot get along on those little chips.' His master was about to present him with a pair of raftsman's boots as a token of his gratitude; he however threw them aside, and produced a pair, such as there was none to equal; my grandfather assured me that they weighed a hundred pounds, and were five feet long.

"The raft started, and if Michael had before astonished the woodcutters, he now astonished the raftsmen; for instead of the raft going slower on the river on account

of the tremendous beams, as one would have thought, it now shot forward like an arrow as soon as they reached the Neckar. Wherever the Neckar made a bend the raftsmen usually had some difficulty in keeping the raft in the middle, in order not to ground on gravel or sand: Michael, however, always jumped into the water, pushed with one stroke the raft right or left, so that it glided by without danger; and if he came to a straight passage he would run to the first division, have all poles fastened, stick his enormous beam into the gravel, and with one push the raft floated along, so that the country, trees, and villages seemed to be flying past.

"In this way they had reached Cologne on the Rhine in half the time usually required; and there they had usually sold their cargo. Michael, however, said here: 'You are a nice sort of merchants, and understand your interest! Do you suppose the people of Cologne need all this wood, which comes from the Black Forest, for themselves? No, they buy it from you at half its value, and sell it again at a high price in Holland. Let us dispose of the small beams here, and go with the larger ones to Holland; and what we take above the usual price will be our own profit.'

"In this way spoke the subtle Michael, and the others agreed to it; some because they would like to go to Holland to see it, others for the sake of the money. One man only was honest, and urged them not to endanger the property of their master, or to cheat him of the higher price; but they did not listen to him, and forgot his words. Dutch Michael, however, did not forget them. In this way they went down the Rhine with their timber, Michael guiding the raft, and bringing them quickly to Rotterdam. The people there offered them four times the former price, and especially Michael's enormous beams were paid for at a high rate. When the Black Foresters saw so much money, they did not know how to contain themselves for joy. Michael divided it, one part for the timber merchant, and the three parts amongst the men. They now sat down together with sailors and other bad rabble in the inns, spending their money in drink and gambling; the honest

man, however, who had tried to dissuade them, was sold by Dutch Michael to a crimp, and nothing more was heard of him. From that time Holland became a Paradise to the young fellows of the Black Forest, and Dutch Michael their king: the timber merchants did not hear anything about this trade for a long time, and money, swearing, evil habits, drunkenness, and gambling came from Holland unnoticed.

"Dutch Michael was nowhere to be found when the story came to light; but all the same he is not dead yet; he has been haunting the forest for more than a century; and it is said that he has assisted many in getting rich, but at the cost of their poor souls; and I will say no more. This much however is certain, that even now on stormy nights like these he selects everywhere the finest pines in the forest, where no one is allowed to fell trees, and my father has seen him break one four feet thick like a rush. With these he makes a present to those who go wrong and go to him; about midnight they take their rafts to the water, and he travels with them to Holland. But if I were lord and king in Holland I would order him to be shot into the ground with grape shot, for all the ships which have only one single plank from Dutch Michael are sure to run aground. That is the reason one hears of so many shipwrecks; for how is it possible otherwise, for a fine, strongly-built ship, as large as a church, to sink at sea? As often, however, as Dutch Michael fells a pine in the Black Forest on a stormy night, one of his old planks jumps out of the joints of the ship, the water penetrates, and the ship is lost with all hands. This is the legend of Dutch Michael, and true it is, that all evil in the Black Forest originates from him.

"He it is who can make one rich," added the old man mysteriously; "but I should not like to have anything from him. I would not be in the skin of Fat Ezekiel at any price, or of Lanky Schlurker; it is also said that the Dance-room King has sold himself to him!"

The storm had abated during the old man's recital; the girls lighted the lamps timidly and went away; the men, however, laid a sack full of leaves as a pillow upon

the stone bench for Peter Munk, and wished him good-night.

The charcoal-burner, Peter Munk, had never had such disturbed dreams as on this night. At one time he fancied the gloomy gigantic Dutch Michael was bursting open the room windows, reaching in with his tremendously long arm a bag filled with gold coins, which he jingled together so that they made a clear and pleasant sound; sometimes he saw the affable Little Glass-man again riding about the room on an immense green bottle; and he thought he heard again the quiet laughter as in the forest; then again, something was buzzing in his left ear:

"In Holland there is gold
For one and all we're told,
And for a trifle sold,
This gold, gold, gold."

He then heard again in his right ear the little song about the Treasurer in the green pine forest, and a soft voice whispered, "Stupid Charcoal Peter, stupid Peter Munk, who can find no rhyme to 'ground,' and although you were born on a Sunday exactly at twelve o'clock. Rhyme, Stupid Peter, rhyme!"

He sighed and groaned in his sleep; he endeavoured to find a rhyme, but as he had, however, never made one in his life, all his labour in the dream was in vain. When, however, he awoke with the early dawn his dream appeared to him somewhat strange; he placed himself with his arms crossed at the table meditating over the whispers which were still ringing in his ears. "Rhyme, stupid charcoal-burner, Peter Munk, rhyme," he said to himself tapping his forehead with his fingers, but no rhyme would come out. Whilst he was thus sitting there still looking sadly before him, thinking about the rhyme to "ground," three young fellows passed by the house into the forest, and one of them sang as they passed:

"I stood upon the mountain-top,
And looked down on the level ground;
I saw her pass, she did not stop,
I knew she would no more be found."

These words ran like a flash of lightning through

Peter's ear; he rose hastily, rushed out of the house because he thought he had not heard it properly, ran after the three young fellows and seized the singer hastily and rudely by the arm: "Stop, friend!" he exclaimed; "what did you rhyme to the word 'ground'? Do me the favour and tell me what you have sung."

"What is that to you, fellow?" replied the Black Forester; "I can sing what I like, and let go my arm, or——"

"No, you shall tell me what you have sung!" cried Peter, almost beside himself, and laying hold of him firmly. The two others, however, on seeing this, did not hesitate long, but attacked poor Peter with their strong fists, belabouring him dreadfully until he loosed his grasp on the third, and sank exhausted on his knees. "Well, now you have your share," they said laughing, "and remember, you silly fellow, that you should never again attack people such as we are in the open road."

"Alas, I shall certainly remember," replied Charcoal Peter, sighing; "now, however, having got my beating, be so good as to tell me distinctly what the other man sang."

They then laughed again and mocked him; the one, however, who had sung the song repeated it to him, and laughing and singing they continued their journey.

"Well," said the poor beaten fellow on getting up with difficulty, "'ground' rhymes to 'found,' now, Little Glass-man, let us have a word together again."

He went into the cottage, fetched his hat and long stick, took leave of the people in the cottage, and retraced his steps towards the forest. He went on his way slowly and thoughtfully, for he had to think of a verse. At last, on reaching the district of the forest, where the pines became higher and thicker, he remembered his verse, and sprang off the ground with delight.

A very tall man attired as a raftsman, and with a pole as long as a mast in his hand, stepped out from behind the pines. Peter Munk almost sank upon his knees on seeing him walking slowly by his side, for he thought it was Dutch Michael and no one else. The terrible figure kept silent, and Peter looked at him sometimes with

terror. He might be a head taller than the tallest man that Peter had ever seen; his face was no longer young, neither was it old, but covered with furrows and wrinkles; he wore a linen jacket, and his great boots drawn over his leathern trousers, were quite familiar to Peter from the legend.

"Peter Munk, what are you doing in the pine forest?" asked the Forest King at last, in a deep threatening voice.

"Good morning, countryman," replied Peter, wishing to appear calm, but trembling violently. "I am on my way home through the pine forest."

"Peter Munk," replied the other, casting a piercing and terrible glance at him, "your road does not lie through this forest."

"Well, no, not exactly," said the other, "but it is warm to-day, so I thought it would be cooler here."

"Do not lie, Charcoal Peter!" exclaimed Dutch Michael, in a thundering voice, "or I shall strike you to the ground with this pole; do you think I did not see you begging of the little man?" he added gently. "Begone, that was a foolish trick, and it is lucky you did not know the little verse; the little fellow is a miser, and does not give much, and whoever receives anything from him will never be happy during his lifetime. Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and I pity you from the bottom of my heart; such a cheerful handsome fellow, who might succeed in the world, and yet you are only a charcoal-burner! When others can shake armfuls of dollars and ducats out of their sleeves, you can scarcely chink a couple of six kreutzers together; it is a wretched life."

"It is quite true, and you are right; it is a wretched life."—"Well, I won't be very particular," continued the terrible Michael; "I have assisted many a brave fellow in trouble, and you would not be the first. Just tell me, how many hundred dollars do you require for the present?"

In saying these words he jingled the money in his gigantic pockets, and it sounded again as it had done in the night during his dream. Peter's heart, however, throbbed with fear and anxiety at these words; he first

became cold, then warm, and Dutch Michael did not look as if he gave money away for charity without asking for something in return. The mysterious words of the old man concerning the rich people occurred to him, and, seized by inexplicable fright and timidity, he exclaimed: "Many thanks, sir, but I would rather have nothing to do with you—I know you already!" and ran away as fast as he could.

The Wood Spirit, however, strode by the side of him, taking gigantic steps, muttering in a hollow and threatening voice: "You will repent it, Peter; it is written on your forehead, and it is to be read in your eyes, you shall not escape me. Do not run so quickly, but just listen to a word of reason, for yonder my boundary already ends."

When Peter heard this, and seeing not far from him a little ditch he hastened on still faster that he might cross the boundary; so that Michael was at last obliged to run quicker, pursuing him with oaths and threats. The young fellow cleared the ditch with a bound of despair, for he saw how the Wood Spirit stretched out his pole, and was about to throw it upon him vigorously. He reached the opposite side in safety, and the pole splintered in the air, just as if it had been thrown against an invisible wall, a large piece darted towards Peter.

He picked it up triumphantly in order to throw it back to the rude Dutch Michael; but at this moment he felt the piece of wood moving in his hand, and to his great terror he saw that it was a huge serpent he was holding in his hand, which was already crawling up to him, with foaming tongue and gleaming eyes. He let it go, but it had already twisted itself tightly round his arm, and was coming nearer and nearer with its wriggling head up to his face, when all of a sudden a great woodcock swooped down, and seizing the head of the serpent with its beak, rose with it into the air, and Dutch Michael, who had seen all this from the ditch, howled and roared and raged on seeing the serpent carried away by a stronger one than itself.

Exhausted and trembling, Peter continued his journey; the path became steeper, the country more barren, and

soon he found himself near a tremendous pine. He again made, as on the previous day, a bow to the invisible Little Glass-man, and then said:

"Treasurer in the pine-wood green,
Many hundred years hast seen,
Where pine-trees grow thine is the ground,
By Sunday-born alone thou'rt found."

"Although you have not quite succeeded, Charcoal Peter Munk, yet because it is you I will accept it," said a soft gentle voice near him; he turned round with surprise, and perceived under a beautiful pine a little old man, in a black jacket and scarlet stockings, with a large hat upon his head. He had a delicate, cheerful little face, wore a little beard, as fine as a cobweb; he was smoking a pipe of blue glass, which looked peculiar, and as Peter approached he saw to his surprise that also the clothes, shoes, and hat of the dwarf were also made of coloured glass; it was however as flexible as if it were still hot, for it creased like a piece of cloth according to the movements of the little man.

"Have you met with the ruffian, Dutch Michael?" said the dwarf, whilst coughing a little between every word in a peculiar manner. "He would like to have frightened you, but I have deprived him of his magic wand, which he shall never have again."

"Yes, Mr. Treasurer," replied Peter, making a low bow, "I was very much afraid. But probably you were the gentleman woodcock who killed the serpent; I thank you for it very much. I have come to you, however, to ask counsel; I get on very badly and miserably; a charcoal-burner does not thrive, and being still young, I thought something better might turn up for me; for whenever I see others who have succeeded so well in so short a time, as, for instance, Ezekiel and the Dance-room King, who have money as plentiful as hay——"

"Peter," said the Dwarf, very seriously puffing away at his pipe, "Peter, don't tell me anything about these people. What does it profit them if they have here a few years the appearance of happiness and then to be the more unhappy ever afterwards? You must not despise your

trade; your father and grandfather were men of honour, who also carried on the same trade, Peter Munk! I hope it is not love of idleness that brings you to me."

Peter was frightened at the seriousness of the little man, and blushed. "No, no!" said he. "I know very well, Mr. Treasurer in the Pine Wood, that idleness is the root of all evil; but surely you cannot think it amiss of me if a different position is more agreeable to me than my own. A charcoal-burner is really of little importance in the world, but the glass-men, raftsmen, and watch-makers are all much more esteemed."

"Pride often precedes the fall," replied the Little Man of the Pine Forest, in a more friendly manner. "You are a peculiar race, you men! Seldom is one of you satisfied with the position in which you are born and brought up, and I am positive if you were a glass-man you would like to be a timber merchant; and if you were a timber merchant, then it would be the appointment of a forest-keeper, or the magistrate's residence that would suit you. But be it as it may, if you promise to work diligently, I will help you to something better, Peter. I am in the habit of granting three wishes to every Sunday-child who knows how to find his way to me. The first two are unlimited, the third I can refuse if it is silly. Therefore wish for something now, but—Peter, something good and useful."

"Hullo! You are an excellent Little Glass-man, and are rightly called the Treasurer, for your house is filled with treasures. Well—if I may wish therefore for that which my heart desires, I should ask first of all that I may be able to dance still better than the Dance-room King, and always have as much money in my pockets as Fat Ezekiel."

"You fool!" replied the little man, in an angry voice. "What a wretched wish this is, to be able to dance well and to have money for gambling! Are you not ashamed, stupid Peter, to deceive yourself thus for thy happiness? Of what advantage is it to you, or to your poor mother, if you can dance well? What is the use of your money, which, according to your wish, is only intended to be spent in drink at the public house, and to remain there like that of the wretched Dance-room King? In this way you will have no money all the week, and will be half starved as

before. One more wish I will yet allow you, but take care that you wish more prudently."

Peter scratched his ear, and said, after some hesitation: "Well, I wish to own the most beautiful and richest glass-factory in the whole of the Black Forest, with all its contents and money."

"Anything else?" asked the dwarf, with an anxious mien. "Anything else, Peter?"

"Well—you might add a horse and a little carriage to it."

"Oh, you stupid Charcoal Peter Munk!" exclaimed the dwarf, throwing his glass pipe angrily at a thick pine so that it broke into a hundred pieces. "Horses! A little carriage! Understanding, I tell you, understanding, common sense and judgment you should have wished for, but not little horses and carriages. Well, don't be so sad, we shall see, that even so it will not be to your disadvantage; for the second wish was not altogether a foolish one. A good glass-factory also provides food for its owner, but if you had added judgment and understanding, carriages and horses would have come of their own accord."

"But, Mr. Treasurer," replied Peter, "I have, as you know, one more wish left. So that I might wish for understanding, if it is so indispensable to me as you think."

"Certainly not! You will find yourself one day in many perplexities, in which you would be glad if you had one more wish left. And now, be off on your way home. Here," said the little forest spirit, pulling out of his pocket a little purse, "here are two thousand florins, that must be enough, and do not come to me again to ask for money, or else I shall hang you up to the highest pine. I have always done that since I lived in this forest. Three days ago the old Winkfritz died, who was the owner of the large glass-factory in the lower part of the Black Forest. Go there to-morrow morning and make an offer for the business, as you think proper. Keep in good health, be industrious, and I will visit you sometimes, and help and advise you, because you have not as yet asked for understanding. But—and this I tell you seriously—your first wish was a bad one.

"Be careful not to run into the public houses, Peter. This has never done any one any good in the long run."

The Little Man, while thus speaking, had pulled out a new pipe of alabaster glass filled with dried fir-cones, and put it into his little toothless mouth. He then pulled out an enormous magnifying glass, stepped into the sunshine, and lit his pipe. Having done this, he offered Peter his hand in a friendly manner, and also gave him some warning words on the road, smoked and puffed more and more quickly, and disappeared at last in a cloud of smoke, which smelt like real Dutch tobacco, and soared away curling amid the tops of the pines.

When Peter reached home, he found his mother in great distress about him, for the good woman believed nothing else but that her son had been enlisted in the army. He was however cheerful and good tempered, and related to her how he had met with a kind friend in the forest, who advanced him money in order to change his business from that of charcoal burning. Although his mother had been living for thirty years in the charcoal burner's cottage, and been accustomed to the look of sooty men, like every miller's wife to the floury face of her husband, yet she was after all vain enough, as soon as Peter portrayed to her a more brilliant lot, to despise her former position and said: "Yes, as the mother of a man who owns a glass-factory, I am after all somewhat different from our neighbours Grete and Bete, and for the future I shall take the chief place in the church among the wealthy."

Her son soon struck a bargain with the heirs of the glass-factory. He retained the workmen who were there, and had glass made all day and night, At first the trade pleased him. He used to go into the factory at his ease, walk about there with his hands in his pockets, look about now here, now there, and say one thing and another at which his workmen often laughed not a little; his greatest delight was to see the glass being blown, and he often set to work and formed the most peculiar figures out of the yet soft mass. Soon, however, he grew tired of the work; and at first he only came for one hour a day into the glass-factory, afterwards only every other

day, finally only once a week, and his workmen did as they liked. All this, however, was the result of his frequenting public houses. The Sunday after he had returned from the pine forest, he went into the inn, and who should be there already dancing in the room, than the Dance-room King, and the stout Ezekiel, too, was already sitting behind his tankard gambling for crown pieces. Peter quickly put his hands into his pockets to see whether the Little Glass-man had kept his word, and behold, his pockets were filled with silver and gold. He felt his legs twitch and tremble, as if they would dance and bound; and on the first dance being finished, he placed himself with his partner close to the Dance-room King, and whenever the latter bounded three feet into the air, Peter went four feet, and whenever the Dance-room king took peculiar and graceful steps, Peter twisted and turned his legs, so that all spectators were almost beside themselves with delight and admiration. When, however, it was known in the dance-room that Peter had bought a glass-factory, and when it was seen that as often as he danced past the musicians, he threw them a six-batzer, there was no end of surprise.

Some believed he had found a treasure in the forest; others thought he had received a legacy; all, however, now respected him, and considered him a made man, simply because he had money. Although the same evening he lost twenty florins in gambling, notwithstanding the money in his pockets rattled and jingled, as if there were still some hundreds of dollars in them.

When Peter saw how much he was respected, his joy and pride knew no bounds; he threw away his money by handfuls and divided it freely amongst the poor, remembering very well how his poverty had at one time affected him. The skill of the Dance-room King was marred by the supernatural skill of the new dancer, and Peter was now called by the name of Dance-room Emperor. The boldest gamblers did not risk so much as he did on the Sunday, but they did not lose so much either. The more he lost the more he gained. This was exactly as he had asked of the Little Glass-man. He had wished to have in his pockets always as much money as Fat Ezekiel,

and this was just the man to whom he lost his money. After losing twenty or thirty florins all at once, he had them immediately in his pockets again, on Ezekiel taking them.

By-and-by he indulged in drinking and gambling more than the worst fellows in the Black Forest, and people more often called him Gambling Peter, than Dance Emperor, for he now also played on every working-day. On account of this, however, his glass-factory fell to ruin by degrees, owing to Peter's want of sense. He had as much glass manufactured as possible, but he had not bought with the house the secret where it could best be sold. At last he did not know what to do with the large quantity of glass, and sold it at half price to travelling traders, only to enable him to pay his workmen. One evening, on returning home from the inn, in spite of the quantity of wine which he had drunk, to cheer up his spirits, he thought with terror and grief of the ruin of his property, when all of a sudden he perceived that some one was walking by his side, and on turning round, behold, —it was the Little Glass-man. He now became angry, passionate, and swore by all that was sacred to him, the little man was the cause of all his misfortune.

"What is the use of a horse and a little carriage to me now?" he exclaimed. "What is the use of my house and all my glass? Even when I was still a wretched charcoal-burner, I lived more cheerfully and had no cares. Now, however, I do not know when the bailiff may come to seize all my goods, and sell them on account of my debts!"

"Really!" said the Little Glass-man. "Indeed! Am I to blame because you are so unfortunate? Is this your gratitude for my kindnesses? Who asked you to wish so foolishly? You wished to be a glass-maker, and were ignorant as to where you should dispose of your glass? Did I not tell you that you should be careful in wishing? Understanding, Peter, wisdom has been wanting in thee."

"What, understanding and wisdom!" cried the other. "I am as clever a fellow as any, and will prove it to you, Little Glass-man. In saying these words he seized the little man rudely by the collar, and exclaimed: "Have I

got you now, Treasurer in the Green Pine Wood? And now I will have my third wish, and you shall grant it. I demand on the spot two hundred thousand dollars in hard cash, and a house and—ah, dear me!" he uttered, wringing his hands, for the little forest man had changed into hot burning glass, and burned in his hand like sputtering fire. Nothing more of the little man was seen.

His swollen hand reminded him for several days of his ingratitude and foolishness. He then, however, stifled his conscience, and said: "And even if they sell my glass-factory and everything, yet Fat Ezekiel is left to me. As long as he has money on Sunday, I shall not want."

Quite true, Peter! But suppose all his money goes? So it happened one day, and it was a remarkable arithmetical example. One Sunday Peter drove up to the inn; people were putting their heads out of the windows, when one said: "Gambling Peter is coming," and another said: "Yes, the Dance-room Emperor, the rich glass-maker;" a third shook his head and said: "People talk a great deal about his wealth, and all sorts of things are in circulation as regards his debts;" and some one in the town said: "The bailiff will not much longer delay in laying hold of his property."

In the meantime the wealthy Peter politely and majestically saluted the guests at the window, alighted from his carriage, and exclaimed: "Good evening, landlord of the Sun Hotel. Has the Stout Ezekiel already arrived?" and a deep voice said: "Come in, Peter! your place has been reserved for you; we are all here and have already commenced playing at cards." Thus Peter Munk entered the tap-room, and putting his hands immediately into his pockets, noticed that Ezekiel must be well supplied with money, for his pockets were filled up to the brim.

He sat down at the table with the others and played, winning and losing every now and then; and thus they played until night time, when all respectable people went home, and until two other gamblers said: "It is enough now, we must go home to wife and child." Gambling Peter, however, requested Fat Ezekiel to remain. For a long time he refused; at last, however he cried: "All

right, I will just count my money, and then we will gamble five florins a point, for lower is only child's play."

He pulled out his purse and counted five hundred florins in hard cash; and Gambling Peter knew now how much he had himself, and had no occasion to count. If Ezekiel had won before, he now lost every point, and swore terribly into the bargain. If he threw a triplet, Gambling Peter threw one too, and always two pips higher. He now put his last five florins on the table and exclaimed: "Once more, and if I lose again, I shall not leave off after all, and you must lend me some of your winnings, Peter, for one honest man helps the other!"

"As much as you like, and even it be a hundred florins," said the Dance-room Emperor, rejoicing at his gain; and Fat Ezekiel, shaking the dice, threw fifteen.—"A triplet!" he exclaimed, "now we shall see!" Peter, however, threw eighteen, and a hoarse familiar voice behind him said: "Well, that was the last."

He turned round, and the gigantic Dutch Michael stood behind him. Frightened, he dropped the money which he had already taken up. Fat Ezekiel, however, did not see the Master of the Wood, but asked Gambling Peter to advance him ten florins to play with. Half dreaming, the latter put his hand into his pocket, but there was no money; he searched the other pocket, but there too was no money; he turned his coat inside out, but not one single red farthing fell out, and now, only, he remembered his first wish, namely, always to have as much money as Fat Ezekiel. All had disappeared like smoke.

The innkeeper and Ezekiel looked at him in astonishment, as he kept on seeking for his money, but could not find it. They would not believe that he had no more. When, however, they at last searched his pockets themselves, they became angry and swore that Gambling Peter was a wicked enchanter, and had sent all the money that he had gained home by enchantment. Peter defended himself bravely, but appearances were against him.

Ezekiel said he would relate the frightful story to all the people in the Black Forest; and the innkeeper promised him that he would go into the town early on the following

day to accuse Peter Munk of being an enchanter, and live, he added, to see him burnt. They then attacked him furiously, tore his jacket from off his body, and threw him out of doors.

No star shone in the sky when Peter sorrowfully stole towards his home; but nevertheless he could recognise a dark figure going along with him, who at last said: "It is all over with you, Peter Munk; all your splendour has come to an end, and I might have told you that at a time when you would have nothing to do with me, but ran to the stupid Glass dwarf. Now you see what people get when they despise my advice. But just give me a trial; I pity your fate. Nobody has ever repented who has applied to me, and if you are not afraid of the way, all day to-morrow I shall be at your service in the pine-wood if you call me." Peter perceived indeed who was thus addressing him, but he was so overcome with horror, that he said nothing, but ran towards his house.

At these words the story-teller was interrupted by a noise outside the inn; a carriage was heard to drive up; several voices cried out for lights, and a loud knocking at the back door, intermingled with the howling of several dogs. The room which had been given to the carrier and the apprentice lads looked out on the road; the four guests jumped up and ran to it to see what had happened. What they were able to see by the light of a lantern, was a large travelling carriage standing before the inn; a tall man was just engaged in helping two ladies closely veiled to alight from the carriage, and a coachman in livery was seen to unharness the horses, a servant however unbuckled the straps of the trunk. "May God be gracious to them," sighed the carrier. "If these people escape from this inn with whole skins, I need have no more anxiety as regards my cart."

"Silence!" whispered the student. "I have an idea that the robbers are not lying in wait for us but for these ladies. Very likely they have already been informed of their journey by the people of the inn. If it were only possible to warn them! But stop! There is not one decent room in the whole inn for the ladies, except the one next to mine.

They are sure to take them there; you remain quietly in this room, and I will endeavour to inform the servants."

The young man crept to his room, extinguishing the candles, only leaving the candle burning which had been given him by the innkeeper's wife, and then listened at the door.

The innkeeper's wife, together with the ladies, soon after came up-stairs, and conducting them with kind and gentle words to the room close by, she persuaded her guests to retire soon, for she said they must be fatigued after their journey. She then went downstairs again. Soon after the student heard a man's heavy footstep coming up stairs. He cautiously opened the door, and perceived through a little crack the tall man who had assisted the ladies to alight from the carriage. He wore a hunter's costume, a cutlass by his side, and was probably the courier or attendant of the lady guests. When the student perceived that he had come upstairs alone, he quickly opened the door, and beckoned to the man to enter the room.

Astonished, the latter approached, and before he was able to ask what was wanted of him, the other whispered to him, "Sir, you have fallen to-night into an inn of robbers."

The man started. The student drew him completely into his room, and told him how suspicious things seemed in this house.

The courier became very serious on hearing this. He told the young man that the ladies, a Countess and her maid, had at first intended to travel all night, but about half an hour's distance from this inn a horseman had met them, who had spoken to them, and asked them whither they were travelling, On being told that they intended to travel all night through the Spessart, he had dissuaded them, on account of its being somewhat unsafe at the present time.

"If you attach any value to the advice of an honest man," he had added, "give up your intention, for there is not far from here an inn, and however bad and uncomfortable it may be, you had better pass the night there than run any unnecessary danger in this dark night."

The man who had thus advised them had had a very honest, trustworthy appearance; and the Countess, fearing an attack of robbers, had ordered to put up at this inn.

The courier considered it his duty to inform the ladies of the danger to which they were exposed. He went into the other room, and soon after opened the door which led from the Countess's room to that of the student. The Countess, a lady about forty years of age, stepped out towards the student pale with terror, and had everything once again repeated. They then consulted what was to be done in this awkward position, and resolved as quietly as possible to fetch the two servants, the carrier, and the apprentice lads, in order to be able at any rate to offer a resistance in case of an attack.

When this had been done, the Countess's room was locked towards the passage, and barricaded with chests of drawers and chairs. She sat down with her maid upon her bed, and the two servants kept watch near her. The earlier guests, however, together with the courier, seated themselves in the student's room at the table, and resolved to await the danger. It might probably be now ten o'clock; all was quiet in the house, and no signs were made to disturb the guests, when the compass-maker said, "In order to keep awake, the best thing for us to do would be to sit all together again as before. We were relating all sorts of stories we know, and if you, Mr. Courier, have no objection, we might continue."

The courier besides raising no objection to it, expressed his willingness to tell them a story himself, and he thus began:

SAID'S ADVENTURES.

At the time of Harun Al-Raschid, the ruler of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man named Benezar. He had just wealth enough to allow him to live comfortably and quietly without carrying on a business or a trade. Also, when a son was born to him, he did not change his mode of living. "Why should I haggle or trade in my old age," he said to his neighbour, "in order to leave perhaps a few

more thousand gold pieces to my son Said, or a thousand less, as I am lucky or unlucky? 'Where two dine there is also enough for a third,' says the proverb, and if he only turns out a good fellow he shall never be in want." Thus spoke Benezar, and kept his word. For although he had not brought up his son to a trade or business, yet he did not omit to read with him the books of wisdom; and as, according to his view, nothing graced a young man more, besides learning and reverence for old age, than a skilful handling of weapons and courage, he had the boy instructed early in the use of arms; and Said soon passed among his comrades of his own age, nay, even amongst the elder youths, for a powerful wrestler, and no one surpassed him in riding and swimming.

At the age of eighteen his father sent him to Mecca to the tomb of the Prophet, in order to perform there his religious exercises and devotions, in accordance with law and custom. Before his departure his father had ordered him to come before him once more, praised his conduct, gave him good advice, supplied him with money, and then said—"There is something else yet, my son Said. I am a man far above the prejudices of the lower ranks. I am fond of listening to stories about fairies and magicians, because it makes the time pass pleasantly. I am, however, far from believing, as so many ignorant men do, that these genii, or whatever else they may be, have any influence upon the life and doings of men. Your mother, however, who has been dead these twelve years, believed as firmly in them as she did in the Koran. She even informed me in confidence, after having taken an oath to reveal it to no one else except her child, that she herself from her birth had had intercourse with a fairy. I laughed at her, yet I must confess, Said, that at your birth certain things occurred at which I was myself surprised. It had rained and thundered all day long, and the sky was so black that one could not read without a light. At four o'clock in the afternoon, however, people announced to me the birth of a little son. I hastened to your mother's room, in order to see and bless my first-born, but all her maids stood outside the door, and in answer to my questions, said that no one was allowed to enter the room now;

Zemira, your mother, had ordered every one to leave the room as she desired to be alone. I knocked at the door but in vain; it remained closed.

"Whilst I was thus standing half indignant amongst the maids outside the door, the sky became clear more suddenly than I had ever seen before; and the most extraordinary thing was that there appeared only over our dear town Balsora a clear blue sky, while all round black clouds were furled, and lightning flashed and twisted in this surrounding part. Whilst I was still looking at this sight in a curious manner, my wife's door flew open. I ordered the servants, however, to remain yet outside, and went into the room alone to ask your mother why she had locked herself in. When I entered, such an intoxicating odour of roses, carnations, and hyacinths came rushing over me that I almost lost my senses. Your mother brought you to me, and pointed at the same time to a little silver whistle which you wore round your neck, fastened by a golden chain as fine as silk.

"'The kind lady of whom I once told you has been here,' said your mother, 'she has given this to your boy as a present.'

"'Was that the witch who made the weather so fine and left behind this scent of roses and carnations?' I asked, laughing and incredulous. 'She might have given him a better present than this little whistle—say a purse full of gold, a horse, or such like.' Your mother adjured me not to mock, because fairies being easily offended might change their blessing to a curse.

"I granted her this favour and kept silent, because she was ill, nor did we speak any more of this singular occurrence until six years afterwards, when she felt, notwithstanding her early years, that she must die. She then gave me the little whistle, and commanded me to give it to you one day when you would be twenty years of age, but not one single hour before that time was I to part from you. She died. Here, therefore, is the present," continued Benezar, taking out of a box a little silver whistle, attached to a long gold chain.

"I now give it to you in your eighteenth year instead of your twentieth because you are departing, and before

you return I may perhaps be gathered to my fathers. I see no reasonable ground why you should remain here another two years as your anxious mother wished. You are a good and sensible fellow, able to use your arms as well as any one of four-and-twenty, therefore I can declare you to be of age just as well to-day as if you were already twenty. And now depart in peace, and think of your father in fortune and misfortune, from the last of which may heaven preserve thee."

Thus spoke Benezar of Balsora, on taking leave of his son. Said, deeply moved, bade him farewell, hung the chain round his neck, put the little whistle into his girdle, jumped upon his horse, and rode to the place where the caravan assembled for Mecca. In a short time nearly eighty camels and many hundred horsemen had assembled; the caravan moved onwards, and Said rode out of the gate of Balsora, his native town, which he was not to see again for a long time.

The novelty of such a journey, and the numerous objects such as he had never seen before, and which attracted his attention, distracted him at first; when, however, they approached the desert, and the country became more and more barren and lonely, he began to think of many things, and also amongst others of the words with which his father Benezar had parted with him.

He pulled out the little whistle, looked at it again and again, and finally put it to his lips in order to make a trial whether it would perhaps emit a very clear and beautiful tone; but behold it did not sound; he puffed out his cheeks, and blew as hard as he could, but was unable to produce a tone, and angry at the useless present, he put the little whistle into his girdle again. Soon, however, all his thoughts were again fixed upon the mysterious words of his mother; he had heard many things about fairies, but no one had ever told him that any of his neighbours in Balsora had had intercourse with a supernatural genius, but the tale of these ghosts had always been referred to far distant countries and olden times, and he thus believed there were now-a-days no longer such apparitions, or that the fairies had ceased to visit men and have a hand in their destinies. But although

he thought this, yet he tried again to believe in something mysterious, or supernatural that might have happened to his mother; and so it came to pass that he sat on horseback like one in a dream, almost all day long, neither taking part in the conversation of the travellers, nor paying attention to their songs and laughter.

Said was a very handsome youth; his eye was bold and fearless, his mouth had a sweet and pleasant expression, and young as he was, he already carried in his whole demeanour a certain dignity which one rarely meets with at his age, and the way in which he sat on horseback, easily but firmly, completely dressed in warlike attire, attracted the attention of many of the travellers.

An old man who rode by his side took a great interest in him, and endeavoured with many a question to test his character also. Said, on whose mind had been impressed the duty of reverence for old age, answered modestly, yet cleverly and prudently, so that the old man was much pleased with him. As, however, the young man's mind had already been engaged all day long with one object, it soon happened that the conversation turned upon the mysterious dominion of fairies, and Said at last asked the old man straight out whether he believed that there could be fairies, good or evil spirits, that protect or persecute men?

The old man stroked his beard, nodding his head to and fro, and then said: "It cannot be denied that there have been such things, although I have until this day seen neither a spirit as a dwarf, nor a genius as a giant, neither a magician, nor a fairy." The old man then commenced to tell the young man so many and strange stories that he became confused, and could not help but think that all that had happened at his birth, the change of the weather, the sweet odour of the roses and hyacinths, was of great and happy import, that he himself was under the special protection of a mighty and good fairy, and that the little whistle had been presented to him for nothing less than to call the fairy with it in case of necessity. He dreamt all night about castles, magic horses, genii and such like, and lived in a perfect fairy-land.

But alas, on the very next day he experienced how vain

were all his dreams, either asleep or awake. The caravan had already proceeded on its way the greater part of the day at an easy pace, Said being always by the side of his old companion, when dark shadows were seen at the farthest end of the desert; some regarded them as sand-hills, others as clouds, some again for another caravan; the old man who had already made several journeys, cried in a loud voice to be on the look out, for a horde of Arab-robbers was approaching.

The men seized their weapons, the women and the goods were taken in their midst, and all were prepared for an attack. The dark mass moved slowly across the plain and had the appearance of a large number of storks on their flight towards distant lands. By-and-by they approached more quickly, and no sooner were men to be distinguished from lances, than they had already swooped down like a whirl-wind and attacked the caravan.

The men defended themselves bravely, but the robbers, more than four hundred strong, surrounded them on all sides, killed many at a distance, and then attacked them with the lance.

At this terrible moment Said, who had been fighting always bravely with the front ranks, thought of his little whistle, pulled it out quickly, put it to his lips and blew—let it fall however, sadly, for it did not emit the slightest sound. Furious at this cruel disappointment he aimed at, and shot through the heart an Arab, who was conspicuous by his splendid dress; he swerved and fell from his horse.

"Allah! what have you done young man!" exclaimed the old man near him; "we are all lost now." And so indeed it appeared; for no sooner did the robbers see this man fall, than they uttered such a terrible cry, and fought so desperately, that the few men who were as yet unhurt were soon dispersed or slain. Said saw himself in a moment surrounded by five or six. He used his lance so skilfully that no one dared to approach him. At last one of them stopped, pointed an arrow at his head, aimed, and was about to let fly when another one made a sign to him. The young man prepared himself for a new attack; before, however, he was aware of it, one of the Arabs had thrown a lasso over his head, and however

much he endeavoured to break the rope, all was useless, and the lasso being pulled tighter and tighter, Said was captured.

The caravan was at last either annihilated or captured, and the Arabs, who did not all belong to one tribe, now divided the prisoners and the rest of the booty, and then went, some southwards, and others eastwards. By the side of Said rode four armed men, looking at him frequently with raging anger, and uttering curses over him. He perceived that it had been a distinguished man, perhaps even a prince, whom he had killed. Slavery, which he expected, was even more cruel than death, therefore he considered himself lucky to have incurred the anger of the whole tribe, for he expected nothing else than to be killed in their camp. The armed men watched all his movements, and whenever he turned round they threatened him with their lances; one time, however, when the horse of one of them stumbled, he turned his head quickly round, and perceived to his delight the old man, his travelling companion, who, he had thought, was amongst the dead.

At last trees and tents were seen in the distance; when they approached, quite a crowd of children and women ran towards them; but no sooner had they exchanged a few words with the robbers, than they burst into a frightful howling, all looking at Said, uplifting their arms towards him, and cursing him. "This is he," they cried, "who has killed the great Almansor, the bravest of all men; he must die, and we will give his flesh as prey to the jackals of the desert." They then attacked Said with pieces of wood, clods of earth, and everything else handy, in so terrible a manner that the robbers themselves had to interfere.

"Away—you youngsters and women," they exclaimed, separating the multitude with their lances; "he has killed the great Almansor in battle, and he must die, not however, by the hand of a woman, but by the sword of the brave."

When they had come to an open space amongst the tents, they stopped; the prisoners were tied together two and two, the booty carried into the tents. Said, however,

was bound by himself, and led into a large tent. There sat an old man magnificently dressed, whose serious and proud look showed him to be the chief of this tribe. The men who led Said stepped towards him, sadly bowing their heads. "The howling of the women tells me what has happened," said the great man, looking upon the robbers, one after the other; "your looks tell me—Almansor has fallen."

"Almansor has fallen," replied the men, "but here, Selim, ruler of the desert, is the murderer, and we bring him to you to be judged, as to what manner of death he shall die? Shall we shoot him at a distance with our arrows, shall he run the gauntlet of our lances; or do you wish him to be hung, or torn to pieces by horses?"

"Who art thou?" asked Selim, looking gloomily at the prisoner, who was prepared to die, but standing before him undaunted.

Said answered his question in a short and frank manner.

"Hast thou assassinated my son? hast thou pierced him from behind with an arrow or a lance?"

"No, sir," replied Said; "I killed him in open battle when he attacked our front ranks, and because he had already killed eight of my comrades before my eyes."

"Is it true what he has said?" demanded Selim of the men who had captured him.

"Yes, sir, he killed Almansor in open battle," said the one who had been asked.

"If that is the case, he has done neither more nor less than what we ourselves would have done," replied Selim; "he has fought and killed his enemy who was about to rob him of his life and liberty, therefore let his fetters be removed at once!"

The men looked at him in surprise, setting to work with hesitation and disgust.

"So the murderer of your son, the brave Almansor, is not to die?" asked one, casting fierce looks upon Said. "I wish we had killed him there and then!"

"He shall not die," exclaimed Selim; "I even take him into my own tent as my just share of the plunder, and he shall be my servant."

Said was unable to find words to thank the old man;

the men, however, left the tent grumbling, and when they told the women and children, who were waiting outside to witness Said's execution, the resolution of the old Selim, they uttered a terrible howl and cry, exclaiming they would avenge Almansor's death on his murderer, because his own father would not shed the murderer's blood.

The other prisoners were divided amongst the tribes, some were set free in order to obtain a ransom for the wealthier, others were sent as shepherds to tend the flocks, and many who had formerly ten slaves to wait on them were compelled to perform the most menial kind of work in this camp. Not so, however, with Said. Was it his bold and courageous appearance, or the mysterious charm of a good fairy that prepossessed the old Selim for the young man? Nobody was able to say. Said, however, lived in his tent more as his son than his servant. The incomprehensible affection, however, of the old man caused discord amongst the other servants; everywhere he met with hostile looks, and whenever he went through the camp alone he heard on all sides mocking words and imprecations uttered against him—nay, several times arrows whizzed past his breast which were evidently intended for him, and as they did not hit him he ascribed it solely to the mysterious protection of the little whistle which he still wore round his neck.

He often complained to Selim about these attempts on his life; in vain, however, the latter endeavoured to find out the assassins, for the whole tribe seemed to be in league against the favoured stranger. One day Selim said to him, "I had hoped thou mightest perhaps have replaced my son whom thou hast killed with thine own hand; it is no fault of mine or thine that this cannot be; all are embittered against thee, and I myself am no longer able to protect thee for the future, for what use is it to thee or me, after they have killed thee secretly, to bring the guilty one to punishment? Therefore, when the men return from their marauding, I shall tell them thy father has sent me ransom for thee, and I shall have thee conducted by some trusty men through the desert."

"But can I trust any one besides yourself?" asked Said, in a startled manner. "Are they not likely to kill me on the road?"

"The oath will protect thee which I shall make them swear, and which no one has as yet violated," replied Selim with great calmness.

A few days afterwards the men returned to the camp, and Selim kept his promise. He presented to the young man weapons, clothes, and a horse; assembled his men inured to war, selected five as Said's protectors, made them swear a terrible oath that they would not kill him, and then took leave of him, with tears in his eyes.

The five men rode through the desert with Said, in a gloomy and silent manner; the young man saw how unwillingly they executed the order, and it caused him no little uneasiness that two of them had been present at the fight in which he had killed Almansor. After they had travelled for about eight hours, Said heard them whispering together, and perceived that their looks became more gloomy than before. He endeavoured to listen, and heard that they were conversing in a language which was only spoken by this tribe, and always at the most mysterious or dangerous undertakings; Selim, whose intention it had been to always keep the young man in his tent, had spent many an hour in teaching him these mysterious words; what he now heard was, however, nothing cheerful.

"Here is the place," said one; "this is where we attacked the caravan, and here it was where the bravest man fell, killed by the hand of a boy."

"The wind has caused the hoof-prints of the horse to disappear," continued another; "but I have not forgotten them."

"And to our shame is he who laid hands on him to live and to be set free? and has it ever been heard that a father did not avenge the death of his own son? Selim, however, is getting old and childish."

"And if his father does not do it," said a fourth, "it is the duty of a friend to avenge the death of his fallen friend. At this spot we ought to kill him. Such has been the right and custom from times immemorial."

"But we have sworn to the old man," cried a fifth; "we dare not kill him or violate our oath."

"It is true," said the others, "we have sworn; the murderer must go free from the hands of his enemies."

"Stop!" cried one of the gloomiest amongst them; "old Selim has a clever head, but not so clever as one would think; did we swear to take the fellow to one place or another? No, he only made us swear to spare his life, and this we will do. But the burning sun and the sharp teeth of the jackals will undertake our revenge. Here at this place we will leave him bound."

Thus spoke the robber. Said, however, had already made up his mind to face the worst, and whilst the latter was still speaking the last words, he jerked his horse aside, spurred it on with a terrible blow, and flew like a bird across the plain. The five men, startled for a moment, but well accustomed to such pursuits, separated, galloped to right and left, and because they knew better the proper mode of travelling in the desert, two of them had soon overtaken the fugitive, turned round to seize him, and on his turning aside he there also found two opponents, and the fifth at his back. The oath not to kill him restrained them from using their weapons. They again flung a lasso over his head from behind, pulled him from his horse, beat him unmercifully, bound him hand and foot, and laid him on the burning sand of the desert.

Said asked for mercy, promising them entreatingly a large ransom, but laughing they jumped upon their horses and rode away. For a little while he listened to the gentle trot of their horses, and then gave himself up for lost. He thought of his father, of the old man's grief if his son should not return again; he thought of his own misery in having to die so soon, for nothing was more certain to him than that he was to suffer an agonizing death of starvation on the burning sands, or that he would be torn to pieces by jackals.

The sun rose higher and higher, and burned fiercely upon his brow; after immense difficulty he succeeded in rising upon his feet; but it gave him little relief. The little whistle attached to the chain, had fallen out of his coat by this exertion. He tried hard for a long time to get

it to his lips; he succeeded at last, and tried to blow, but now also in this terrible danger it refused its office. He let his head sink back in despair, and the burning sun at last deprived him of his senses; he sank into a deep swoon.

After many hours Said was roused by a noise close to him, he felt at the same time his shoulders grasped and uttered a cry of horror, for he believed nothing else but that a jackal had come up to him to tear him to pieces. He was also seized by the legs, but he felt that it could not be the claws of a beast of prey which grasped him, but the hands of a man, tending him carefully and talking with two or three others.

"He is alive," they whispered; "he looks upon us, however, as his enemies."

At last Said opened his eyes, and perceived over him the face of a stout little man, with small eyes and a long beard. He spoke kindly to him, and helped him to get up, offered him food and drink, and told him, whilst he was refreshing himself, that he was a merchant from Bagdad, named Kalum-Bek, and traded in costly shawls and veils for ladies.

He had been travelling on business, and was now on his way home, and had found him wretched and half dead, lying on the sands. His splendid dress and the brilliant stones of his dagger had attracted his attention; he had used every effort to resuscitate him, and eventually had succeeded.

The young man thanked him for saving his life, for he indeed recognised that without the intervention of this man he must have died a wretched death, and having neither means to help himself along, nor the intention to travel alone on foot through the desert, he gratefully accepted a seat upon one of the merchant's heavily-laden camels, and determined for the present to travel with him to Bagdad, where perhaps he might join another party travelling to Balsora.

On the road the merchant related to his travelling companion many things about the excellent ruler of the faithful, Harun Al-Raschid. He told him about his love of justice, and shrewdness, and how he could settle the most intricate law-suits in a simple and marvellous manner.

Amongst others, he mentioned the story of the rope-maker, the story about the pot of olives—stories which every child knows, but which Said, however, greatly admired.

"Our master the Commander of the Faithful," continued the merchant, "is a wonderful man. If you think he sleeps like other common folk you are very much mistaken. Two or three hours in the early dawn is all the time he sleeps. I ought to know it, for Messour, his chief chamberlain, is my cousin, and although he is as silent as the grave, yet as regards the secrets of his master, for the sake of the close relationship, he now and again gives me a hint when he sees that one is almost beside himself with curiosity. Now, instead of lying down to sleep like other men, the Caliph steals through the streets of Bagdad at night, and seldom a week passes in which he does not meet with an adventure; for you must know—as is clear from the story about the pot of olives, which is as true as the words of the Prophet—that he does not go about with his guard and on horseback in splendid attire, and accompanied by a hundred torchlight bearers, as he might do if he liked, but dressed at one time as a merchant, at other times as a sailor, at others as a soldier, or as a mufti going about and seeing that everything is done properly and in order.

"That is also the reason why people are so polite at night in Bagdad towards every fool whom one runs against; for it might just as well be the Caliph, as some dirty Arab from the desert, and there grows wood enough in and around Bagdad to give everyone a good flogging."

Thus spoke the merchant, and Said, however much he longed to see his father again, yet looked forward to seeing Bagdad and the celebrated Harun Al-Raschid.

After ten days they arrived at Bagdad, and Said was astonished, admired the splendour of this town, which was at that time at its height. The merchant invited him into his house, which offer Said accepted with pleasure; for now only it occurred to him, that among the crowd of people, nothing in all probability could be had gratuitously except air and water from the Tigris, or a night's lodging on the steps of some mosque.

The day after his arrival, just as he had dressed himself, thinking that he might show himself in this splendid warlike attire, and perhaps attract the attention of many in Bagdad, the merchant entered his room. He looked at the handsome youth with a roguish smile, stroked his beard, and then said: "That is all very fine, my young fellow! but what are you going to do? You are, it appears to me, a dreamy fellow, and do not think of to-morrow; or have you sufficient money about you to live in accordance with the dress you wear?"

"Dear Mr. Kalum-Bek," said the young man, confused and blushing, "money I certainly have none, but perhaps you might advance me a little to enable me to travel home; my father will repay you fully without a doubt."

"Your father, fellow?" exclaimed the merchant, with a loud laugh. "I believe the sun must have affected your brain. Do you think I believe implicitly the whole story you told me in the desert, that thy father is a rich man of Balsora, you his only son, about the attack of the Arabs, and your having lived among them, and many other things. Even at that time I was annoyed at your impudent falsehoods and barefacedness. I know that in Balsora all rich men are merchants, and I have already done business with them, and ought to have heard about one of the name of Benezar, even if his fortune consisted only of six thousand tomans. It is either a lie that you are from Balsora, or else thy father is a poor fellow, to whose vagabond of a son I do not intend to lend a farthing. Well, now as regards the attack in the desert! When has it ever been heard that since the wise Caliph Harun secured the safety of the roads through the desert, that robbers had dared to plunder a caravan, or even capture people? Surely it must have become known; but on the whole of my road, and also here in Bagdad where men from all parts of the world meet, not a word has been said about it. That is the second lie, you impudent young fellow!"

Pale with rage and disgust, Said was about to interrupt the wicked little man, who, however, cried out louder than before, gesticulating with his arms as well. "And the third lie, you impudent liar, is the story about Selim's

camp. Selim's name is well known to all who have ever seen an Arab; Selim, however, is known as the most terrible and cruel of robbers, and you dare to tell me you killed his son, and were not immediately cut into pieces; nay, you carry your impudence so far, as to tell me the most incredible things, that Selim had protected you against his tribe, taken you into his own tent, and let you go without a ransom, instead of hanging you on the nearest tree; he who has often hung many travellers merely to see what sort of faces they make in dying! O you detestable liar!"

"And I can say nothing more," cried the young man, "than that it is all true, upon my soul, and by the beard of the Prophet!"

"What, you dare to swear by your soul!" exclaimed the merchant, "by your black and lying soul! Who is to believe that? And by the beard of the Prophet as well, you, who have not a beard of your own! Who is to put faith in that?"

"It is true I have no witness," continued Said; "but did you not find me bound and in a wretched condition?"

"That does not prove anything to me," replied the other; "you are dressed like a wealthy robber; maybe you attacked some one who was stronger than yourself, and who conquered and bound you."

"I should like to see one or even two," replied Said, "capable of knocking me down or binding me, unless they throw a lasso over my head from behind. You may not, perhaps, be aware in your bazaar what one single man, skilled in the use of weapons, can do. You, however, saved my life, and I thank you for it. What do you intend doing with me now? If you do not assist me with money I shall be obliged to go begging, and I object to ask a favour of any of my fellow-creatures; I shall apply to the Caliph."

"Indeed!" said the merchant, laughing scornfully. "Is there no one else to whom you would apply except to our most gracious master? That is what I call begging in grand style. Well, well! but remember, my noble young fellow, that the way of getting to the Caliph is through my cousin, Messour, and only one word of mine

is enough to call the attention of the chief chamberlain to how excellently you can lie. I pity, however, your youth, Said. There is room for improvement, and we may yet make something of you. I will take you into my shop at the bazaar, and there you shall be my servant for a year, and at the end of that time, if you refuse to stay with me, I shall pay you your wages and let you go wherever you like, to Aleppo or Medina, to Stambul or Balsora—or for ought I care, to the infidels. I give you time for reflection until dinner-time. If you agree, all well and good; if not, I shall charge you at a low rate the travelling expenses which I incurred for your sake, and for the seat on my camel, take in payment your clothes and everything you have, and then cast you out of doors; then you can go begging to the Caliph or the Mufti, at the mosque or in the bazaar."

With these words the base man left the unhappy youth. Said followed him with his eye contemptuously. He was so indignant at the wickedness of this man who had intentionally taken and lured him into his house, in order to get him in his power. He tried if he could not escape, but the windows were barred and the door locked. At last, after his mind had for a long time revolted against it, he determined, in the meantime, to accept the merchant's proposal, and to enter his service in his shop. He came to the conclusion that there was nothing better to be done; even if he did escape, he could not reach Balsora without money. He determined, however, to petition the Caliph for his protection as soon as possible.

On the following day, Kalum-Bek conducted his new servant into his shop at the bazaar. He showed Said all the shawls and veils, and other goods which he sold, and instructed him in his special duties. These consisted in Said being dressed like a merchant's servant, no longer in his warlike attire, but with a shawl in one hand, and a costly veil in the other, standing at the entrance of the shop, addressing the men and women as they passed, showing them his goods, naming their price, and inviting the people to buy. Said could now understand why Kalum-Bek had selected him for this business. He was an ugly little old man, and whenever he himself was

standing outside the shop bidding for custom, many a neighbour, and also many a passer-by, made joking remarks about him; the boys mocked him, and the women called him a scarecrow. Everyone, however, liked to see the tall young Said, who addressed his customers civilly, and knew how to display his shawls and veils cleverly and gracefully.

When Kalum-Bek saw that his shop in the bazaar increased in customers from the time Said stood outside his shop, he became kinder towards the young man, fed him better than before, and resolved to have him always dressed in smart and handsome clothes. Said, however, was little moved by such proofs of kind intentions on the part of his master—he thought all day, and even in his dreams, upon the best ways and means of returning to his native town.

One day much had been sold in the shop, and all the packers who carried the goods to people's houses had already been sent out, when a lady entered to buy something. She had soon made her choice, and then asked for some one to carry the goods home for a gratuity. "I can send it to you in half-an-hour," answered Kalum-Bek. "You must have patience until then, unless you get some other packer."

"Do you call yourself a merchant, and want to send your customers' goods with a strange packer?" said the lady. "Is it not possible for such a fellow to decamp with my parcel through the crowd? And to whom should I apply then? No, it is your duty, according to the market custom, to have my parcel carried home for me, and I shall expect you to do it, and no one else."

"But only wait half-an-hour, my good lady!" said the merchant, turning about more uneasily. "All my packers have been sent out——"

"This is a wretched shop that has not always some spare servants," replied the woman angrily. "But there stands a lazy young fellow; come, young man, take my parcel, and carry it after me."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Kalum-Bek. "That is my sign-board, my crier, my magnet! He is never allowed to leave the premises.

"Ridiculous!" replied the old lady, and without more

ado she thrust her parcel under Said's arm. "This is a fine merchant, and these are fine goods which do not recommend themselves, much less need such a lazy fellow for a sign. Move on, do, fellow, to-day you shall earn a gratuity."

"Run, in the name of Arimans and all evil spirits," muttered Kalum-Bek to his magnet, "and hasten to return soon, for the old witch might spread evil reports about me in the whole bazaar, if I were to refuse any longer"

Said followed the woman, who hurried through the market and streets with a lighter step than one would have thought possible at her age. At last she stopped before a splendid house, and knocked; folding doors sprang open, and she mounted a marble staircase, beckoning to Said to follow her. She reached at last a large and lofty hall, which contained more splendour and magnificence than Said had ever seen before. There the old lady sat down exhausted upon a couch, motioned the young man to put down his parcel, gave him a small silver coin, and dismissed him.

He had already reached the door, when a clear sweet voice called, "Said!" Astonished that he was known here, he turned round, and a very handsome lady, surrounded by many slaves and maids, was sitting, instead of the old lady, upon the couch. Said, quite dumb with surprise, crossed his arms and made a low bow.

"Said, my good fellow," said the lady, "however much I pity the misfortunes which brought you to Bagdad, yet this was the only place appointed by fate, where, if you should leave your paternal home, before the age of twenty, your fate would change. Said, have you still your little whistle?"

"Indeed, I have it still," he cried joyfully, pulling out the golden chain, "and you are perhaps the good fairy who gave me this present when I was born?"

"I was your mother's friend," replied the fairy, "and I am also your friend, as long as you are good. Alas! would that thy light-minded father had only followed my advice! You would have escaped many sorrows."

"Well, perhaps it was my destiny!" replied Said. "But, most gracious fairy, let a strong north-east wind be yoked to your cloud-carriage, take me in it, and take me

in a few moments to Balsora to my father; I will then wait patiently there for the remaining six months until I reach the age of twenty.

The fairy smiled. "It is all very well for you to talk to us," she replied. "But, poor Said! it is not possible; I am unable now, since you are away from your father's house, to do anything wonderful for you. I am even incapable of delivering you from the power of that wretched Kalum-Bek! He is under the protection of your most powerful enemy."

"So have I also another fairy besides the good one?" asked Said, "one who is my enemy? Well, I believe I have already often felt her influence. But surely you might assist me with your counsel? Shall I go to the Caliph, and ask him to protect me? He is a wise man; he will protect me against Kalum-Bek."

"Yes, Harun is a wise man!" replied the fairy; "but alas, he also is only a man. He trusts his Grand Vizier, Messour, as much as he does himself; and he is right, for he has found Messour true and honest. Messour, however, also trusts thy master Kalum-Bek as much as himself; and this is wrong, for Kalum is a wicked man, although he is related to Messour. Kalum is also a sharp fellow, and as soon as he came here, told his cousin, the Grand Vizier, a pack of lies about you, who has again related them to the Caliph; so that if you were now to go to Harun's palace you would be badly received, for he would not believe you. But there are other ways and means to approach him, and it is written in the stars that you are to gain his favour."

"That is indeed unfortunate," said Said sadly. "Then I shall be obliged for some time yet to be the shopman of the wretched Kalum-Bek. One favour, however, noble fairy, you might yet grant me. I was brought up to the use of arms, and my greatest delight is a tournament, where there is much fighting with the lance, bow, and a blunt sword. The noblest young men of this town hold every week such a tournament. But only people in most splendid attire, and free-born citizens, are allowed to ride in their ranks; servants from the bazaar being particularly excluded. If it is in your power, procure for me every

week a horse, clothes, and weapons, so that I may not be so easily recognised."

"That is a wish to be risked only by a noble young man," said the fairy; "your grandfather was the bravest man in Syria, and his spirit seems to have descended upon you. Take notice of this house; you will find here every week a horse and two mounted grooms, also weapons and clothes, and water to wash your face, which will make you unknown to every one. And now, Said, farewell! persevere, be shrewd and virtuous! In six months your little whistle will sound, and Zulima's ear will be open to its sounds."

The young man took leave of his wonderful protectress, full of thanks and adoration; he took care to remember the house and street accurately, and then returned to the bazaar.

When Said returned to the bazaar, he arrived just in time to assist and save his lord and master, Kalum-Bek. A great crowd was round the shop, some boys were dancing round the merchant, mocking him, and the old people laughing at him. He himself stood outside the shop trembling with rage, and in a great dilemma, a shawl in one hand and a veil in the other. This strange scene, however, arose from an occurrence which had taken place during Said's absence. Kalum had taken the place of the handsome servant outside the door, inviting the customers to buy, but no one desired to do so of such an ugly old fellow. Just then two men passed through the bazaar desirous of buying presents for their wives. They had already gone up and down several times, and they were seen again just now looking about with enquiring looks. Kalum-Bek, who noticed this, desired to profit by it, and exclaimed: "Here, gentlemen, here! What are you looking for? Do you require handsome veils and fine goods?"

"My good old fellow," replied one, "your wares may be very good, but our wives have peculiar ideas, and it is customary in this town to buy veils of no one else, except Said the handsome shopman; we have been going about for nearly half an hour trying to find him, but in vain; you can perhaps tell us where we might find him, and we will buy of you at some other time."

"Allah! Allah!" exclaimed Kalum-Bek, with a grin on his face, "the Prophet has brought you to the right place. Do you want to go to the handsome shopman to buy a veil of him? If so enter here, this is his shop."

One of these men laughed at Kalum's diminutive and ugly appearance, as well as at his assertion that he was the handsome shopman; the other man, believing Kalum was making fun of him, was not slow in abusing him frightfully. This drove Kalum nearly mad, he called to his neighbours to bear witness that no other except his was called by the name of the shop of the handsome shopman; his neighbours, however, who had for some time envied him his run of customers, pretended not to know anything about this, and the two men now began to attack the old liar, as they called him, with all their might. Kalum defended himself more by crying, and abusive language, than by his fist, and thus he brought a crowd of people outside his shop. He was known in half the town as an avaricious, common fellow; all present were glad he got a beating, and already one of the two men had seized him by the beard when his arm was taken hold of, and he was thrown on the ground with one single blow, so that his turban was knocked off, and his slippers were sent flying far away.

The crowd, who would probably like to have seen Kalum-Bek ill-used, murmured aloud; the companion of the one who had been thrown down, hurried towards him who had dared to knock his friend down; seeing, however, a tall strong youth with sparkling eyes, and courageous appearance in front of him, he did not dare to attack him, especially as Kalum, to whom his safety appeared like a miracle, pointed to the young man and exclaimed: "Well, what more do you want? There he is, gentlemen, that is Said, the handsome shopman." People standing by laughed, because they knew that Kalum-Bek had been wrongfully treated. The man who had been knocked down got up looking ashamed of himself, and limped off with his companion without buying either shawl or veil.

"Oh, you star of all shop-assistants, you pattern of the bazaar!" cried Kalum, on leading his servant into his

shop. "Indeed, this is what I call coming in the very nick of time, this is what I call interfering in good time. The fellow indeed lay on the ground as if he never had stood on his legs, and as for me—I should no longer have wanted a barber to comb or anoint my beard again if you had come only two minutes later. How can I repay you?"

This had merely been a sudden feeling of pity that had moved Said's hand and heart; now when this feeling had subsided, he almost repented at having saved the wicked man from a good chastisement; the loss of a dozen hairs from his beard, he thought, might perhaps have subdued him for a couple of weeks; he endeavoured however to take advantage of the merchant's good humour, and requested as a reward the favour of having every week one evening for himself to take a walk, or for anything else he liked. Kalum agreed, for he was well aware that his captured servant had too much sense to escape without money and fine clothes.

Said had soon obtained what he wanted. On the following Wednesday, the day on which the young men of the higher ranks met in a public place of the town, in order to hold their martial exercises, he told Kalum that this was the evening he wanted to himself, and after having received permission, he went to the street in which the fairy lived, knocked, and the doors immediately flew open. The servants seemed to have been prepared for his arrival; without first asking him his business, they conducted him upstairs into a splendid room; they there, first of all, gave him the water to wash his face with, which was to make him unrecognisable. He bathed his face with it, looked into a metal mirror and scarcely knew himself again, for he was now tanned as it were by the sun, had a fine black beard, and looked at least ten years older than he really was.

Thereupon they led him into a second room, where he found a complete and magnificent suit of clothes, which even the Caliph of Bagdad would not have been ashamed to wear on the day when he reviewed his troops in all his splendour and magnificence. In addition to a turban of the finest material, together with a clasp studded with diamonds, a long plume of heron's feathers, and a dress

of heavy red silk material worked over with silver flowers, Said also found a corselet made of silver rings which was so delicately worked that it inclined with every movement of his body, and yet it fitted him so tightly that neither lance nor sword could penetrate it. A Damascus sword, with a richly ornamented scabbard and hilt, the jewels of which appeared to Said of immense value, completed his warlike attire. When, thus completely equipped, he went out of the room again, one of the servants gave him a silk scarf, and told him that the hostess of the house sent him this; if he were to wipe his face with it, both his beard and dark complexion would disappear.

Three fine horses stood in the yard behind the house; Said mounted the finest, his grooms the other two, and then he trotted cheerfully towards the place where the tournaments were to be held. The splendour of his dress and armour attracted the attention of all eyes, and a universal whisper of astonishment arose when he entered the ring, surrounded by the crowd. There was a splendid assembly of the most valiant and noble youths of Bagdad; even the Caliph's brothers were seen exercising their horses and swinging their lances. When Said approached, and no one seemed to know him, the Grand Vizier's son, together with some of his friends, rode up to meet him, saluted him reverently, and invited him to take part in their sports, and asked him his name, and where he came from. Said pretended his name was Almansor, and that he came from Cairo; that he was on a journey, and had heard so much about the valour and dexterity of the young nobles of Bagdad, that he lost no time in seeing them, to make their acquaintance. The young men were pleased with the demeanour and graceful bearing of Said Almansor; they ordered that a lance should be given to him, and made him choose his party; for the whole company was divided into two parties, in order either singly or in troops to fight against each other.

But if Said's personal appearance had already attracted their attention, people were now still more astonished at his extraordinary skill and agility. His horse went faster than a bird, and his sword flashed even more swiftly.

He threw his lance with as much ease and precision at the target as if it had been an arrow shot from the bow of an expert marksman. He vanquished the most valiant of his opponents, and at the close of the tournaments he was on all sides acknowledged the conqueror; so that one of the Caliph's brothers and the grand Vizier's son, who had fought on Said's side, requested him to wrestle with them too. Ali, the Caliph's brother, was defeated by him; the Grand Vizier's son, however, resisted him so bravely that after a long fight they considered it advisable to postpone the decision until the next time.

The day following these tournaments all the people in Bagdad could talk of nothing else but the handsome, rich, and brave stranger; all those who had seen him, even those whom he had conquered, were delighted with his noble manners; and even in Kalum-Bek's shop, and with his own ears, he heard people talking about him. They only regretted that no one knew where he lived. The next time, he found in the fairy's house a still more elegant dress, and even more brilliant arms. This time half Bagdad thronged to witness the spectacle; the Caliph himself looked on from a balcony; he also admired the stranger Almansor, and at the close of the sports he hung round his neck a large gold medal attached to a gold chain, as a mark of his admiration. This could result in nothing else than that the second, and still more brilliant victory, should excite the jealousy of the young men of Bagdad. "Is a stranger," they said amongst themselves, "to come here to Bagdad, and deprive us of our renown, honour, and victory! Is he to boast in other towns that there has been no one amongst the flower of the youths of Bagdad who had even ventured to wrestle with him?" Thus they spoke, and resolved that at the next tournament, as if by chance, five or six at a time were to attack him. These signs of displeasure did not escape the keen eye of Said; he saw how they stood together in a corner whispering, and pointing at him with angry looks; he foreboded, that with the exception of the Caliph's brother and the Grand Vizier's son, none of them were kindly disposed towards him, and even these were irksome to him by their questions; where they might find him, what was his

occupation, what had pleased him most in Bagdad, and so on.

It was a remarkable coincidence that amongst the young men the one who regarded Said Almansor with the fiercest looks, and who was the most hostile towards him, was none other than one of the two young men whom he knocked down some time ago, outside Kalum-Bek's shop, when he was about to pluck out the beard of the unfortunate merchant. This man always looked at him with an eager and envious eye.

Said had already beaten him several times, but this was not sufficient ground for such hostility; and Said feared already the other might have recognised him by his stature or his voice as Kalum-Bek's shopman, a discovery which would have exposed him to the mockery and revenge of these people. The plan which those envious of him had plotted against him was frustrated, not only by his foresight and bravery, but also by the friendship with which the Caliph's brother and the Grand Vizier's son favoured him. When they saw that he was surrounded by not less than six, who tried to unhorse or disarm him, they quickly galloped up, and scattered the whole troop, and threatened the young men who had acted so treacherously, to expel them from the lists.

For more than four months Said had in this way proved his bravery to the surprise of Bagdad, when one evening on returning home from the place of combat he heard some voices which seemed familiar to him. Four men were in front of him, who were walking slowly, and apparently discussing something. When Said approached quietly, he heard that they were conversing in the dialect spoken amongst Selim's robbers in the desert, and suspected that the four men were bent upon committing some kind of robbery. His first impulse was to get out of their way; but thinking that he might prevent some evil action, he crept nearer and nearer to listen to what these men said.

"The porter said distinctly that it was the street on the right hand of the bazaar," said one, "it is that way that he will and must pass to-night with the Grand Vizier."

"All right," replied another. "I do not fear the Grand

Vizier; he is old, and no great hero; the Caliph, however, is said to be a good swordsman, and him I do not trust. Perhaps ten or twelve of his body guard steal after him."

"Not a single soul accompanies him," replied a third. "Whenever he was seen and recognised at night, he was always alone either with the Grand Vizier, or the Lord Chamberlain. This night he must be ours, but no harm is to befall him."

"I think the best thing is," said the first, "to throw a lasso over his head; we must not kill him, for we should get but a small ransom for his body, and, besides, we are not even certain of this."

"Well, one hour before midnight!" they all said, and separated, one this way, and another that way.

Said was not a little alarmed at this plan. He immediately resolved to hasten to the Caliph's palace and inform him of the danger which threatened him. But when he had already run through several streets he remembered the words of the fairy, who had told him how much the Caliph disliked him. He thought that they would perhaps laugh at his statement, as an attempt to ingratiate himself with the ruler of Bagdad; so he stopped and considered it best to rely upon his good sword and to save the Caliph personally from the robbers' hands.

He therefore did not return to Kalum-Bek's house—but sat down upon the steps of a mosque, and there waited until night had quite set in; he then went past the bazaar, through that street which the robbers had designated, and hid himself in the porch of a house. He might have stood there for nearly an hour, when he heard two men coming along the street slowly. He at first thought it was the Caliph and his Grand Vizier; but one of the men clapped his hands, and immediately two others came very quietly up the street from the direction of the bazaar. They whispered for a little while and then separated; three secreted themselves not far from Said, and one went up and down the street. It was a very dark, but quiet night, and Said was obliged to trust almost entirely to his sharp ears.

Another half hour had nearly passed when steps were heard close to the bazaar. The robber too might have

heard them. He slunk past Said towards the bazaar. The footsteps came nearer, and Said was already able to recognise some dark figures, when the robber clapped his hands, and at the same moment the three others rushed forth from their ambush. Those attacked must also have been armed, for he heard the clashing of swords. He immediately unsheathed his Damascus sword, rushed forward, and cried—

"Down with the robbers, the enemies of the Great Harun!" knocking down at the first blow one of them; then fell upon two more who were about to disarm a man over whose head they had thrown a lasso.

Blindly he hewed at the rope to cut it in two. He hit, however, in doing so, one of the robbers so powerfully across the arm, that he cut off his hand; the robber with a terrible cry sank upon his knees. The fourth robber, who had fought with another man, now attacked Said, who was still engaged in battle with the third; the man however over whose head the lasso had been thrown, no sooner found himself free than he drew his dagger and thrust it sideways into the heart of his aggressor. The other, seeing this, threw his sword away and fled.

Said did not remain long in uncertainty as to whose life he had saved, for the taller of the two men approached him and said, "One thing is as strange as another. This attempt on my life or my liberty, as well as my incomprehensible assistance and rescue. How did you know who I was? Did you know anything about the plan of these men?"

"Commander of the Faithful," replied Said—"for I doubt not but that it is you—this evening I walked through the street El Malek behind some men, whose strange and mysterious dialect I once learned. They were speaking about capturing and killing you and your worthy companion, your Vizier. It being, however, too late to give you warning, I resolved to come to the place where they were going to watch for you, in order to help you."

"I thank you," said Harun. "I am loath to remain any longer in this place. Take this ring, and bring it with you to-morrow to my palace, we will then talk more

about you and your help, and see how I can best reward you. Come, Vizier, I do not like remaining here any longer; they might return."

Thus he spoke, and was about to pull the Grand Vizier along, after having placed a ring on the young man's finger. He, however, requested him to remain a little longer, turned round and gave to the surprised youth a heavy purse. "Young man," said he, "my master, the Caliph, can make of you what he will, even appoint you my successor; I myself can do little, and what I can do is better done to-day than to-morrow, therefore take this purse. With this, however, my thanks do not cease. As often as you wish for anything, do not be afraid to come to me."

Quite intoxicated by his good luck, Said hastened home. Here, however, he was badly received. Kalum-Bek had at first become annoyed, and then anxious about his long absence, for he thought he might easily lose the handsome signboard of his shop. He received him with words of reproof, and raged and stormed like a madman. Said, however, who had looked into the purse, and discovered that it contained nothing but gold coins, thought he might travel home even without the favour of the Caliph, which was certainly no less than the gratitude of his Vizier. He was not slow in giving him an answer, but told him frankly and plainly that he would not remain another hour in his service. At first Kalum-Bek was very much alarmed at this. Soon, however, he laughed scornfully, and said, "You rascal and vagabond, you wretched creature! Where do you intend to find shelter, if I withdraw my protection from you? Where will you get a dinner and a night's lodging?"

"That need not concern you, Mr. Kalum-Bek," replied Said defiantly; "farewell, you will not see me again!"

In saying this, he ran out of the door, and Kalum-Bek gazed after him speechless with surprise. On the following morning, however, after having considered the matter seriously, he sent out his packers to track the fugitive in all directions. For a long time they searched in vain, at last, however, one of them returned and said, he had seen Said the assistant come out of a mosque, and go

into a caravansera; he was quite altered, however, wearing a beautiful dress, a dagger, a sword, and a magnificent turban.

When Kalum-Bek heard this, he swore and exclaimed: "He has robbed me to dress himself like that. Oh! what an unfortunate man I am!" He then hastened to the Inspector of Police, and as it was known that he was related to Messour, the chief Chamberlain, he had no difficulty in obtaining some policemen to arrest Said.

Said was sitting outside a caravansera, conversing quite calmly with a merchant whom he had met there about the journey to Balsora his native town, when suddenly some men attacked him, and bound, in spite of his resistance, his hands behind his back. He asked them what right had they to use this violence, and they replied it was done in the name of the police, and his lawful master Kalum-Bek. Immediately the ugly little man came up, abused and mocked Said, rifled his pockets, and pulled out, to the surprise of the bystanders, and with a triumphant cry, a large purse full of gold.

"Look, all this he has stolen from me by degrees, the scoundrel!" he exclaimed, and the people looked with disgust at the prisoner, and said: "What! still so young, so handsome, and yet so bad! To justice, to justice, that he may be flogged." They then dragged him along, and a great multitude of people of all ranks joined them, and exclaimed: "Why, that is the handsome assistant from the bazaar; he has robbed his master and then tried to escape. He has stolen two hundred gold pieces."

The Inspector of Police received the prisoner with a scowling look. Said was about to speak, but the officer commanded him to be silent, and only listened to the little merchant. He showed him the purse, and asked him whether this gold had been stolen from him; Kalum-Bek swore that it had; his perjury indeed procured for him the gold, but not the handsome shopkeeper, who was worth a thousand gold pieces to him. The judge said: "In accordance with the law which my most illustrious lord and master the Caliph only passed a few days ago, every theft committed in the bazaar exceeding a hundred

gold pieces is to be punished with perpetual exile to a desert island. This thief has just come in time, and completes the number of twenty such fellows; to-morrow they will be crammed into a boat, and taken out to sea."

Said was in despair; he adjured the official to listen to him, and permit him to speak only a word to the Caliph; he, however, found no mercy. Kalum-Bek, who now regretted his oath, also spoke for him; the judge however, replied: "You have your gold, and ought to be satisfied, go home and keep quiet, or else I shall fine you ten gold pieces for any further remark." Kalum was silent with terror; the judge gave a sign, and the unfortunate Said was led away.

He was taken to a dark and damp prison; nineteen wretched fellows lay there on straw and received him, their comrade in misfortune, with coarse laughter and imprecations against the judge and the Caliph. However terrible the fate which lay before him, however awful the thought of being banished to a desert island, yet he found some consolation in the thought of his being released perhaps on the following day from this detestable prison. He was, however, very much mistaken in thinking that his condition would improve on board ship. The twenty criminals were thrown down into the hold, where it was impossible to stand upright, and where they pushed and wrestled with one another for the best places.

The anchor was weighed, and Said wept bitter tears when the ship began to move which was to take him away from his native land. Only once during the day a little bread and fruit and a drink of fresh water were given them, and it was so dark in the ship's hold that they were obliged always to bring down lights whenever the prisoners took their meals. Almost every two or three days a corpse was found amongst them, so unhealthy was the air in this water dungeon, and Said only kept alive owing to his youth and strong constitution.

They had already been a fortnight at sea, when one day the waves began to roar louder, and an unusual commotion and running arose upon deck.

Said foreboded that a storm was approaching; it even pleased him, for then he hoped he would die.

With increasing violence the ship was tossed about, and at last, with a terrible crash, it stuck fast. Shrieks and howls resounded from the deck, and mixed with the raging of the storm. At last it became calmer again, and at the same time one of the prisoners discovered that the ship had sprung a leak. They knocked at the trap-door above, but no one answered them. When therefore the water kept on rushing in faster and faster, they pressed with united strength against the door and burst it open.

They climbed up the gangway, but did not find one single man on board. The whole crew had saved themselves in boats. The majority of the prisoners were in despair, for the storm raged more and more, the ship creaked and began to sink. A few more hours they sat together on deck, making their last meal of the provisions which they found on board, when suddenly the storm renewed its violence, and the ship was torn away from the rock on which it was stuck and foundered.

Said had clambered on to the mast, and was clinging to it tightly when the ship foundered. The waves dashed him here and there; he, however, managed to keep afloat by using his feet as oars. In this way he swam for nearly half an hour, in continual peril of his life; then again the chain with the little whistle fell out of his coat, and once more he tried whether it would sound. With one hand he clung to the mast, with the other he put the whistle to his lips, blew, and a sharp and clear note resounded; immediately the storm subsided, and the sea became as smooth as if oil had been poured upon it. No sooner had he looked around him in a more cheerful spirit to see whether he could not discern land anywhere, than the mast which he held began to stretch and move in a peculiar way, and he perceived not a little to his terror that he was no longer riding upon the wood, but upon an enormous dolphin. A few moments afterwards, however, he recovered his senses, and when he saw that the dolphin was swimming, not only quickly, but quietly and peacefully on its course, he ascribed his wonderful deliverance to the little silver whistle and the kind fairy, and shouted his most ardent thanks into the air.

With the speed of an arrow, his wonderful horse carried

him along through the waves, and even before it was dark he sighted land, and noticed a broad river towards which the dolphin immediately steered. Against the stream it relaxed its speed, and in order not to die of hunger, Said pulled out the little whistle, blew it loudly and heartily, and remembering from old stories of witchcraft how one could practise magic, he wished for a good meal. Immediately the fish stopped, and a table appeared from under the waves, just as dry as if it had stood for a week in the sun, and richly spread with the choicest meats. Said did ample justice to it, for his food during his captivity had been meagre and scanty; and, after having sufficiently appeased his appetite, he returned thanks. The table sank below, he then touched the dolphin on its sides, and at once it swam onwards up the river.

The sun had already begun to set when Said perceived a large town in the dim distance, whose minarets seemed to resemble those of Bagdad. The thought of Bagdad was not a pleasant one. His confidence, however, in the good fairy was so great that he firmly believed she would never allow him to fall again into the hands of the villainous Kalum-Bek. By the side of the river and about a mile from the town he perceived a magnificent country house, and to his great surprise the fish steered towards it.

Upon the roof of the house stood several men, handsomely attired, and on the shore Said saw a great number of servants, all gazing at him and clapping their hands in surprise. Before a marble staircase, which led from the water to the mansion, the dolphin stopped, and no sooner had Said placed one foot upon the steps than the fish disappeared again without leaving a trace. At the same time some of the servants hurried down the steps, and requested him in the name of their master to come to him, offering him dry clothes. He changed his dress quickly, and then followed the servants to the roof of the mansion, where he found three men; the tallest and most handsome came towards him in a friendly and cordial manner.

"Who art thou, wonderful stranger," said he, "thou whom the fishes of the sea obey, guiding them right and left, as the most skilled horseman would his war

horse? Art thou a magician, or a man such as we are?"

"Sir," replied Said, "I have been very unfortunate the last few weeks. If you, however, take pleasure in it, I will relate my story to you." And he now began to relate to the three men his history from the moment when he had left his father's house to his wonderful deliverance. He was often interrupted by them with signs of astonishment and wonder. When he had finished, the master of the house who had received him in so friendly a manner said: "I believe your words, Said. But you told us that you won a chain in a contest, and that the Caliph gave you a ring. Could you show them to us?"

"Here have I kept them both near my heart," said the young man; "and only with my life would I part with such valuable presents, for I consider it the most glorious and noble action to have delivered the great Caliph from the hands of his murderers." In saying this he pulled out chain and ring and handed over both to the men.

"By the beard of the Prophet, it is my ring!" exclaimed the tall handsome man. "Grand Vizier, let us embrace him, for this is our deliverer."

It appeared to Said like a dream, when these two men embraced him; immediately, however, he fell on his knees and said—

"Pardon me, Commander of the Faithful, for having thus spoken to you, for you are none other than Harun-al-Raschid, the great Caliph of Bagdad."

"I am he, your friend!" replied Harun. "Henceforth all your sad misfortunes shall come to an end. Come with me to Bagdad, remain at my court, and be one of my most confidential officials; for indeed you showed on that night that you did not think light of Harun, and I should not like to make a similar experiment with every one of my most faithful servants!"

Said thanked the Caliph. He promised always to remain with him, if he might first take a journey to his father, who must be in great distress about him, to which the Caliph readily assented. They soon mounted their horses, and arrived in Bagdad before sunset. The Caliph

ordered a suite of splendidly furnished rooms in his palace to be given to Said, and moreover promised to have a house of his own built for him.

At the first news of this event Said's old comrades-in-arms, the Caliph's brother, and the Grand Vizier's son hastened to meet him. They embraced him as the deliverer of these worthy men, and requested him to become their friend. They however became speechless with surprise when he told them:

"Your friend I have been for a long time,"—producing the chain which he had received as his prize in the tournament, and reminding them of one thing and another. They had only seen him with a swarthy complexion, and a long beard; and when he had related how and why he had disguised himself, and after ordering blunt weapons to be brought, for his justification, fought with them, and proved to them that he was Almansor the brave, they embraced him again with joy, and considered themselves lucky in having such a friend.

On the following day, just as Said was sitting together with the Grand Vizier at Harun's house, Messour the chief chamberlain entered, and said—

"Commander of the Faithful, if it be agreeable I should like to ask a favour."

"First tell me what it is," replied Harun.

"Without stands my dear and real cousin Kalum-Bek, a celebrated merchant from the bazaar, who has a peculiar quarrel with a man from Balsora, whose son was in Kalum-Bek's service, and after robbing him, escaped no one knows whither. Now, however, the father demands his son from Kalum, who has not got him. He wishes, therefore, and asks the favour, that you should in virtue of your great learning and wisdom judge between the man from Balsora and him."

"I will judge," replied the Caliph. "In half an hour your cousin and his adversary may come into the justice hall."

When Messour, after returning thanks, had gone, Harun said—"That is no one else than your father, Said, and having fortunately heard how matters stand, I will

judge like Solomon. You, Said, must hide behind the curtains of my throne until I call you; and you, Grand Vizier, must at once send for that wicked and hasty police magistrate; I shall require him as a witness."

They both did as he commanded. Said's heart beat faster on seeing his father, pale and careworn, entering with tottering steps the justice-room; and Kalum-Bek's sarcastic and confidential smile, when whispering to the chief chamberlain, his cousin, enraged him so much that he would like to have rushed forward from behind the curtains and given him a good beating. For he owed all his sorrows and sufferings to this wicked man.

There were many people in the hall who were anxious to hear the Caliph pronounce sentence. The Grand Vizier, after the Ruler of Bagdad had taken his seat upon the throne, commanded silence, and asked who appeared here as the plaintiff before his Master.

Kalum-Bek stepped forward with a haughty look and said: "A few days ago I stood outside the doors of my shop in the bazaar when a crier, holding a purse in his hand, and this man by the side of him, passed along the stalls exclaiming, 'A purse full of gold will be given to him who can give any information about Said, of Balsora.' This Said had been in my employ, and I cried, therefore, 'This way, my friend; I can earn the money!' This man, who is now so hostile towards me, approached me in a friendly manner and asked me what I knew. I replied, 'Perhaps you are Benezar, his father?' and on telling me joyfully that he was, I related to him how I had found the young man in the desert, saved his life, taken care of him, and brought him to Bagdad. In the joy of his heart he gave me the purse. When, however, this stupid fellow heard further that his son had been in my service, and that he had misconducted himself, robbed me and decamped, he refused to believe me, has been quarrelling with me these last few days, and wants his son and money back; but I can give neither, for the money belongs to me for the information that I gave him, and his good-for-nothing son I cannot procure."

Now Benezar spoke too. He described his son as being noble and virtuous, and that he could not have been so bad

as to steal. He asked the Caliph to institute a rigorous investigation.

"I presume," said Harun, "you have, as is your duty, given information about the theft, Kalum-Bek!"

"Certainly!" replied the other smiling. "I took him before the magistrate."

"Let the magistrate be called," commanded the Caliph.

To every one's surprise he appeared at once as if produced by magic. The Caliph asked him whether he remembered this affair, to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Did you examine the young man? Did he confess the theft?" asked Harun.

"No, he was so stubborn; he said he would confess to none other than yourself!" replied the judge.

"But I do not remember having seen him," said the Caliph.

"Indeed! why should you? If so, I should be obliged to send you every day whole batches of such vagabonds, who want to speak with you."

"You know that my ear is open to all," replied Harun; "but very likely the proofs of the theft were so clear, that it was not necessary to bring this young man before me. I dare say, Kalum, you had witnesses that the money which was stolen from you belonged to you?"

"Witnesses?" asked the latter turning pale. "No, I had no witnesses, for you, Commander of the Faithful, are fully aware that one piece of gold resembles another. Whence should I then obtain witnesses to prove that just these hundred coins were missing from my cash box?"

"How could you tell that it was just the sum belonging to you?" asked the Caliph.

"By the purse which held them," replied Kalum.

"Have you the purse here?" inquired the Caliph further.

"Here it is," said the merchant, drawing out a purse and giving it to the Grand Vizier, to hand it over to the Caliph.

The Vizier, however, in feigned surprise, exclaimed: "By the beard of the Prophet! you mean to say the purse belongs to you, you hound? This purse belonged

to me, and I gave it filled with a hundred pieces of gold to a brave young man who rescued me from great danger."

"Can you swear to this?" asked the Caliph.

"As surely as I hope one day to enter Paradise," replied the Vizier, "for my daughter made it herself."

"Well," exclaimed Harun, "you were wrongly informed, magistrate. Why did you believe then that the purse belonged to this merchant?"

"Because he swore it with a terrible oath," replied the magistrate.

"Then you swore falsely?" thundered the Caliph to the merchant who stood before him pale and trembling.

"Allah, Allah!" cried he. "I shall certainly not say anything against the Grand Vizier, for he is a man worthy of belief, but alas! the purse after all belongs to me, and the rascal Said stole it. I would give a thousand tomans if he were here now."

"What did you do with this Said?" asked the Caliph. "Tell us where we can find him, that he may confess it to me."

"I sent him to a desert island," said the magistrate.

"Oh, Said! my son, my son," cried the unhappy father, and wept.

"Did he confess his guilt?" asked Harun.

The magistrate turned pale, he rolled his eyes to and fro, and at last he said: "If I remember rightly—yes."

"So you are not sure about it?" continued the Caliph, in a terrible voice. "We will ask him ourselves. Come forward, Said, and you, Kalum-Bek, pay first of all a thousand pieces of gold, because he is here now."

Kalum and the magistrate thought they saw a ghost. They fell upon their knees and cried: "Mercy, mercy!" Benezar, almost fainting with joy, hastened into the arms of his lost son. Then, with an iron firmness the Caliph asked, "Magistrate, here is Said, did he confess his crime?"

"No, no!" whined the magistrate, "I only listened to Kalum's evidence, because he is looked upon as a respectable man."

"Have I then appointed you judge over all, that you should give only the rich a hearing?" cried Harun-al Raschid, with righteous indignation. "I banish you for

ten years to a desert island in the mid ocean, where you will have time to meditate upon justice; and you, wretched man, who revive the dying, not to save them but to make them your slaves, you shall pay as I have already said a thousand tomans, because you promised them if Said were to appear as your witness."

Kalum was glad to have extricated himself so cheaply from this serious affair, and was about to thank the Caliph for his kindness. The latter, however, continued: "For swearing falsely about the hundred pieces of gold, you shall receive a hundred lashes upon the soles of your feet. Furthermore it is for Said to choose, whether he will take possession of the whole of your shop, and engage you as his slave, or whether he will be satisfied with ten pieces of gold for each day he was in your employ."

"Grant the wretch his liberty, Caliph!" cried the young man, "I will have none of his belongings."

"No," replied Harun, "I insist upon your being compensated. I will choose instead of you ten pieces of gold a day, and you may now calculate how long you were in his clutches. Now, away with these wretches."

They were led away, and the Caliph conducted Benezar and Said to another hall, where he himself told him the story of his wonderful escape through Said, and was only interrupted occasionally by Kalum-Bek's howling, who was just receiving below in the courtyard his hundred pieces of gold in full weight upon the soles of his feet.

The Caliph invited Benezar, together with Said to live with him in Bagdad. He agreed to it, and only travelled home once more, to bring back with him his great fortune. Said, however, lived in the palace, which the grateful Caliph had built for him, like a prince. The Caliph's brother, and the Grand Vizier's son were his companions, and it became a proverb in Bagdad: "I wish I were as good and lucky as Said, the son of Benezar."

"With such entertainment as this no sleep would ever overtake me, even if I were obliged to keep awake two, three, or several nights," said the compass-maker when the courier had finished, "and I have often found this to

be true. Many years ago I worked as a journeyman at a bell-founder's. My master was a wealthy man, but no miser. But we were not a little surprised at this when one day we had a great task in hand, and he, contrary to his usual habits, seemed to be as stingy as possible.

"We were casting a bell for a new church, and we apprentices and journeymen had to sit all night by the furnace and watch the fire. We felt almost sure that the master would tap his big cask and give us some of his best wine; but not so, however, only every hour he had handed round a draught of water, and commenced to relate all sorts of stories about his wanderings and his life: then it came to the foreman's turn, and so all round, and none of us became sleepy, for we all listened with the greatest avidity. Before we were aware of it daylight appeared. We then perceived the master's cunning in keeping us awake by story-telling, for when the bell was finished he was very free with his wine, and made up for what he had wisely omitted during the night."

"That was a sensible man," replied the student. "To ward off sleep nothing is so essential as talking. Therefore I should not like to be alone to-night, because I could not prevent myself from falling asleep towards eleven o'clock."

"Country folk have well thought this matter over," said the courier. "When the women and girls spin in the long winter evenings by lamp-light, they do not stay at home alone, because they might fall asleep over their work, but they meet in what they call their lamp-rooms, set to work in great numbers, and tell stories."

"Yes," broke in the carrier, "awful things happen in their stories, enough to frighten a man out of his wits, for they tell about fiery spirits who go about the world, about kobolds who turn everything upside down in your room, and about ghosts who frighten both man and beast."

"That is certainly not a very intellectual conversation," replied the student. "There is nothing I detest so much as ghost stories."

"Well, I think just the contrary," exclaimed the compass-maker. "I feel very comfortable when I hear a story that makes one's flesh creep. It is just like a storm outside when you sleep under the roof. You hear the rain

drops fall tick, tack, tick, tack on the tiles, while you are feeling very cosy in the dry. So that if one hears by lamp-light, and in company, stories about ghosts one feels safe and comfortable."

"But afterwards," said the student, "if any one has listened to them who has the weakness to believe in ghosts, will he not shudder when he is alone and in darkness? Will he not think of all the terrible things he has heard? I feel annoyed now-a-days at those ghost stories when I think of my childhood. I was a lively and bright fellow, and was perhaps a little more wakeful than pleased my nurse. She knew of no other means of quieting me than that of frightening me. She told me all sorts of awful stories, about witches and evil spirits, which haunted the house; and whenever a cat was playing her pranks in the loft, she would whisper in my ear timidly, 'Do you hear, little boy? that is the dead man who is going up and down the steps. He carries his head under his arm, and his eyes shine like lanterns, he has claws instead of fingers, and when he catches any one in the dark he wrenches his head off."

The men laughed at these things, but the student continued:

"I was too young to be able to understand that all this was untrue and invented. I was not afraid of the biggest hound, and threw every one of my playmates down on the sands; but whenever I found myself in the dark I used to shut my eyes with fright, for I believed the dead man would now crawl up to me. Things went so far that I was afraid to go outside the house after dark without a light, and how many times my father has afterwards chastised me when he perceived this folly! But for a long time I was unable to rid myself of this childish fear, and my foolish nurse was alone to blame for it."

"Yes, that is a great mistake," remarked the courier, "if one fills young minds with such nonsense. I assure you that I have known brave, courageous men, huntsmen, who are not afraid of three antagonists—but when they were lying in wait at night in the forest for game or poachers, they often suddenly lost heart; they took a tree for a terrible ghost, a bush for a witch, and a couple

of glow-worms for the eyes of some monster that was watching them in the dark."

"And not merely for children," replied the student, "do I consider discourses of this kind very injurious and foolish, but also for every one else; for what sensible man would occupy himself with the doings and sayings about things which exist only in the minds of fools—that place is haunted and none other. But these stories cause the greatest mischief amongst the country folk. These people firmly and implicitly believe in foolishness of this kind, and this belief is fostered in their spinning-rooms, and inns, where they sit closely together, and with a timid voice relate the most gruesome tales."

"Yes, sir!" replied the carrier, "possibly you are not wrong; many a misfortune has occurred through such stories, and in fact my own sister lost her life miserably through them in consequence."

"What, through such stories?" cried the men, surprised.

"Yes, through such stories," continued the former. "In the village where our father lived it is also customary for the women and girls to sit down together in the winter evenings to spin. The young fellows, too, come in and tell a good many stories. It happened one evening that they had been talking about ghosts and apparitions, and the young fellows told a story of an old grocer who had been dead ten years, but could find no peace in his grave. Every night he threw off the earth, came out of the grave, crept slowly, coughing as he did when he was alive, to his shop, where he weighed out sugar and coffee, muttering to himself:

> 'Three quarters, three quarters in the dead of the night,
> Have made a pound in broad daylight.'

Many asserted they had seen him, and the girls and women began to be afraid. My sister, however, a girl sixteen years of age, wishing to be cleverer than the others said: 'I do not believe anything about it; he who is once dead never comes back again!' She said this, but, alas, without conviction, for she had often been afraid. Then said one of the young men to her: 'If you believe this you are of course not afraid of him; his grave is only a few steps from Catharine's, who died lately; just venture and go to the church-

yard, pluck a flower from Catharine's grave, and bring it to us, we will then believe that you are not afraid of the grocer.'

"My sister was ashamed to be laughed at by the others, and she therefore said: 'That is easy, what sort of flower do you want?'

"'There does not grow a white rose in the whole village except there! bring us a bunch of them,' replied one of her friends. She got up and went, and all the men praised her courage, but the women shook their heads and said 'If she only does not come to harm!' My sister went to the churchyard, the moon shone brightly, and she began to shudder as the clock was striking twelve, and she opened the churchyard gate.

"She stepped across many a mound of earth familiar to her, and her heart beat faster and faster the nearer she came to Catharine's white roses, and the grave of the spectral grocer.

"She had now reached the place; she knelt down tremblingly and plucked the flowers. Suddenly she thought she heard a noise near her; she turned round: two steps from where she was, the earth was thrown up from the grave, and slowly a figure appeared. It was a pale old man having a white night-cap on his head. My sister became alarmed: she looked once more to convince herself whether she had seen aright. But when he from the grave said in a nasal voice: 'Good evening, maiden, where do you come from so late?' she almost died with terror; she got up and jumped over the graves back to the house, telling, almost out of breath, what she had seen, and became so weak that they had to carry her home. What was the good of our hearing on the following day that it had been the sexton who had dug a grave there, and had spoken to my poor sister! She sank before hearing of this into a violent fever of which she died within three days. She had picked these roses herself for her death garland."

The carrier was silent, tears filled his eyes, the others looked upon him with the deepest sympathy.

"So this poor child died in the belief of having seen a ghost," said the young goldsmith. "A legend has just occurred to me which I should like to tell you, and one which unfortunately relates to such another sad case of death."

THE CAVERN OF STEENFOLL.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

MANY years ago there lived upon one of the rocky islands of Scotland two fishermen in happy concord. They were both unmarried, had no relatives, and although they were differently engaged in their common work, yet it supported them both. They were nearly of the same age, but there was as much resemblance between them in person and character as there is between an eagle and a sea-calf.

Kaspar Strumpf was a short, stout man, with a broad, fat, full-moon face, kind laughing eyes, to whom cares and sorrows were unknown. He was not merely stout, but also sleepy and lazy, and therefore it fell to his lot to attend to the housework, cooking and baking, the netting of nets for catching fish for their own use and for sale, as well as tilling a part of their little ground.

His companion was quite the reverse; he was tall and thin, had a bold hook-nose and fiery eyes, and known to be the most active and courageous fisherman, the most venturesome climber after birds and down, the most industrious field-labourer on the islands, as well as being the most greedy money-maker in the market-place of Kirkwall; but as his goods were of the best quality, and he was honest in his transactions, everybody liked to deal with him, and Will Hawk (this was the name given him by his fellow-countrymen) and Kaspar Strumpf, with whom the former, in spite of his greediness, gladly shared his hard earned gain, not merely lived well, but were also in a fair way of reaching a certain stage of opulence.

It was not, however, wealth alone after which Hawk's greedy mind was striving; he was bent upon acquiring wealth, and as he soon learned to perceive that in the usual way of industry he could not get rich so quickly, the idea at last occurred to him that he must obtain his wealth by some extraordinary chance of fortune, and this thought having once taken possession of his powerful

working mind, nothing else found room in it, and he began to talk to Kaspar Strumpf about it as a certain thing. The latter, to whom all that Hawk said was regarded as Gospel, related it to his neighbours, and soon the rumour spread—Will Hawk had really either sold himself to the Evil One for gold, or he had at least received an offer for it, from the prince of the lower regions.

Although at first Hawk ridiculed these rumours, yet gradually he delighted in the idea that some genius might reveal to him some day a treasure, and he no longer contradicted whenever his fellow-countrymen taunted him with it. He still carried on his business, but with less zeal, and often lost a great deal of time, which he formerly spent in catching fish, and other useful pursuits, in aimlessly looking out for some adventure, by which he might suddenly become rich. As ill-luck would have it, he was one day standing on the lonely shore, and looking with uncertain hope upon the moving sea, as if his great fortune were to come thence, when a great wave which had uprooted a quantity of weeds and stones, rolled a yellow ball—a ball of gold—to his feet.

Will stood there as if bewitched; his hopes had not been empty dreams; the sea had presented gold to him, beautiful bright gold, probably the remains of a heavy bar, which the waves had rubbed down on the bottom of the sea until it became the size of a bullet. And now he clearly perceived that at one time, somewhere on this shore, a richly-laden ship must have foundered, and that he was selected to fetch out the buried treasures from the depths of the sea. This was henceforth his sole longing; to endeavour to carefully conceal his discovery even from his friend, in order that others might not spy it out; he neglected everything else, and spent days and nights on this shore, but he did not throw out a net after fish, but a drag, which he himself had made, for gold. But he found nothing but poverty; he earned nothing more himself, and Kaspar's sleepy exertions were not sufficient to maintain them both. In searching for greater treasures, not merely did the gold which he had found disappear, but gradually also the whole property of the bachelors.

But as Strumpf had silently allowed Hawk formerly to earn the greater part of his food, he now also allowed, silently and without grumbling, his aimless activity to deprive him of it, and it was just this gentle endurance of his friend which spurred on the other more strongly to continue his restless search for riches. But what made him still more active was, that whenever he lay down to rest, and his eyes closed in slumber, somebody whispered a word in his ears, which, although he appeared to hear it very distinctly, and which always seemed to him the same, yet he could never remember. True he did not know what this circumstance, however strange it was, might have to do with his present endeavours; but on a mind like that of Will Hawk everything made an impression; and even this mysterious whispering strengthened him in the belief that a great fortune awaited him. which he hoped to find in one single heap of gold.

One day a storm surprised him on the shore where he had found the golden ball, the violence of which urged him to seek refuge in a cavern near. This cavern which was called by the inhabitants the cavern of Steenfoll, consists of a long subterranean passage which has two outlets into the sea, giving a free passage to the foaming waves which worked their way through, continually with loud roars. This cavern was only accessible in one place, and that through a crevice from above, which was, however, seldom entered by any one except naughty boys. In addition to the peculiar dangers of the place, it was also known to be haunted by ghosts.

Will let himself down with difficulty, and took his place about twelve feet from the surface upon a projecting stone, and under an overhanging piece of rock, the roaring waves under his feet, and the raging storm over his head, when he sank into the usual train of thought about the foundered ship, and what sort of a ship it might have been; for in spite of all his inquiries from even the oldest of the inhabitants, he had been unable to obtain any news about the place where the ship had foundered.

How long he had sat in that manner he did not know himself; but when he awoke at last from his dreams he discovered that the storm had passed. He was about to

ascend again when he heard a voice from beneath, and the word "Car-mil-han" was quite distinct to his ears. Terrified, he started up and looked down into the empty abyss. "Great God!" he exclaimed, "that is the word which has tormented me in my sleep! For Heaven's sake what can be the meaning of it?" "Car-mil-han!" it sighed once more up out of the cavern, when he had already one foot out of the crevice, and he fled like a hunted deer towards his hut.

Will was, however, no coward; he was merely unprepared for the affair; and besides, his greediness for money was too strong in him for a semblance of danger to frighten him from continuing his dangerous course Once when he was fishing for treasures with his drag very late at night, by moonlight, opposite the cavern of Steenfoll, it stuck fast suddenly on somthing. He pulled with all his might, but the mass remained immovable. In the meantime the wind rose, dark clouds covered the sky, his boat rocked terribly, and threatened to upset; but Will was not so easily baffled, he kept on pulling and pulling until the resistance yielded, and feeling no weight, he believed his rope was broken. But just as the clouds were about to cover the moon, a round black mass appeared on the surface, and the tormenting word Car-mil-han resounded. He was about to seize it quickly, but just as quickly as he stretched out his arm towards it, it disappeared in the darkness of the night and the impending storm compelled him to seek shelter under an adjacent rock.

Here he fell asleep from fatigue, again to suffer those torments which an unchecked power of imagination and his restless longing after riches caused him to endure during the daytime. The first beams of the rising sun were now falling upon the quiet surface of the sea when Hawk awoke. He was again about to go to his accustomed work when he saw something coming towards him from a distance. He soon recognised it to be a boat which contained a human figure; but what excited his greatest surprise was that the boat went along without sails or rudder, and with the bows turned towards the shore, and the figure sitting in it did not seem in the

least concerned about the rudder, if indeed it had one. The boat came nearer and nearer, and stopped at last close to Will's boat. The person in it now appeared to be a little shrivelled-up old man, dressed in yellow linen, and with a red nightcap, standing upright, with his eyes closed, and sitting there, immovable, like a dried-up corpse. After having vainly called to him and pushed him, he was about to fasten a rope on the boat to pull it away, when the little man opened his eyes, and began to move in such a way that he filled even the bold fisherman with terror.

"Where am I?" he asked, in Dutch, after a deep sigh. Hawk, who had learned something about the language from the Dutch herring-fishers, told him the name of the island, and asked who he was and what had brought him here.

"I have come to look for the Carmilhan."

"The Carmilhan? For heaven's sake! what is that?" cried the fisherman eagerly.

"I do not answer questions which are put to me in this way," replied the little man, evidently terrified.

"Well," exclaimed Hawk, "what is the Carmilhan?"

"The Carmilhan is nothing now, but once upon a time it was a beautiful ship laden with more gold than any other ship has ever carried."

"Where did it run aground, and when?"

"It happened a hundred years ago; where, I do not know exactly; I have come to look for the place and to fish up the lost gold; if you will assist me we will share the treasure with each other."

"With all my heart, only tell me what I must do?"

"What you have to do requires courage; you most go just before midnight to the most barren and lonely place on the island, accompanied by a cow, which you must kill there, and get some one to wrap you up in her fresh hide. Your companion must then lay you down on the ground, and leave you. Before the clock strikes one you will know where the treasures of the Carmilhan are buried."

"In this way the old Engrol was ruined both in body and soul!" cried Will with terror. "You are the evil

spirit," he continued, whilst rowing away hastily, "away with you! I will have nothing to do with you."

The little man gnashed his teeth, abused him, and sent curses after him; the fisherman, however, who had seized both his oars, was soon out of his hearing, and after having rowed round a rock was also out of sight. The discovery, however, that the evil spirit endeavoured to profit by his greediness and to allure him with gold into his clutches, made no impression on the beguiled fisherman; on the contrary, he thought he was able to turn to advantage the communication of the little yellow man, without selling himself to the evil one; and as he continued to fish for gold on the barren shore, he neglected the wealth which the large shoals of fish offered to him in other parts of the sea, as well as all other means on which he had formerly employed his energies, and sank day after day, together with his companion, into deeper poverty, until at last they often stood in need of the necessaries of life.

But although this ruin must be ascribed entirely to Hawk's stubbornness and vain desire, and the support of both now alone fell on Kaspar Strumpf, yet the latter never reproached him in the slightest degree; nay, he still showed the same submissiveness, the same confidence in his better judgment, as at the time when he had succeeded in all his undertakings; this circumstance increased Hawk's sufferings very much, but induced him all the more to seek for gold, because he hoped thereby to recompense his friend for his present deprivation. At the same time the fiendish whisperings of the word Carmilhan still tormented him in his sleep. In short, necessity, disappointed expectations, and greediness brought him at last to a kind of frenzy, so that he finally resolved to do that which the little man had advised him, although he was fully aware according to the old tradition that he was giving himself over with it to the powers of darkness.

All Kaspar's representations to the contrary were in vain. Hawk only became the more furious the more the other entreated him to abstain from his desperate intention. The good-natured, weak-minded man at last con-

sented to accompany him and help him to accomplish his design. Both their hearts were painfully moved when they put a rope round the horns of a beautiful cow, the last of their remaining property, which they had reared from a calf, and which they had always refused to sell, because they could not bear to see her in strange hands. The evil spirit, however, who had mastered Will now stifled all better feeling in him, and Kaspar was unable to resist him in anything.

It was in the month of September, the long evenings of a Scotch winter had begun. The dark clouds of evening rolled heavily before the boisterous wind and rose like icebergs in the whirling stream, deep shadows filled the ravines between the mountains and the damp turf marshes, and the gloomy beds of the streams appeared dark and terrible like dreadful gulfs. Hawk went first, Strumpf followed, shuddering at his own boldness, and tears filled his dim eyes as often as he looked at the poor animal which went so confidentially and unconsciously towards speedy death, which it was to receive from that hand which had hitherto given it food. With difficulty they reached the narrow and marshy mountain-valley which was covered with moss and heath, with large stones, and surrounded by a rocky chain of mountains which was lost in the grey mist, and whither the foot of man seldom strayed. They approached a large stone on the unsafe ground which was in the centre, and from which a frightened eagle flew upwards screaming.

The poor cow lowed gently, as though she recognised the terrors of the place, and her impending fate; Kaspar turned away in order to wipe away his tears which were flowing in torrents. He looked down through the crevice of the rock by which they had come up, and whence the distant surges of the sea were heard, and then up to the mountain tops upon which the clouds as black as coal had settled, and out of which was heard from time to time a deep murmuring. On turning round to Will the latter had already tied the poor cow to a stone, and with uplifted hatchet was about to strike down the good animal.

This was too much for his resolution to acquiesce in the will of his friend. With his hands clasped he threw

himself upon his knees. "For heaven's sake, Will Hawk!" he exclaimed in a voice of despair, "spare yourself, spare the cow. Spare yourself and me. Spare your soul. Spare your life! If you must tempt God wait until to-morrow, and sacrifice rather any other animal than our beloved cow!"

"Kaspar, are you mad?" cried Will like a madman, whilst he was still holding up his hatchet ready for action. "Shall I spare the cow and die of hunger?"

"You shall not die of hunger," replied Kaspar, in a resolute manner, "as long as I have hands you shall not die of hunger. I will work for you from morning until night, only do not forfeit your soul's salvation, and do grant me the poor animal's life."

"Then take the hatchet and split my head," exclaimed Hawk, in a despairing tone. "I shall not stir from this place until I have what I want. Can you raise the treasures of the Carmilhan for me? Can your hands earn more than the barest necessaries of life? but they can terminate my misery—come and let me be the sacrifice."

"Will, if you kill the cow, you kill me. It makes no difference to me, I only care for your salvation. Alas! this is, as you are aware, the altar of the Picts, and the sacrifice which you are anxious to offer belongs to the prince of darkness."

"I do not know anything about such things," exclaimed Hawk, laughing wildly, like one who is determined to be ignorant of anything that might divert him from his resolution. "Kaspar, you are mad, and make me mad—but there," he continued, throwing away the hatchet and picking up the knife from the stone, as if he would kill himself, "there keep the cow instead of me!"

Kaspar was immediately by his side, snatched the murderous weapon from his hand, seized the hatchet, lifted it up high into the air, and brought it down so powerfully upon the head of the beloved animal that it fell dead at its master's feet without moving.

Lightning, accompanied by a thunder-clap, followed this rash act, Hawk staring at his friend as a man would do at a child having ventured to do what he himself would not have dared. Strumpf, however, did not seem to be either

frightened at the thunder or disconcerted at the rigid surprise of his companion, and without saying a word attacked the cow and commenced to pull off the hide. On Will having recovered a little, he assisted him in this work, but with as evident a dislike as he had before been eager to see the sacrifice completed. During this work the thunderstorm had increased in fury, the thunder resounded amid the mountains, and terrible flashes of lightning were winding around the stone and over the moss of the ravine, whilst the winds, which had not yet attained to their height, filled the valley beneath and the sea-shore with terrible howlings. When the hide had at last been pulled off, both fishermen were already drenched to the skin. They spread the hide on the ground, and Kaspar enveloped and tied Hawk firmly in it, just as he had been instructed by him. It was only after this had been accomplished that the poor fellow broke the silence, and looking pitifully at his foolish friend, asked him in a trembling voice: "Is there anything I can do for you, Will?"

"Nothing more," replied the other, "Farewell!"

"Farewell," replied Kaspar, "God be with you, and pardon you as I do."

These were the last words Will heard from him, for the next moment he had disappeared in the ever-increasing darkness, and at the same moment one of the most terrible thunderstorms Will had ever heard burst forth. It commenced with lightning, which showed Hawk not merely the mountains and rocks in his immediate neighbourhood, but also the valley beneath him, with the foaming sea, and the rocky islands which lay scattered in the creek, among which he believed he saw the appearance of a large quaint-looking and dismantled ship, which also again disappeared instantly in the most intense darkness. The claps of thunder became quite deafening. A number of pieces of rock rolled down the mountain and threatened to kill him. The rain came down in such torrents, that the narrow marshy valley was flooded in a moment with a high flood, and soon came up to Will's shoulders; fortunately, however, Kaspar had placed him with the upper part of his body upon an elevation, or else he would have been drowned at once. The water still rose higher and higher,

and the more Will strove to extricate himself from his dangerous position, the more tightly the hide held him. In vain he called for Kaspar, who was far away. He dared not call upon God in his danger, and he was seized with terror as he was about to call upon the powers of darkness, to whom he felt he had surrendered himself.

The water had by this time almost penetrated his ears, and nearly touched his lips. "I am lost!" he exclaimed, as he felt a shower coming down upon his face—but at the same moment he heard a faint sound in his ear resembling that of a near waterfall, and immediately his mouth was again free! The flood had made its way through the stones, and as the rain ceased somewhat at the same time, and the clouds disappeared, his despair also vanished, and a ray of hope seemed to return to him. Although he felt exhausted just like one fighting with death, and ardently wishing to be released from his captivity, yet the aim of his despairing longing had not yet been attained, and with the disappearance of the imminent danger so also avarice returned into his bosom with all its fury. Being convinced, however, that he was obliged to persevere in his position in order to attain his object, he kept quiet, and sank from cold and exhaustion into a deep sleep.

He might have been asleep for nearly two hours when a cold wind, passing over his face, and the rushing like that of approaching sea-waves awoke him out of his happy self-forgetfulness. The sky had again become darkened, a flash of lightning, like the one which had caused the first storm, once more illuminated the whole country round, and he believed he saw again the strange boat, which was now close to the Steenfoll-cliff, suspended upon a great wave and then suddenly shoot into the abyss. He was still staring after the phantom, for an incessant lightning kept the sea illuminated, when all of a sudden a water spout the height of a mountain, poured out of the valley, throwing him with such might against a rock that he became senseless. When he came to himself again, the thunderstorm had passed, the sky was serene, but the sheet lightning still continued. He lay close to the foot of the mountains, which surrounded this valley, and he

felt so bruised that he was scarcely able to move. He heard the quiet sound of the surges, and amongst them solemn music like church hymns; these strains were at first so weak that he thought it to be a delusion. But they were heard ever and again, and every time more distinctly and nearer, and it seemed to him at last as if he could recognise in them the chanting of a psalm which he had heard in the last summer on board a Dutch herring smack.

At last he even seemed to recognise voices, and it appeared to him as if he even heard the words of that hymn. The voices were now in the valley, and after he had pushed himself to a stone with difficulty, upon which to lay his head, he actually saw a procession of human figures from whom this music proceeded, and which was making its way straight towards him. Sorrow and anxiety were depicted on the people's faces whose clothes seemed to be dripping wet. They were now close to him, and their singing ceased. At the head were several musicians, followed by a number of sailors, and behind these walked a tall, strong man, clad in old-fashioned dress richly embroidered with gold, a sword at his side, and a long, thick Spanish reed with a golden knob in his hand. On his left walked a negro boy, who gave his master a long pipe from time to time, out of which he smoked in a solemn manner, and then went on his way. He stood still right in front of Will, and other less splendidly dressed men placed themselves at his side, all having pipes in their hands, less costly than that which was carried after the stout man. Behind these latter, other persons took their places, amongst them several women, some of them having children in their arms, or leading them by the hand, all in costly but quaint dress. A crowd of Dutch sailors closed the procession, each one of whom had his mouth filled with tobacco, and a little brown pipe between his teeth, which he smoked in gloomy silence.

The fisherman looked with terror on this strange assembly; the expectation, however, of that which was to happen, kept up his courage. They thus stood round him for a long time, and the smoke of their pipes rose

like a cloud over them, through which the stars blinked. The circle drew closer and closer round Will, the smoking increased more furiously, the cloud which rose from their mouths and pipes became more dense. Hawk was a courageous and audacious man; he had prepared himself for extraordinary things, but as this enormous crowd always came nearer and nearer to him, as if they would smother him with numbers, he lost courage, large drops of perspiration bathed his forehead, and he expected to die of fear. His fright may be imagined, when he was about to turn his eyes, he saw sitting upright and stiff close to his head the little yellow man, just as he had seen him for the first time, only now as if to mock the whole assembly, he too had a pipe in his mouth. In the agony of death which now seized him, he called out, turning towards the chief:

"In the name of him whom you serve, who are you, and what do you require of me?"

The tall man puffed three times in a more solemn manner than before, then gave his pipe to his servant, and replied with terrible coldness: "I am Alfred Franz van der Swelder, captain of the ship Carmilhan from Amsterdam, which foundered on this rocky shore with all on board, on its way homeward from Batavia: these are my officers and passengers, and those my brave sailors, who were all drowned with me. Why did you call us up from our dwellings in the deep sea? Why did you disturb our rest?"

"I should like to know where the treasures of the Carmilhan are buried."

"At the bottom of the sea."

"Where?"

"In the cavern of Steenfoll."

"How shall I get them?"

"A goose dives into the abyss for a herring; are not the treasures of the Carmilhan worth as much?"

"How much of it shall I get?"

"More than you will ever be able to spend."

The little yellow man grinned, and the whole assembly burst out laughing.

"Have you finished?" asked the captain further.

"I have. Farewell!"

"Farewell, till we meet again," replied the Dutchman, on the point of going away; the musicians again went in front and the whole procession went away in the same order in which it had come, and with the same solemn chanting, which became quieter and more indistinct with the distance, until at last after some time the noise was lost entirely in the surges. Will now used his remaining strength to free himself from his fetters, and succeeded at last in freeing one arm, with which he severed the rope which bound him, and at last rolled himself entirely out of the hide. Without turning round, he hastened towards the hut and found poor Kaspar Strumpf lying on the floor in rigid unconsciousness. With difficulty he brought him round, and the good man cried for joy on seeing his old friend again, whom he had thought lost. This gleam of happiness, however, soon vanished again on hearing from him what a despairing undertaking he was now bent upon.

"I would rather throw myself into hell than look any longer at these naked walls and this misery; whether you follow or not, I shall go."

With these words Will took a torch, with flint and steel, and a rope, and then hastened away. Kaspar ran after him as quickly as he could, and found him already standing on the piece of rock on which he had formerly found protection against the storm, and ready to let himself down by the rope into the roaring black abyss. Finding all his representation to the madman useless, he got ready to descend after him; Hawk, however, ordered him to stay where he was, and to hold the rope. With terrible exertion, to which only the blindest avarice could give courage and strength, Hawk climbed down the cavern, and at last found himself upon a projecting piece of rock, under which black waves tipped with wreaths of white foam, dashed forward. He looked about him eagerly, and at last saw something sparkling in the water just under him. He put down the torch, threw himself down and seized something heavy which he brought up. It was a little iron box full of gold pieces. He told his companion what he had found; he would not, however, listen to his entreaties to be satisfied with it, and ascend

again. Hawk thought this was only the first result of his great exertions. He threw himself down once more—a loud laughter resounded from the sea, and Will Hawk was never seen again.

Kaspar went home alone, quite a changed man. The strange sensations which his weak head and sensitive heart suffered, unsettled his mind. He let everything belonging to him go to ruin, and wandered about day and night, staring vacantly before him, pitied and avoided by all his former acquaintances. A fisherman is said to have recognised Will Hawk on a stormy night amidst the crew of the Carmilhan, near the shore, and Kaspar Strumpf also disappeared on the same night. People looked for him everywhere, but no one has ever been able to find a trace of him. But the legend says, that he, together with Hawk, had often been seen amongst the crew of the phantom ship, which has ever since appeared at regular times near the cavern of Steenfoll.

"Midnight is long passed," said the student, when the young goldsmith had finished his story, "all further danger is over now, and I for my part am so sleepy, that I would advise all to retire to rest and sleep without fear."

"I should not like to trust the robbers before two o'clock in the morning," replied the courier; "the proverb says 'From eleven till two, thieves their work do.'"

"That I do not believe," remarked the compass-maker, "for if they intend to injure us, no time is more suitable than after midnight. I think, therefore, the student might continue his story, which he has not quite finished yet."

"I offer no objection," said the student, "although our neighbour, Mr. Courier, has not heard the beginning."

"I must then imagine it, only begin," said the courier.

"Very well," said the student, who was about to begin, when they were interrupted by the barking of a dog. All held their breath and listened. At the same moment one of the Countess's servants rushed out of the room exclaiming that ten or twelve armed men were approaching the inn on one side. The courier seized his gun,

the student his pistol, the travelling artizans their sticks, and the carrier pulled out a long knife from his pocket. In this way they stood gazing at each other vaguely.

"Let us go towards the staircase!" exclaimed the student; "two or three of these rascals shall meet with their death first, before we are overpowered." At the same time he gave the compass-maker his second pistol, and suggested that they might shoot one after another. They placed themselves at the top of the staircase; the student and the courier just occupied the whole width. On one side, close to the courier, stood the courageous compass-maker, bending over the balustrade, and pointing the mouth of his pistol down the centre of the staircase. The goldsmith and the carrier stood behind them, ready, in case it should come to a fight between man and man they would do their share of the business. Thus they stood some minutes in silent expectation; at last the front door was heard to open, and they thought they could hear the whisperings of several voices.

The footsteps of a number of men were heard approaching the staircase. They began to ascend, and halfway up three men were seen, who were not prepared for the reception awaiting them, for as they turned round the pillars of the staircase, the courier cried in a strong voice, "Stop; one step further and you are dead men. Cock your guns, friends, and aim well!" The robbers, frightened, hastily retreated to consult with the others. After awhile one of them returned and said, "Gentlemen, it would be foolishness on your part to vainly sacrifice your lives, for we are numerous enough to annihilate you entirely. Retire; none of you shall suffer the slightest harm. We will not rob you of the value of a penny."

"What then is it you want?" cried the student. "Do you suppose we will trust such scoundrels? Never! If you wish to take anything, in God's name come, but the first who ventures round the corner I shall fire at his forehead, so that he will never have any more headaches!"

"Deliver up the lady to us voluntarily," replied the robber. "No harm shall befall her. We will conduct her to a safe and comfortable place. Her servants may

ride back to request the Count to ransom her with twenty thousand florins."

"Do you think we should agree to such proposals?" replied the courier, gnashing his teeth with rage and cocking his gun. "I shall count three, and if you are still below there at the three, I shall fire. One, two——"

"Stop!" exclaimed the robber in a thundering voice. "Is it customary to fire at a defenceless man, who is conversing with you in a peaceful manner? Silly fellow, you can shoot me dead if you think you thereby perform some heroic deed; but here are twenty of my comrades ready to avenge my death. What would it benefit your Countess if you lay dead or mutilated upon the floor? Believe me, if she will go with us voluntarily, she shall be treated with respect, but if you do not uncock your gun before I count three, it will be the worse for her. Uncock your gun—one, two, three!"

"There is no joking with these hounds," whispered the courier, obeying the robber's order. "I care indeed little for my life, but if I were to shoot one of them dead, they might treat my mistress, the Countess, with greater severity. I will go and consult the Countess. "Give us," he continued in a loud voice, "half an hour's truce in order to prepare the Countess, it might be her death if she were to hear of it so suddenly."

"Agreed," answered the robber, and immediately had the foot of the staircase guarded by six of his men.

In a terrified and confused manner the unfortunate travellers followed the courier into the Countess's room; it was so near the staircase, and the people had discussed so loudly that she had not missed a word. She was pale, and trembled violently; notwithstanding, however, she seemed quite determined to submit to her fate. "Why should I uselessly imperil the lives of so many brave men?" said she. "Why call upon you for a useless resistance—you, who do not even know me? No, I see there is no other means of safety than to follow these wretches."

Every one was moved by the courage and misfortune of the lady. The courier wept and vowed that he could not survive this indignity. The student lamented his stature of six feet high. "If I were only half-a-head

shorter!" he exclaimed, "and had no beard, I know exactly what I should do. I should ask the Countess to allow me to put on her clothes, and these wretches would discover their mistake too late."

Felix also had been deeply impressed by this lady's misfortune. Her whole demeanour appeared to him so sad and familiar, he almost fancied it was his prematurely deceased mother who found herself in this dreadful position. He displayed such boldness and courage, that he would like to have exchanged his life for hers. Whilst, however, the student was saying these words, a sudden thought flashed through his mind. He forgot all fear, all self-regard, and only thought of the deliverance of this lady. "If it is only this," he said, stepping forward timidly and blushingly, "if only a small stature, a beardless chin, and courageous heart are required to save the gracious lady, I should not mind to be of service to her myself; in God's name put on my coat, place my hat upon your beautiful hair, and take my bundle upon your back and go on your journey as Felix, the goldsmith."

They were all surprised at the courage of the young fellow, and the courier clasped him round the neck joyfully. "Young goldsmith!" he exclaimed, "would you allow yourself to be dressed in my gracious lady's clothes to save her? That idea must have come from God; but you shall not go alone, I will surrender myself with you, remain at your side, and be your best friend, and, as long as I live, they shall not harm you in any way."

"I, too, will go with you, as sure as I live!" cried the student.

Much persuasion was used to induce the Countess to agree to this proposal. She could not bear the idea, that a stranger should sacrifice his life for hers; she thought of the terrible revenge of the robbers, which would fall entirely upon the unfortunate young man, in case of a subsequent discovery. At last, however, partly induced by the young man's entreaties, partly by the conviction of being able to give up everything in case she should be saved, to set her preserver at liberty again, she agreed. The courier and the other travellers accompanied Felix into the student's room, where he quickly dressed him-

self in the Countess's clothes. The courier put on his head a great number of false curls belonging to the maid, and the lady's hat, and all assured him that he would not be recognised. Even the compass-maker declared that if he were to meet him in the street, he would quickly take off his hat, not supposing he was making a polite bow to his courageous comrade.

The Countess, in the meantime, with the help of her maid, had supplied herself with clothes from the young goldsmith's little knapsack. The hat pulled down over her forehead, a walking-stick in her hand, and the bundle somewhat lightened upon her back made her perfectly unrecognisable, and the travellers would have laughed not a little at this peculiar masquerade at any other time. The newly-made travelling artisan thanked Felix with tears, and promised him the most speedy help.

"I have only one more request," replied Felix; "this little knapsack, which you carry on your back, contains a little box, take great care of it; if it should be lost, I would be unfortunate for ever. I must take it to my foster mother, and——"

"Gottfried, the courier, knows where my castle is," she said, "all shall be restored to you safely; for I hope you will come yourself, noble young man, to receive my husband's thanks and my own."

Before Felix was able to reply, the gruff voices of the robbers sounded up the stairs; they cried that the time had elapsed and everything was ready for the Countess's departure. The courier went to them and told them that he would not forsake the lady, but preferred to go with them, no matter where, rather than appear before his master without his mistress. The student also declared, he too would accompany the lady. They consulted together about this plan, and agreed at last on condition that the courier should immediately give up his arms. At the same time they commanded that the remaining travellers should remain quiet whilst the Countess was being carried away.

Felix lowered the veil which had been tied round his hat, seated himself in a corner, his head resting on his hand, and in this position of one in great grief, he awaited

the robbers. The travellers had retired into the next room, in such a way, however, that they were still able to overlook what took place. The courier sat apparently deeply distressed, but watching everything in the other corner of the room, which the Countess had occupied. After they had sat in this way a few minutes, the door opened, and a handsome, splendidly dressed man about thirty-six years of age entered the room. He wore a kind of military uniform, a medal on his breast, a long sabre at his side, and held a hat in his hand ornamented with some beautiful feathers. Two of his men had immediately after his entrance occupied the doorway.

He approached Felix with a low bow, and appeared to be somewhat embarrassed before a lady of title. He tried several times before he succeeded in speaking properly. "Gracious lady," said he, "there are circumstances which must be borne patiently. Yours is one. Do not imagine that I shall disregard for one moment the respect due to so distinguished a lady. You will have every comfort; you will not complain of anything, except perhaps the fright which you have had this evening." Here he stopped, as if waiting for an answer; but, on Felix persistently keeping quiet, he continued: "Do not look upon me as a common thief or a cut-throat. I am an unfortunate man, who has been compelled to such a life by adverse circumstances. We are anxious to leave this neighbourhood for ever, but we need money for our journey. It would have been an easy matter for us to attack merchants or mail-carts, but then we should have perhaps thrown many people into misfortune for ever. Your husband, the Count, received a legacy of five hundred thousand dollars some six weeks ago. Of this abundance we ask for twenty thousand florins, surely a just and moderate demand. You will therefore do us the favour to write immediately an open letter to your husband, in which you will announce to him that we have captured you, and that the payment must be made as soon as possible, if not—you understand me—we should then be obliged to treat you a little more severely. The payment will not be accepted unless brought here by one single man, and under the seal of the strictest secrecy."

This scene was observed with the utmost attention by all the guests of the forest inn, but most anxiously by the Countess. She thought every moment the young man who had sacrificed his life for her might betray himself. She had fully determined to ransom him for an enormous sum of money; but just as firmly had she determined not, at any price in the world, to go one step with the robbers. She had found a knife in the coat-pocket of the goldsmith. She held it opened convulsively in her hand, ready, rather to kill herself than to submit to such indignity. Felix, however, was not the less timid himself. Although the idea strengthened and comforted him that it was a manly and noble action to assist an oppressed and helpless woman in this manner, yet he feared to betray himself by his voice or any movement. His fear increased when the robbers spoke about a letter he was to write.

How should he write? What title should he give the Count, what form to the letter, without betraying himself?

His dread reached the climax when the chief of the robbers put before him pen and paper, and requested him to throw back the veil and write.

Felix did not know how excellently the dress became him which he wore. If he had known it, he would not have been in the least afraid of being discovered. For when at last he was compelled to throw back his veil, the gentleman in uniform appeared struck by the lady's beauty, and her somewhat manly, courageous expression, and he gazed upon her with still more respect. All this did not escape the notice of the young goldsmith's sharp eye. Assured that at any rate there was no fear of being detected at this dangerous moment, he took the pen and wrote to his supposed husband in a style such as he had once upon a time read in some old book. He wrote:

"My lord and husband,

"I, your unfortunate wife, have been suddenly stopped on my journey in the middle of the night, and that by people to whom I cannot assign any good intentions. They intend to detain me until you, my lord count, have deposited the sum of 20,000 florins for my release. The condition attached is, that you do not make the least

complaint about the matter to the authorities nor ask their aid, and that you send the money by only one man to the forest inn of the Spessart, otherwise I am threatened with a longer and more severe captivity. Your immediate help is entreated by

"YOUR UNFORTUNATE WIFE."

He gave this remarkable letter to the captain of the robbers, who perused and sanctioned it. "It now depends entirely on you," he continued, "whether you will be accompanied by your maid or your courier. One of these persons I must send back with this letter to your husband."

"The courier and this gentleman here will accompany me."

"Right," replied the captain, going to the door and calling for the maid. "You may tell this woman what she has to do."

The maid appeared with fear and trembling. Felix too turned pale at the thought how easily he might even now betray himself. But an unaccountable courage which strengthened him in those dangerous moments again assisted him with these words, "I have nothing else to tell you," he said, "except that you request the Count to rescue me as soon as possible from this unfortunate position."

"And," continued the robber, "that you tell the Count most distinctly and emphatically that he must keep everything quiet and take no action against us until his wife is in his hands. Our spies would soon inform us about it, and in that case I would not be responsible for anything."

The trembling maid promised to do all. She was also ordered to pack together in a parcel some clothes and linen for the Countess, because they would not load themselves with much luggage, and this being done, the chief of the robbers making a bow, requested the lady to follow him. Felix arose, the courier, and the student followed him, and all three descended the staircase accompanied by the chief of the robbers.

There were many horses before the forest tavern; one was assigned to the courier, another, a small handsome creature, supplied with a side saddle, stood ready for the Countess, and the third was given to the student. The

captain lifted the young goldsmith into the saddle, fastened him firmly, and then mounted his own horse. He took his place on the lady's right, and placed on the other side of her one of his men; in the same way also were the courier and the student guarded. After the rest of the band had mounted their horses, the leader blew a clear sounding whistle as the signal for departure, and soon the whole gang had disappeared in the forest.

The company which were assembled in the upper room gradually recovered, after this scene, from their fright. They would probably have been cheerful, as it is customary after great misfortune or sudden danger, had not their minds been occupied with thoughts of the three companions who had been carried away before their eyes. They expressed their admiration of the young goldsmith, and the Countess shed tears of emotion when she thought that she was placed under so great an obligation to a man to whom she had never shown any kindness, and whom she did not even know. It was a consolation to all that the heroic courier and the brave student had accompanied him, because they could console the young man when he felt miserable; nay, they even thought that the artful courier might perhaps find means to escape. They still consulted with one another what was to be done. The Countess resolved, since no oath bound her to the robbers, to return immediately to her husband and risk all to discover the retreat of the prisoners, and set them at liberty; the carrier promised to ride to Aschaffenburg, to call upon the authorities to pursue the robbers. The compass-maker, however, was desirous of continuing his journey.

The travellers were not again molested during the night; the stillness of the grave prevailed in the forest tavern, which had been only so lately the scene of such terrible events. When, however, on the next day the Countess's servants went down to see the landlord, in order to get everything ready for the departure, they quickly returned and said that they had found the landlady and her household in a most helpless condition. They lay bound in the tap-room, imploring help.

The travellers on hearing this looked at each other in

surprise. "What?" exclaimed the compass-maker, "can it be true that these people are innocent after all? Can it be that we have wronged them, and that they are not in league with the robbers?"

"I will allow myself to be hung in their place," replied the carrier, "if we have really wronged them. All this is deception in order not to be convicted. Do you not remember the suspicious faces of the people in the inn? do you not remember when I wished to go downstairs how the trained dog refused to let me pass, how the landlady and the ostler suddenly appeared, and asked sullenly, what else there was I had to do? Still these circumstances are at any rate the cause of our luck and that of the Countess. If things had looked less suspicious in the inn, if the landlady had placed more confidence in us, we should not have remained awake to stand by one another. The robbers would have attacked us in our sleep, would have at any rate guarded our doors, and this exchange of the brave young fellow would never have been possible.

They all agreed with the carrier's opinion, and determined to also denounce the landlady and her household to the authorities. Yet, in order to make sure of their plan, they would not show the least suspicion. The servants and the carrier, therefore, went down into the tap-room, severed the fetters of the thieves' accomplices, and showed themselves as sympathising and pitying as possible. To conciliate their guests still more, the landlady only made out a small bill for each, and invited them to return soon again.

The carrier paid his account, took leave of his companions in misery, and continued his journey. After him the two travelling artisans took their departure. However light the bundle of the goldsmith was, yet it hurt the delicate lady not a little. But her heart grew heavier when the landlady stretched out her treacherous hand at the front door to say good-bye. "Well, what a youngster you are still," she exclaimed at the sight of the delicate-looking boy; "still so young and already wandering through the world! You are very likely a naughty fellow whom the master expelled from his workshop. Well, it has nothing to do with me, do me the honour of putting up here again on your return. A happy journey."

The Countess dared not answer for fear and trembling, lest she might betray herself by her soft voice. The compass-maker noticed it, he took his companion by the arm, bade farewell to the landlady, began a merry song, and strode towards the forest.

"Now at last I am in safety!" exclaimed the Countess, when they were about a hundred paces away from the inn. "I thought the woman would have detected me and have me taken up by her men servants. Oh, how shall I thank you all! you also must come to my castle; you must there meet your travelling companion again."

The compass-maker agreed, and while they were yet speaking the Countess's carriage overtook them. The door was quickly opened, the lady slipped in, took leave once more of the travelling artisan, and the carriage drove off.

About the same time the robbers with their prisoners had reached the camp of their gang. They had ridden at the quickest trot through an unfrequented forest road; they did not exchange a single word with their prisoners, and they only whispered occasionally to each other, when the road changed its direction. They stopped at last before a deep, wooded ravine. The robbers dismounted, and their leader helped the goldsmith from his horse, apologising at the same time for his hard and rapid ride, and asking whether the gracious lady was not over fatigued.

Felix answered him, in as soft a voice as possible, that he was longing for rest, and the captain offered him his arm to conduct him into the ravine. He went down a steep slope; the path leading downwards was so narrow and precipitous that the leader was often obliged to support the lady, in order to preserve her from falling down. At last they reached the bottom. Felix saw before him, by the dim light of the approaching morning, a narrow little valley, not more than a hundred paces wide, situated in a hollow with high rocks. There were about six or eight little huts in this ravine constructed of boards and felled trees. Some dirty women peeped curiously out of these hovels, and a pack of twelve large dogs and their numerous puppies jumped round the arrivals, howling and barking. The captain conducted the sup-

posed countess into the best of these huts, and told her that this was exclusively intended for her use; he also granted, on Felix's request, that the courier and the student might be allowed to see him.

The hut was carpeted throughout with deer-skins and mats, which served at the same time for a floor and seat. Some jugs and dishes carved out of wood, an old fowling-piece, and in the furthest corner a couch put together with some boards and covered with woollen rugs, which did not deserve the name of a bed, were the only furniture of this lordly palace. Now only, left alone in this wretched hut, had the three prisoners time to meditate on their peculiar situation. Felix, who did not regret for one moment his noble action, but yet was afraid of his future in case of being discovered, was about to give vent to his feelings, when the courier quickly approached him, and whispered, "For heaven's sake keep quiet, dear fellow; do you not think that people may be eavesdropping?"—"Every single word, the tone of your voice might excite suspicion," added the student." Nothing remained to poor Felix but to weep silently.

"Believe me, Mr. Courier," said he, "I do not cry from fear of these robbers, or horror of this wretched hut; no, it is quite a different sorrow that affects me! how easily the Countess might forget what I told her just before I left, and then people will consider me the thief, and I shall be wretched for ever!"

"But what is it which frightens you so?" asked the courier, astonished at the behaviour of the young man, who hitherto had shown himself to be so courageous and firm.

"Listen, and you will agree with me," replied Felix. "My father was a skilful goldsmith in Nüremberg, and my mother had formerly been maid to a lady of title, and when she married my father she was well rewarded by the Countess in whose service she had been. The Countess was always kind to my parents, and when I was born she became my god-mother, and made me many presents. But when my parents died one after the other of a plague, and I was left in the world quite alone and deserted, and about to be taken to an orphanage, it was then that the lady, my godmother, heard of our misfor-

tunes, interested herself on my behalf, and put me to a boarding-school; and when I was old enough, she wrote to me asking whether I would not like to learn my father's trade. I agreed to it joyfully, and she at once obtained a place for me at a goldsmith's in Würzburg as an apprentice. I showed much skill in my work, and made such progress that I received a certificate of having served my apprenticeship, and so I could prepare myself for my travels. I wrote this to my god-mother, who immediately answered that she would give me the money for my travels. At the same time she sent me some magnificent jewels, and asked me to furnish them with a handsome setting, and take them as proofs of my skill to her, and receive money for my travels. I have never seen my god-mother in my life, and you can imagine how much I looked forward to seeing her. Day and night I looked at the jewels, and they looked so beautiful and elegant, that my master himself was surprised. When it was finished I packed everything carefully in the bottom of my knapsack, took leave of my master, and went on my journey towards my god-mother's castle. Then came," he continued, bursting into tears, "these villainous men and destroyed all my hopes. For if your mistress the Countess loses or forgets the jewels, and what I told her, and throws away the worthless knapsack, how should I then appear before my gracious god-mother? how should I prove my identity? how replace the stones? The travelling money is also lost then, and I appear as an ungrateful man, who has given away thoughtlessly goods entrusted to his care. And in the end—will people believe me, if I relate this wonderful event?"

"About the latter be at your ease!" replied the courier. "I do not believe that your jewels will be lost by the Countess, and if she should she would assuredly make good their loss to her deliverer, and give her testimony as to these events. We now leave you for a few hours, for indeed we need sleep, and after the exertions of this night you too stand in need of it. Afterwards let us forget our misfortune for a while in conversation; or better still, think of our escape."

They went away; Felix alone remained, and endeavoured to follow the courier's advice. When after

some hours the courier returned with the student, he found his young friend more refreshed and cheerful than before. He told the goldsmith that the captain had ordered him to pay the greatest attention to the lady, and in a few minutes one of the women, whom they had seen amongst the huts, would bring the gracious Countess some coffee, and offer her services to wait upon her. They resolved, in order not to be disturbed, to refuse this offer, and when the old, ugly gipsy came, putting the breakfast before her, and asking with a friendly leer whether she could be of any other service, Felix beckoned her to go away, but as she still hesitated, the courier turned her out of the hut. The student then continued to relate what else they had seen of the robbers' camp.

"The hut in which you live, most handsome Countess," said he, "appears originally to have been intended for the captain. It is not so spacious, but finer than the others. Besides this, there are also six others in which the women and children live, for there are seldom more than six of the robbers at home. One of them stands guard not far from this hut, another below on the road up the hill, and a third is on the look-out at the entrance of the ravine; every two hours they are relieved by the three others. Besides this, every one of them has a couple of big dogs lying near him, and they are all so watchful that is impossible to stir outside the hut without their barking. I entertain no hope of our making our escape."

"Do not make me so sad, for I have become somewhat more cheerful after my slumber," replied Felix; "do not give up all hope, and if you fear being betrayed, let us rather talk about something else, and not distress ourselves beforehand. Mr. Student, you commenced to tell us a story in the inn, you may continue now, for we have time for talking."

"I can scarcely remember what it was all about," replied the young man.

"You were telling the story about the cold heart, and left off where the landlord and the other gambler threw Charcoal-burner Peter out of doors."

"Yes, I now recollect," he said. "Well, if you like to listen further, I will continue."

THE COLD HEART.

PART II.

When Peter went to his glass factory on Monday morning, not only his workmen were there, but other people also, whom one does not care to see, namely the magistrate and three legal officials.

The magistrate wished Peter good morning, asked how he had slept, and then pulled out a long register, in which Peter's creditors were written down. "Can you pay or not?" asked the magistrate with a stern look. "And make haste about it, for I have not much time to lose, and it is a good three hours' walk to the prison." Peter thereupon became dismayed, and confessed that he was unable to pay, and left it to the magistrate to value his house and yard, factory and stables, carriages and horses; and whilst the legal officials and the magistrate were going round examining and valuing he thought, "It is not far from here to the pine wood, and as the little man has not assisted me, I will for once try the great man." He ran towards the pine wood, as quickly as if the court officials were pursuing him; he fancied on running past the place where he had at first spoken to the Little Glass-man, that an invisible hand was keeping him back; but he tore himself away, and ran on further as far as the boundary, which he had noted so well before, and, scarcely had he called, almost out of breath, "Dutch Michael! Mr. Dutch Michael!" than the gigantic raftsman was already standing before him with his pole in his hand.

"Have you come?" said the latter, laughing. "Did they want to flay you, and sell you to your creditors? Well, be calm—all your unhappiness proceeds, as I have told you, from the Little Glass-man—from that apostate and hypocrite. If one gives away anything, it must be done heartily, and not like this miser. But come," he continued, turning towards the forest, "follow me to my house, and there we shall see whether we can strike a bargain."

"Strike a bargain!" thought Peter. "What can he desire of me—whatever can I sell to him? Does he want me to enter his service, or what does he want? They first went up a steep wood path, and then suddenly stood close to a deep, dark, steep ravine. Dutch Michael jumped down the rock, as if it were a smooth marble staircase: Peter, however, had almost fainted, for when the other had reached the bottom, he made himself as tall as a church tower, and held out an arm to him as long as a weaver's beam, and from it a hand as large as the table at the tavern, and exclaimed in a voice that resounded up the rock like a funeral bell: "Sit down on my hand, and lay hold of my fingers, and you will not fall." Peter, trembling, did as he was told, took his seat upon the hand, and held on by the giant's thumb.

He went down far and deep; notwithstanding, to Peter's surprise, it grew no darker; on the contrary, the daylight seemed to become even brighter in the ravine, and his eyes could hardly stand the glare. Dutch Michael had made himself smaller again the lower Peter descended, and was now standing in his former figure, in front of a house as neat and good as those of the rich peasants of the Black Forest. The room into which Peter was conducted was just the same as those of other people, except that it was a little more lonesome.

The wooden cased clock, the immense stove, and broad benches, and ornaments on the shelves were the same here as elsewhere. Michael gave him a seat at the large table, went out and soon returned with a flask of wine and some glasses; he filled them, and now they began to talk, Dutch Michael telling about the pleasures of the world, of foreign countries, beautiful towns, and rivers, so that Peter at last conceived a great longing for them, which he told the very Dutchman plainly.

"If your whole body were full of courage to undertake anything, yet a few palpitations of your silly heart would make you tremble; and then the annoyances caused by feelings of honour, and misfortune; why should a sensible fellow trouble himself about these things? Did you take offence when you were lately called a cheat and a rascally fellow? Did you suffer much when the magistrate came

to turn you out of the house? What was it, tell me, that pained you so much?"

"My heart," said Peter, as he pressed his hand upon his throbbing breast; for he felt as if his heart were moving to and fro in anguish.

"You have—do not take it amiss—you have thrown away many hundred florins on wretched beggars and other low rabble. What has it profited you? They have blessed you for it, and wished you good health in return; well, were you any the better in health for that? For one half of the money you have squandered, you might have kept a physician. Blessing, indeed a pretty blessing, when one's things are sold by auction, and one is turned out of doors! And what was it that urged you to put your hands into your pockets whenever a beggar held out his ragged hat to you? Your heart, your heart again, neither your eyes nor your tongue, your arms nor your legs, but your heart; you have, as one has rightly said, taken things very much to heart."

"But how is it possible to repress this feeling? I am now trying my hardest to repress it, but still my heart beats and pains me."

"Quite true," replied the other, laughing. "you, poor fellow, can do nothing against it; but give me your beating thing, and you shall see how comfortable you will feel."

"You, my heart?" exclaimed Peter, with terror. "Then I should have to die on the spot! Never!"

"Yes, if one of your surgeons were to take your heart out of your body, then indeed you would have to die; but with me it is a different thing; come in and convince yourself." In saying these words he stood up, opened the door of a room, and led Peter inside. His heart contracted convulsively as he stepped across the threshold, but he did not notice it, for the sight which presented itself to him was strange and surprising. On several wooden shelves were glass bottles filled with a transparent liquid, and in each of these bottles lay a heart; there were also labels stuck on the bottles with names written on them, which Peter read with avidity; there was the heart of the magistrate in F——; the heart of the fat Ezekiel, the heart

of the Dance-room King, the heart of the chief forester; there were six hearts of corn usurers, eight of recruiting officers, three of brokers—in short, it was a collection of the most esteemed hearts in the circuit of twenty hours' journey round.

"Look!" said Dutch Michael, "all these have cast aside the anxieties and cares of life; none of these hearts beat any more with pain and uneasiness, and their former owners are now quite at their ease, in having turned the 'restless guest' out of the house."

"But what is it they now carry in their breasts instead of it?" asked Peter, who almost fainted on seeing all this.

"This," replied the other, and gave him out of a drawer a heart of stone.

"What?" replied Peter, unable to repress the shudder which went through him, "a heart of marble stone; but, Mr. Dutch Michael, just listen, if that is so it must be very cold in one's breast!"

"True, but pleasantly cool. Why then should a heart be warm? In winter the warmth is no good to you, but good cherry brandy does you more good than a warm heart; and in the summer, when all is parching and hot, you hardly believe how cooling such a heart is. And as I have said, neither anguish nor fear, neither foolish sympathy nor any other suffering moves such a heart."

"And that is all you can give me?" asked Peter disconsolately. "I had hoped for money, and you would give me a stone!"

"Well, I think a hundred thousand florins will suffice you for the present. If you invest it wisely you can soon become a millionaire."

"A hundred thousand!" cried the poor charcoal burner joyfully. "Well, but do not thrust so violently on my breast, we shall soon strike a bargain with each other. All right, Michael, give me the stone and the money, and you may take this 'disturber' out of its case."

"I knew very well that you were a sensible fellow," replied the Dutchman with a friendly smile; "come, let us have another glass of wine, and then I will pay you the money."

They then sat down together again over the wine in

the room, and kept on drinking and drinking, until Peter sank into a deep sleep. Charcoal Peter Munk awoke at the pleasant sound of a post horn, and behold! he was sitting in a beautiful carriage driving along on a broad road, and looking out of the carriage he saw behind him the Black Forest in the blue distance. At first he could hardly believe it was himself who was sitting in this carriage. His clothes also were no longer the same as those he had worn the day before, but he still remembered everything so distinctly that at last he gave up meditating and exclaimed: "I am Charcoal Peter Munk, that is certain, and none other."

He was surprised at himself, that he did not feel at all melancholy as he, for the first time, left his quiet home and the forest where he had lived so long. Not even when he thought of his mother, who was sitting now helpless and in misery, did a tear come into his eye, nor did he sigh, for he looked upon everything with indifference. "Yes, indeed," he then said, "tears and sighs, home sickness and melancholy proceed from the heart, and, thanks to Dutch Michael, mine is cold and of stone."

He put his hand upon his breast, and all was quiet there, nothing moved. "If he keeps his word as well with the hundred thousand florins as he has done about my heart, I shall rejoice," he said, and began to examine his carriage. He found clothes of every kind he could wish for, but no money. At last he came upon a bag, and found several thousand dollars in gold, and bills on mercantile houses in all great towns. "Now I have all I desired," he thought, placed himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage, and drove out into the wide world.

He rode about for two years in the world, and looked out of his carriage right and left at all the houses, looked, when he stopped, at nothing else but the sign of the inn, then ran about the town and had all the most remarkable objects pointed out to him. But nothing pleased him, no pictures, no house, no music, no dance, his heart of stone had no sympathy for anything, and his eyes and ears were insensible to everything that was beautiful. Nothing

more remained to him than the pleasure of eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and thus he lived, whilst travelling aimlessly through the world; he dined for his amusement, and slept from tediousness. Now and again he indeed remembered having been more cheerful and happy when he was still poor and obliged to work to gain his livelihood. At that time every beautiful view in the valley, music, and song had delighted him, and he there rejoiced for hours together at the plain food which his mother used to bring him to the kiln.

As he was thus thinking of the past, matters seemed very strange to him now that he could not even smile, when formerly he had laughed at the slightest joke. Whenever others laughed he would merely screw up his mouth out of courtesy, but his heart did not laugh with it. He then felt that he was remarkably at ease, but still he did not feel satisfied. It was not home sickness or melancholy, but a blank, wearisome, joyless life which at last induced him to return home again.

As he drove from Strasburg over the Rhine, and perceived the gloomy forest of his home, when he for the first time saw again those powerful figures, those cheerful and honest faces of the Black Foresters, when his ear heard the sounds of home, powerful, deep, but cheering, he put his hand quickly to his heart, for his blood flowed faster, and he fancied he must rejoice and weep at the same time, but how could he be so foolish, since he had only a heart of stone? Stones are dead, and neither smile nor weep.

His first visit was to Dutch Michael, who received him with his old affability. "Michael," he said to him, "I have travelled now and seen everything, but all was folly, and time hung heavy on me. True, your stony thing which I carry in my breast does indeed protect me against many things. I never get angry, or sad, but neither do I feel any pleasure, and it seems to me as if I were only half alive. Could you not animate this heart of stone a little—or rather, return me my old heart? I had become accustomed to it for five-and-twenty years, and if sometimes it committed a stupid freak, yet after all it was a gay and merry heart."

The Wood Spirit laughed grimly and bitterly. "When

you are dead, Peter Munk," he replied, "you shall no longer be without it; you shall then have your soft, sensitive heart back again, and then you will feel what happens, joy or sorrow. But in these regions it can no longer be yours again! Yet, Peter! you have indeed travelled, but in the way in which you lived it could not be of any use to you. Settle somewhere in the wood, build a house, marry, accumulate wealth, your only want is work; because you had nothing to do, time hung heavy upon you, and now you throw all the blame upon this innocent heart." Peter perceived that Michael was right, as regards his idleness, and determined to become richer and richer. Michael presented him with another hundred thousand florins, and parted with him as his good friend.

Report soon spread in the Black Forest that Charcoal Peter Munk, or gambling Peter, had turned up again, and was still more wealthy than before. Things now happened as is usually the case; when he was reduced to poverty he was thrown out of doors at the Sun inn, but now when he made his first appearance there, one Sunday afternoon, every one shook him by the hand, admired his horse, asked him about his journey; and when he was playing again with the fat Ezekiel for hard dollars, he stood as high as ever in the people's estimation. He did not carry on, however, his trade of glass-making, but a timber trade, and that only for appearance sake. His chief business was to deal in corn and money. By degrees half the people in the Black Forest became his debtors, and he only lent money at ten per cent, or sold corn at three times its value to the poor people, who were unable to pay ready money for it. With the magistrate he was now in close friendship, and if anyone did not pay Mr. Peter Munk to the day, the magistrate would ride out with his bailiffs, value house and chattels, sell them quickly and turn father, mother, and child into the forest.

At first this caused rich Peter some displeasure, for the poor people, whose things had been sold by auction, then besieged his door in crowds; the men begged for leniency, the women endeavoured to soften his heart of stone, and the children cried for a little piece of bread.

But when he had procured a couple of big mastiffs, this cat's music, as he called it, soon ceased. He whistled and set the dogs at the begging people, who fled with cries. The greatest trouble was caused by an old woman, who was no other, however, than Frau Munk, Peter's mother. She had fallen into poverty and misery, and her house and chattels had been sold, and when her son had returned a wealthy man, he no longer paid any attention to her. She now used sometimes to come, old, weak, and infirm, leaning on a stick, in front of the house. She no longer ventured to go in, for he had once sent her away; and she was sorry to be obliged to live on the charity of other people when her only son might have been able to procure for her an old age without care. His cold heart, however, was never moved at the sight of the pale, well-known features, by the imploring glances, by the withered, outstretched hand, by her tottering form.

Grumblingly he pulled out of his pocket a six-batzen-piece when she knocked at his door on Saturday evening, folded it in a piece of paper, and sent it out to her by a servant. He heard her trembling voice when she thanked him, and wished that he might prosper in the world; he heard her coughing on going away, but he thought no more about her except that he had again spent six batzen to no purpose.

At last Peter resolved to marry. He knew that any father in the whole Black Forest would willingly give him his daughter; but he was difficult to please, for he desired that in this matter also every one should praise his good fortune and sense; he therefore rode about the whole forest, looking here and there, but none of the handsome girls of the Black Forest appeared to him to be handsome enough. At last, after he had sought in vain for the fairest maiden in every ball-room, he heard one day that the most beautiful and most virtuous in the whole forest was the daughter of a poor wood-cutter. She was living quietly and in seclusion, looking after her father's house with skill and industry, and never showed herself at the ball-room, not even at Whitsuntide, or on Church festivals. When Peter heard of this marvel of the Black Forest, he resolved to ask her to be his wife, and rode to

the hut which had been pointed out to him. The father of the beautiful Elizabeth received the distinguished gentleman with surprise, and was still more amazed when he heard that this was the rich Peter who wished to become his son-in-law. He soon made up his mind, for he thought that all his cares and poverty would now come to an end; he agreed without even asking the handsome Elizabeth, and the good child was so obedient, that she became Mrs. Peter Munk, without objecting.

But the poor woman did not fare so well as she had dreamed. She thought she understood her domestic affairs thoroughly, but she could not do a thing for Peter so as to earn his thanks; she had compassion on the poor people, and as her husband was rich, she thought it was no sin to give a penny to a poor beggar woman, or a little brandy to an old man; when, however, Mr. Peter noticed this one day, he said in a gruff voice, and with angry looks: "Why do you waste my property on beggars and tramps? did you bring anything with you into the house that you could give away? With your father's beggar's-staff no supper can be warmed up, and you throw away the money like a princess. Let me only catch you once more, and you shall feel the weight of my hand!"

The handsome Elizabeth wept in her room over the cruel disposition of her husband, and she often wished rather to be at home in her father's poor hut than to live with the rich but avaricious, hard-hearted Peter. Alas, had she known that he had a heart of marble, and that he could neither love her nor any one else, she would indeed not have been surprised. Whenever she sat at the door, and a beggar-man passed and took off his hat asking her for alms, she would shut her eyes that she might not see his misery, clenching her hand more firmly lest she should involuntarily put it into her pocket and bring out a small copper coin. It thus happened that the beautiful Elizabeth was decried throughout the whole forest, and it was said she was even more stingy than Peter Munk. One day, however, as Elizabeth was sitting again in front of the house, spinning and humming a song as well, for she was cheerful because it was fine weather, and Peter had

ridden out into the fields, a little old man came that way, carrying a great heavy sack, and she heard him already panting in the distance. Elizabeth looked at him in a sympathising manner, and thought that so old and small a man ought not to be thus heavily laden.

In the meantime the little man, panting and tottering, approached, and when he was opposite to Elizabeth he almost fell to the ground under his burden. "Pray, have pity on me, lady, and give me a drink of water," said the little man, "I cannot go further, and am dying of thirst."

"But you ought not to carry such heavy burdens at your age," said Elizabeth.

"True, if I were not obliged to go errands as a messenger, by reason of my poverty, to earn my living," he replied; "alas, so rich a lady as you are does not know how poverty presses, and how refreshing a drink of water is in such heat."

When she heard this she hastened into the house, took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; but when she returned and was only a few more steps from the little man and saw how he was sitting on the sack in so wretched and sad a manner, she felt compassion for him, thus thinking, and as her husband was not at home, she put the pitcher of water on one side, took a cup and filled it with wine, put a large piece of rye bread on it and brought them to the old man.

"There, a draught of wine will do you more good than water, seeing how very old you are," she said; "but do not drink so quickly, and do eat the bread with it."

The little man looked at her in surprise, until large tears filled his eyes; he drank and then said: "I have become old, but have seen few people who are so compassionate and know how to bestow their gifts in so generous and kind a manner as you, Elizabeth. And for this you will prosper upon earth; such a heart does not remain unrewarded."

"No, she shall receive her reward at once!" cried a terrible voice, and on their turning round, behold, it was Peter, with a face crimson as blood.

"And you even pour out my best wine for beggar

people, and my own cup you put to the lips of tramps! There, take your reward!"

Elizabeth fell on her knees and asked for pardon, but the stony heart knew no pity. He swung round the whip which he was holding in his hand, and struck her so heavily with the ebony handle on her beautiful forehead that she sank lifeless into the arms of the old man. On seeing this it seemed as if he repented of the deed on the spot; he stooped down to see whether she was still alive; the little man, however, said in a well known voice, "Spare your trouble, Charcoal Peter; she was the fairest and loveliest flower in the Black Forest, but you have crushed her, and she will never blossom again."

Then all the colour left Peter's cheeks, and he said: "So it is you, Mr. Treasurer? well, what is done is done, and probably it had thus been destined. I hope, however, you will not denounce me to the authorities as a murderer!"

"Wretch!" replied the Little Glass-man. "What will it profit me if I were to bring your mortal body to the gallows? it is not earthly judgment which you have to fear, but another, and more severe, for you have sold your soul to the evil one."

"And if I have sold my heart," cried Peter, "no one else is to blame but you, and your delusive treasures; you treacherous spirit! it is you who have caused my ruin; you compelled me to seek help from another, and on you lies the whole responsibility."

But scarcely had he said this when the Little Glass-man began to grow and swell; he became tall and large, and his eyes were said to have been as large as soup-plates, and his mouth like a heated oven, from which flames burst forth. Peter threw himself upon his knees, and his stony heart did not prevent his limbs trembling like an aspen leaf. The Wood Spirit seized him by the neck, with the claws of a vulture, turned him over as the whirlwind does dead leaves, and then threw him to the ground so that all his ribs cracked. "Worm of earth!" he exclaimed in a voice which rolled like thunder, "I could annihilate you if I would, for you have sinned against the master of the forest. But for the sake of this dead lady, who gave me food and drink, I will grant you eight days' respite. If you

do not change for the better, I shall come again and grind your bones to powder, and you shall die in your sins."

It was already evening when some men who were passing, saw rich Peter Munk lying on the ground. They turned him over to try whether he were still alive, but all their endeavours were in vain. At last one of them went into the house and brought out some water, and sprinkled it over him. Peter then drew a long breath, groaned, opened his eyes, looked round him for a long time, and then asked for Elizabeth, his wife, but no one had seen her. He thanked the men for their assistance, stole back to his house, and searched everywhere, but Elizabeth was neither in the cellar, nor in the loft, and what he had considered a terrible dream, proved to be a bitter reality. Now that he was so completely alone, strange thoughts occurred to him; he was afraid of nothing, for his heart of course was cold; and when he thought of the death of his wife, thoughts of his own departure came into his mind, and how he must pass away, heavily laden with the tears of the poor, with thousands of their imprecations, which had been unable to soften his heart, with the misery of the wretches upon whom he had set his dogs, laden with the quiet despair of his mother, and with the blood of the fair and good Elizabeth; he was unable to give an account to the old man, her father, should he come and ask: "Where is my daughter, your wife?" How should he be able to answer that Other, to whom all forests, seas, mountains, and the lives of men belong?

He was tormented also at night in his dreams, and constantly on his awaking, a sweet voice cried to him: "Peter, procure a warmer heart for yourself." When he was awake, he again quickly closed his eyes, for the voice seemed to be that of his wife Elizabeth, who called this warning to him. The next day he went to the tavern, to divert his thoughts, and there he met fat Ezekiel. He placed himself near him; they talked about many things, about the fine weather, war, and taxes, and at last also about death, and how here and there some one had died so quickly. Peter thereupon asked the fat man what he thought about death, and what would happen afterwards? Ezekiel answered him that the body was buried; the soul,

however, would either go up to heaven, or down into hell.

"Is the heart buried as well?" asked Peter, anxiously.

"Certainly, that is also buried."

"But what happens if one has no longer a heart?" continued Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him with horror as he said these words.

"What do you mean by it? Are you joking with me? Do you suppose I have no heart?"

"Oh, heart enough, as firm as a stone," replied Peter.

Ezekiel looked at him in surprise, looked round to see if any one had heard it, and then said: "How do you know that? or is yours also not throbbing any more?"

"It beats no more, at any rate here in my breast!" replied Peter Munk. "But tell me, since you know now what I mean, what will happen to our hearts?"

"What is that to you, fellow?" asked Ezekiel, laughing. "You have plenty to live upon in this world, and that is sufficient. That is just the most convenient thing with our cold hearts that no fear troubles us at such thoughts."

"Quite true, but yet one thinks of it, and although I know not at present what fear is, yet I still remember very well how much I dreaded hell, when I was still a little innocent boy."

"Well, we shall not feel very comfortable," said Ezekiel. "I once asked a schoolmaster about it, who told me that our hearts were weighed after death to ascertain how heavy they had become through sin. The light ones ascend, and the heavy ones descend, and I think our stones will be full weight."

"Of course," replied Peter, "it is very unpleasant to me, that my heart should be without sympathy, and quite indifferent when I think of such things."

Thus they spoke; but the next night he heard five or six times the well-known voice whispering in his ears: "Peter, procure a warmer heart for yourself." He felt no repentance for having killed his wife, but when he told the servants that she was away on a journey, he still thought: "I wonder whither she may have travelled!"

Things had gone on in this way for six days, and he always heard this voice at night, and always thought of the Wood Spirit, and of his terrible threat; but on the seventh morning he jumped from his bed and exclaimed, "Well then, I will see whether I can procure a warmer heart, for the unfeeling stone in my breast makes my life only tedious and lonely." He quickly dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, mounted his horse, and rode towards the pine wood. In the pine wood, where the trees grew closer together, he dismounted, tied up his horse, and went with quick steps to the top of the hill, and when he stood before a thick pine, he commenced his rhyme:—

"Treasurer in the pine wood green,
Many hundred years hast seen,
Where pine trees grow thine is the ground,
By Sunday-born alone thou'rt found."

Then the Little Glass-man made his appearance, but not in a friendly and confidential manner as before, but gloomy and sad; he was dressed in a little coat of black glass, long crape fluttered from his hat, and Peter knew full well for whom he mourned.

"What do you want from me, Peter Munk?" he asked in a deep voice.

"I have one more wish, Mr. Treasurer," replied Peter, with cast-down eyes.

"Can hearts of stone still wish?" said the other. "You have all you require for your evil disposition, and I shall not readily grant your wish."

"But you promised me three wishes, and I have one more left."

"Yet I can refuse it if it is a foolish one," continued the spirit; "but let me hear what it is."

"Take the dead stone out of me, and give me my living heart," said Peter.

"Did I make the bargain with you!" asked the Little Glass-man. "Am I Dutch Michael, who gives away wealth and cold hearts? It is with him you must seek your heart."

"Alas, he will never return it," replied Peter.

"I pity you, bad as you are," said the little man, after some reflection. "But because your wish is not foolish, I

cannot, at any rate, refuse you my help. Listen, it is impossible for you to obtain your heart by force; you can only obtain it by cunning, and there will be no difficulty about it, for Michael, after all, remains the stupid Michael, although he thinks himself very wise. Go, therefore, straightway to him, and do as I tell you."

He now instructed Peter what he should do, and gave him a little cross of pure glass: "Your life he cannot take, and he will let you go free if you hold this before him and pray. And if you receive what you desire, come back to me at this place."

Peter Munk took the little cross, impressed all the words on his mind, and then went to Dutch Michael's house. He called him by name three times, and immediately the giant stood before him.

"Have you killed your wife?" he asked with a terrible laugh. "I should have done the same; she has given away all your fortune to the beggar-people. But you will be obliged to leave the country for a time, for it will cause a stir if she is not found; and I dare say you require money and have come to fetch it."

"You have guessed it," replied Peter, "and a great deal this time, for it is very far from here to America." Michael led the way and took him to his hut; he there opened a chest in which there was much money, and took out whole rolls of gold. Whilst he was counting them upon the table, Peter said:

"You are a rascal, Michael, for you have deceived me. You told me I had a stone in my breast and that you had my heart!"

"And is it not so?" asked Michael surprised. "Do you feel your heart? is it not as cold as ice? have you any fears or cares? do you ever repent of anything?"

"You only made my heart stand still, but I have still the same as formerly in my breast, and Ezekiel also told me you had lied to my face? You are not the man who could tear the heart out of one's breast, without danger, and without one feeling it; to do that you must be capable of employing witchcraft."

"But I assure you," exclaimed Michael angrily, "you and Ezekiel and all rich people who have sided with me,

have such cold hearts as you, and I have their real hearts here in my room."

"Well, how glibly lying comes off your tongue!" laughed Peter. "You had better tell that story to some one else. Do you think I did not see on my travels a dozen of such similar tricks? the hearts here in your room are all imitations in wax. You are a rich fellow, that I admit, but you are not an enchanter."

The giant grew furious, and burst open the door of the room.

"Come in and read all the labels; look at that one there; that is Peter Munk's heart; do you see how it throbs? is it possible to do that with wax?"

"And yet it is made of wax," replied Peter. "A real heart does not beat like that, I have mine still in my breast. No, you cannot practice enchantment!"

"But I will prove it to you!" exclaimed the other angrily. "You shall feel it yourself that this is your heart." He took it, tore open Peter's jacket, took the stone out of his breast, and showed it to him. He then took the heart, breathed on it and put it carefully in its place, and immediately Peter felt how it throbbed, and he was again able to rejoice at it.

"How do you feel now," asked Michael smiling.

"Indeed, you were quite right," replied Peter, taking his little cross carefully out of his pocket. "I should never have believed that it was possible to do such things!"

"Am I not right? I can practice enchantment, and that you see; but come, let me put the stone back again into your breast."

"Gently, Michael!" cried Peter, retreating a step, and holding the little cross towards him. "Mice are caught with bacon, and this time you are deceived." He immediately began to pray—the first words that occurred to him.

Michael now became smaller and smaller, fell down, and wriggled about like a worm, and sighed and groaned, and all the hearts around them began to beat and throb, till it sounded like the noise made in a watch-maker's shop. Peter, however, was afraid, and felt very uneasy; he ran out of the room, and out of the house, and urged on by fear he climbed up the wall of rock, for he heard that

Michael had risen, that he was stamping and raging, and sending terrible curses after him. When he reached the top, he ran towards the pine wood; a terrible thunderstorm took place, the lightning played near him right and left, smashing the trees; he, however, arrived safely in the territory of the Little Glass-man.

His heart beat with joy simply because it was able to beat. He then looked back with terror on his past life as on the thunderstorm which had caused destruction behind him everywhere in the beautiful forest. He thought of his wife Elizabeth, his good and beautiful wife, whom he had killed from avarice; he looked upon himself as an outcast of humanity, and shed bitter tears when he reached the hill belonging to the Little Glass-man.

The Treasurer was sitting under a pine-tree, and smoking out of his little pipe; he looked however more cheerful than before.

"Why do you weep, Charcoal Peter?" he asked. "Did you not receive your heart?—does the cold one still lie in your breast?"

"Alas, sir!" sighed Peter; "when I still bore the cold stony heart I never cried; my eyes were as dry as the ground in July; now, however, my old heart is nearly breaking on account of what I have done! My debtors I have hurried into misery, set my dogs at the poor and sick, and you yourself know—how my whip fell upon her beautiful forehead!"

"Peter, you were a great sinner!" said the little man; "money and idleness ruined you until your heart turned into stone, and no longer knew either joy or suffering, penitence or pity. Repentance, however, atones for much, and if I only knew that you really lamented your past life, I might yet be able to do something for you."

"I require no more," replied Peter, lowering his head sadly. "It is all over with me; all my days of happiness are over. What shall I do alone in the world? My mother will never forgive me for what I have done to her, and perhaps I have been the cause of her death, monster that I am. And Elizabeth my wife! rather kill me also.

Mr. Treasurer, and then my wretched life will all of a sudden come to an end."

"Well," replied the little man, "if you wish for nothing else, you can have that; my axe is within reach." He quietly took his little pipe out of his mouth, put it out, and placed it in his pocket. He then rose slowly and went behind the pines. Peter, however, sat down weeping on the grass; his life was no longer of any value to him, and patiently he awaited his death blow. After some time he heard gentle steps behind him, and thought: "He is coming now."

"Turn round once more, Peter Munk!" exclaimed the little man. Peter dashed his tears away, turned round, and saw—his mother and his wife Elizabeth, gazing at him in a kindly manner. He now sprang up joyfully. "Then you are not dead, Elizabeth? And you too are here, mother, and have you forgiven me?"

"They are willing to pardon you," said the Little Glass-man, "because you feel true repentance, and all shall be forgotten. Go home now to your father's hut, and be a charcoal-burner as before; if you are true and honest you will honour your trade, and your neighbours will love and esteem you more than if you had ten tons of gold." Thus spoke the Little Glass-man, and took leave of them. The three praised and blessed him and returned home.

The splendid house of the rich Peter was no longer standing there; the lightning had set fire to it, and it was burnt down with all its treasures; but it was not far to the paternal hut; they wended their way towards it and the great loss did not distress them. But how surprised they were on reaching the hut! it had turned into a beautiful farm-house, and everything in it was plain, but good and clean.

"The good Little Glass-man has done that!" cried Peter.

"How beautiful!" said his wife Elizabeth. "Here I feel much more at home than in the large house with the numerous servants."

Henceforth Peter Munk became an industrious and honest man. He was satisfied with what he had, carried on his business cheerfully, and it so happened that he became beloved, wealthy, and respected throughout the

whole forest by his own exertions. He never quarrelled any more with his wife Elizabeth, honoured his mother, and assisted the poor who knocked at his door. When after the lapse of some time his wife Elizabeth presented him with a lovely boy, Peter went to the pine wood and repeated his little rhyme. But the Little Glass-man did not make his appearance.

"Mr. Treasurer!" he cried loudly, "do listen to me; I ask for nothing, but request you to stand god-father to my little son!" but he made no reply; only a breath of wind sighed through the pines, and caused some cones to fall on the grass. "I will take them with me for a keep-sake, because you refuse to make your appearance," exclaimed Peter, putting the cones into his pocket, and went home; but when he reached home and took off his Sunday jacket, and his mother turned the pockets inside out, and was about to put it into the chest, four large rolls of money fell out, and on opening them they were all good and new Baden dollars, and not a base one amongst them. This was the god-father's present from the little man in the pine forest for little Peter.

Thus they lived quietly and happily; and often in after years, when Peter Munk had grey hair, he would say: "After all it is much better to be content with little, than to have gold and lands, and a cold heart."

Five days might already have elapsed, during which time, Felix, the courier, and the student, were still kept prisoners, among the robbers. Although they were well treated by the captain and his subjects, yet they were longing to be set at liberty, for the more the time advanced, the greater became their fear of being discovered. On the evening of the fifth day, the courier declared to his fellow-sufferers that he was resolved to escape this night, even at the risk of his own life. He encouraged his companions to come to the same resolution, and pointed out to them how they were to effect their flight. "The guard nearest to us, I shall be responsible for; it is a case of necessity, and necessity knows no law; he must die."

"Die!" exclaimed Felix, horrified; "do you intend to kill him!"

"That I am firmly resolved, if it is a question to save the lives of two men. Know then, that I have heard the robbers whispering with an anxious look; the forest is being scoured in their pursuit; the old women betrayed in their rage the evil intentions of the gang; they abused us, and made out that if the robbers should be attacked we would have to die without mercy."—"Gracious heaven!" cried the young man terrified, and buried his face in his hands.—"They have as yet not put the knife to our throats," continued the courier, "therefore let us forestall them. As soon as it is dark, I will creep towards the nearest guard; he will challenge me; I shall whisper to him that the Countess has suddenly been taken ill, and on his turning round I shall strike him dead. I shall then come back for you, young man, and the second guard will not escape us either; and with the third, considering we are two, we shall have an easy game."

The courier made a terrible face as he said these words, so that Felix was afraid of him. He was on the point of persuading him to abstain from these sanguinary thoughts, when the door of the hut gently opened, and a figure quickly slipped in. It was the captain. He carefully closed the door behind him, and beckoned to the prisoners to keep quiet. He placed himself near Felix and said: "Lady Countess, you are in a dangerous position. Your husband has not kept his word, and not merely has he not sent the ransom, but he has also called upon the authorities, and an armed force is now scouring the wood everywhere to arrest me and my people. I warned your husband I should kill you, if he attempted to attack us; but he seems to care either little for your life, or he has no confidence in our oaths. Your life is in our hands, and forfeited accordingly to our laws. What objection have you to offer?"

Dismayed, the prisoners hung their heads, they did not know what to answer, and Felix knew full well that the confession of his disguise would only still more increase their danger.

"It is impossible for me," continued the captain, "to expose the life of a lady who has gained my perfect

respect. I will therefore make you a proposal for your escape; it is the only way which remains to you: I will fly with you."

Astonished and surprised they all looked at him; he, however, continued: "The majority of my men have resolved to travel to Italy, and to offer their services to a celebrated robber-band. I for my part do not approve of serving under another, and therefore I shall not make common cause with them. If you will therefore promise me, Lady Countess, to speak on my behalf, and use your powerful influence for my protection, I can yet set you at liberty ere it be too late."

Felix, somewhat embarrassed, kept silence; his honest heart was reluctant to wilfully expose a man anxious to save his life to a danger from which he could not afterwards protect him. And as he still kept silent, the captain continued: "At the present time soldiers are in great demand everywhere; I shall content myself with the humblest rank. I know you are capable of doing much, but I ask for nothing more than your promise to do something for me in this matter."

"Well then," replied Felix with downcast eyes, "I promise you to do all in my power to be of service to you. It is a consolation to me, however you may fare, that you voluntarily retire from this robber life."

The captain kissed the kind lady's hand with emotion, whispering to her, to be ready in two hours after nightfall, and then left the hut just as quietly as he had entered. The prisoners breathed more freely after he had gone away. "Indeed!" exclaimed the courier, "God has turned his heart! O how wonderfully we shall escape! who would have imagined that events like these could happen in the world, and that I should meet with such an adventure?"

"Wonderful, indeed!" replied Felix. "But was I right in deceiving this man? of what use can be my protection to him? do you not think yourself, courier, that that is enticing him to the gallows, unless I confess who I am?"

"Do not have such scruples, my dear fellow!" replied the student, "after having played your part in so masterly a manner! No, you must not be afraid of that, for

it is nothing else than lawful self-defence. Did he not commit the crime of taking away a noble lady in a shameful way, and had it not been for you, who knows what would have happened to the Countess's life? No, you were not wrong; besides, I think he will be leniently dealt with, should he, the chief of these rascals, surrender himself to the authorities."

This last thought comforted the young goldsmith. With emotions of joy, and yet again possessed with anxious care about the success of the plan, they passed the next few hours. Night had already set in, when the captain stepped into the hut for a moment, depositing a bundle of clothes and saying: "Lady Countess, in order to facilitate your escape you must necessarily don these men's clothes. Get ready. We shall set out in an hour's time." After these words he left the prisoners, and the courier had some difficulty in suppressing loud laughter. "This will be the second disguise," he exclaimed; "I do declare that this well becomes you, even better than the first!"

They opened the bundle and found a complete outfit of a handsome hunting costume, which fitted Felix admirably. After he had dressed himself, the courier was about to throw the Countess's clothes into a corner of the hut, to which Felix did not agree; he put them together in a small bundle, and said he would request the Countess to present them to him, that he might keep them all his life as a memento of these remarkable days.

At last the captain came. He was completely armed, and brought the courier his gun, and a powder-horn which had been taken from him. He also gave a musket to the student, and a cutlass to Felix with a request to fasten it round his waist in case of necessity. It was fortunate for the three that it was very dark, for the pleased look with which Felix received this weapon might have betrayed to the robber his true character.

When they had quietly stepped out of the hut, the courier noticed that the usual guard had not been set to watch the hut this time. It was therefore possible for them to be able to creep unperceived past the hut, but still the captain did not strike into the usual path, which led from the ravine into the forest, but he approached a

cliff, which lay before them perpendicularly, and apparently insurmountable. When they had reached the place the captain called attention to a rope ladder, which hung suspended from the rock. He threw his gun upon his back and ascended first, calling on the Countess to follow him, and offering his hand to help her; the courier was the last to mount. Behind this rock there was a foot-path, into which they struck and moved on rapidly.

"This foot-path," said the captain, "leads to the road of Aschaffenburg. We will go there, for I have received reliable information that your husband, the Count, is staying there at present."

Silently they went on their way, the robber always in front, and the three others close behind him. After walking for three hours, they halted; the captain invited Felix to sit down upon the trunk of a tree to rest. He took out some bread, a flask of old wine, and offered them to the weary travellers.

"I believe, before an hour is past, we shall come upon the line which the soldiers have drawn through the forest. In case we do, I beg of you to speak to the captain of the soldiers, and ask kind treatment for me."

Felix agreed to this, although he promised himself little success from his intervention. They rested another half-hour, and then proceeded on their journey again. They might have gone on for nearly another hour, and were already nearing the high road, daylight was appearing, and it was already getting light in the forest, when their steps were suddenly arrested by a loud: "Halt! stop!"

They stopped, and five soldiers advanced towards them, telling them they must follow and go before the commanding officer, to give an account of their journey. After they had gone for nearly another fifty paces, they saw right and left, in the wood, the glitter of arms, and a numerous company seemed to have occupied the forest. The major was sitting with several officers and other men under an oak tree. When the prisoners were brought before him, and he was about to question them as to "whence they came, and whither they were going," one of the men sprung up, and exclaimed:

"Gracious heaven, what do I see, why that is Gottfried, our courier!"

"Quite true, Mr. Magistrate," repeated the courier in a cheerful voice, "here I am, and rescued marvellously from the hands of those villainous scoundrels."

The officers were surprised to see him here; the courier, however, requested the major and magistrate to step aside with him, and he told them in a few words how they had been rescued, and who the fourth person was who accompanied him, and the young goldsmith. Pleased at this news, the major immediately made his arrangements to have the important prisoner conveyed further; the young goldsmith, however, he led to his comrades, represented him as the heroic youth who had saved the Countess by his courage and presence of mind, and all shook Felix gladly by the hand, praised him, and never grew weary of hearing him and the courier relate their adventures.

In the meantime it had become broad daylight. The major resolved to accompany the rescued ones in person into the town; he went with them together with the Countess's bailiff into the nearest village, where his carriage was, and Felix had to take his seat with him in the carriage; the courier, the student, the bailiff, and many other people rode in front and behind them, and in this way they entered the town in triumph. The rumour about the attack in the forest inn had spread like wildfire throughout the country, as also the self-sacrifice of the young goldsmith, and with equal speed the story of his deliverance was now passing from mouth to mouth. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at, that when they entered the town the streets were crowded with people, desirous of seeing the young hero. They all pressed forward when the carriage drove in slowly.

"That is he," they exclaimed; "do you see him there sitting in the carriage next to the officer? long live the brave young goldsmith!" And a thousand-voiced "Hurrah!" filled the air.

Felix was confused, and moved by the noisy multitude. But a still more affecting sight awaited him at the town-hall. A man of middle age, spendidly dressed, received him at the steps, and embraced him, with tears in his eyes.

"How can I reward you, my son!" he exclaimed. "You, have done much for me, when I was on the point of losing a great deal! You have saved my wife, my children's mother, for her frail life would never have survived the terrors of such a captivity."

It was the Countess's husband who said these words. However earnestly Felix might refuse to fix the price for the reward of his self-sacrifice, the more the Count insisted that he should do so. Then Felix suddenly remembered the unhappy fate of the robber chief; he related how he had saved him, and that this rescue had really been intended for the Countess. The Count, not only moved by the action of the robber chief, but also by this fresh proof of a noble unselfishness shown by Felix in the choice of his request, promised to do his best to save the robber's life.

On the same day, the Count, accompanied by his brave courier, conducted the young goldsmith to his castle, where the Countess, still anxious about the fate of the young man who had sacrificed his life for hers, was waiting eagerly for news; who can describe her joy when her husband entered the room, holding her preserver by the hand? She could not sufficiently question or thank him. She sent for her children and showed them the noble-hearted youth to whom their mother owed so much; the little ones seized his hands, and the tender expression of their childlike thanks, the assurances that he was, next to their father and mother, their dearest on earth, were the grandest recompense for many a sorrow, and the sleepless nights in the robber's hut.

When the first moments had passed, the Countess beckoned to one of the servants, who soon thereupon fetched the clothes and the well-known knapsack which Felix had entrusted to the Countess at the forest tavern. "Here is everything," she said with a gracious smile, "which you gave me in those terrible moments; it is the charm which you threw over me to strike the eyes of my pursuers with blindness. It is now at your service again: I would, however, propose to you to leave these clothes with me, to be preserved in memory of you, and accept in exchange the sum which the robbers fixed for my ransom."

Felix started at the greatness of this gift; his noble mind was unwilling to accept a reward for what he had done of his own free will.

"Gracious Countess," said he, with emotion, "I cannot allow this. The clothes shall be yours, as you command; the sum, however, of which you speak, I cannot accept. Knowing, however, your desire of rewarding me with something, keep me in your remembrance; I require no other reward; and should I be obliged to require your help, depend upon it I shall come to you."

For a long time they urged the young man, but nothing was able to change his mind. The Countess and her husband yielded at last, and the servant was about to carry away the clothes and the little knapsack, when Felix remembered the jewels, which he had forgotten amidst the feelings caused by so many joyful events.

"Stop!" he cried. "Only one thing you must yet allow me to take out of my little knapsack, gracious lady, the rest then shall be entirely your own."

"Do as you please," she said; "although I should like to preserve everything in memory of you, yet you had better take anything from it that you cannot spare. However, I may ask you what is it that lies so near to your heart, that you cannot leave it with me?"

The young man had, whilst she was saying these words, opened his little knapsack, and taken from it a small case of morocco leather.

"All that belongs to me you may have," he replied smiling, "but this belongs to my dear god-mother! I have made it myself, and I must take it to her. It is a set of jewels, gracious lady," he continued, whilst opening the little case and handing it to her, "a set of jewels, on which I have tried my own skill."

She took the little case; but no sooner had she glanced upon it than she started back.

"What! These jewels!" she exclaimed. "And these are intended for your god-mother, you say?"

"Yes, they are," replied Felix. "My god-mother sent me the jewels; I reset them, and am on my way to deliver them to her in person."

The Countess looked upon him with emotion; tears

came into her eyes. "Then you are Felix Perner of Nüremberg!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly; but how do you know what my name is all of a sudden?" asked the young man, and looked at her bewildered.

"O wonderful dispensation of Heaven!" she said, with emotion, to her surprised husband. "Why, that is Felix, our godson, the son of our maid Sabine! Felix! Yes, I am she of whom you are in search; you saved your god-mother without knowing it!"

"What! are you then the Countess Sandau, who did so much for me and my mother?—and is this the castle of Maienburg, whither I was travelling? How grateful I am to a kind Providence for bringing us so wonderfully together; I have at least by my actions, though in a small measure, been able to show you my great gratitude."

"You have done far more for me," she replied, "than I could ever do for you; but as long as I live, I shall endeavour to show you how large is the obligation we are all under to you. My husband shall be your father, my children your brothers and sisters, and I myself will be your devoted mother, and these ornaments, which brought you to me in my greatest hour of danger, shall be my most precious treasures, for they will always remind me of you, and your noble courage."

Thus spoke the Countess, and kept her word. She assisted the happy Felix handsomely on his travels. When he came back, a skilful workman in his trade, she bought a house for him in Nüremberg, had it fitted up completely, and no small ornament in his drawing-room were two beautifully painted pictures, one representing the scene at a forest inn, and the other Felix's life among the robbers.

Here Felix lived as a skilful goldsmith, whilst the fame of his talents, united with the wonderful tale of his heroism, procured for him customers from all lands.

Many strangers, on passing through the beautiful town of Nüremberg, had themselves conducted to the workshop of the celebrated master Felix in order to see and admire him, and even order some handsome trinkets of

him. His most pleasant visitors were the courier, the compass-maker, the student, and the carrier. As often as the latter travelled from Würzburg to Fürth he called on Felix. The courier brought him almost every year presents from the Countess; the compass-maker, however, after having travelled all over the land, settled down at last with Felix. One day the student also visited them. He had become in the meantime a man of importance in the State, but was not ashamed to have a supper with master Felix and the compass-maker. They called to mind all the scenes of the forest inn, and the former student related that he had seen the robber chief again in Italy; he was now quite a reformed character, and was serving as a brave soldier under the king of Naples.

Felix rejoiced when he heard this; had it not been for this man, it is true, he would not perhaps have been placed in that dangerous position, but without him he would also not have been able to gain his freedom from the hands of the robbers. And thus it happened that the honest master goldsmith had only peaceful and pleasant recollections whenever he thought of the INN IN THE SPESSART.

THE END.

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